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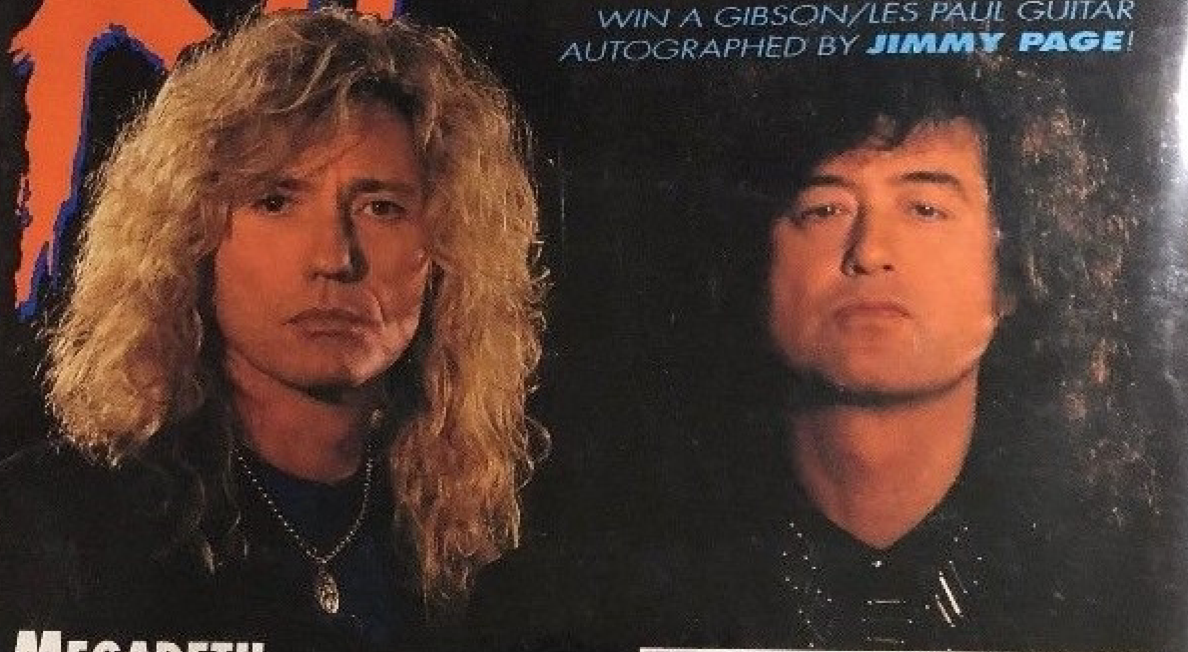

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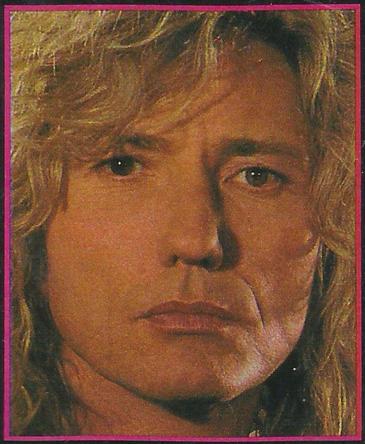

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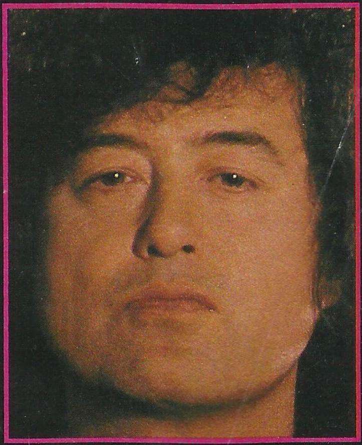

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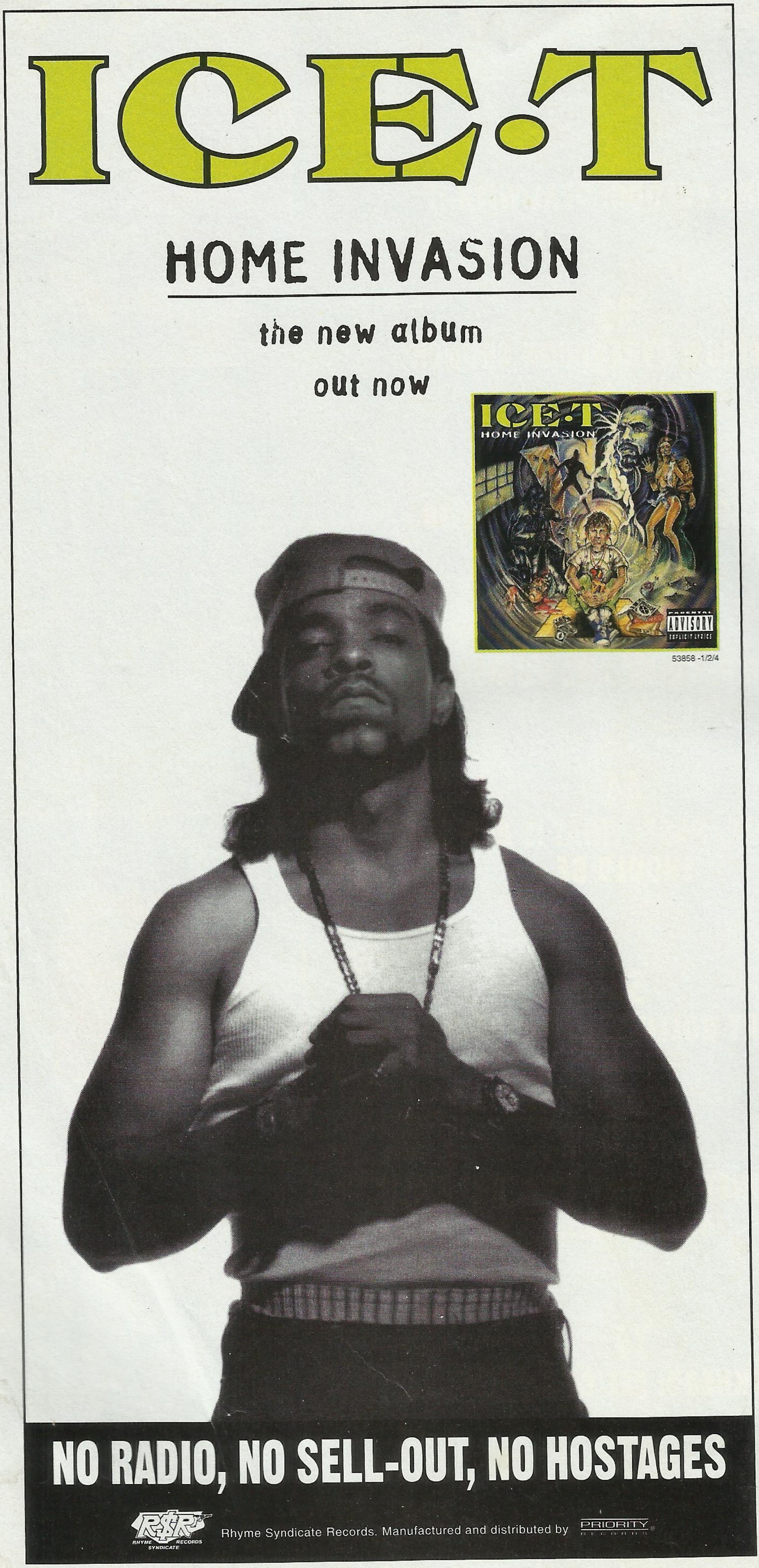

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static

POSTAL PEDAGOGY

LETTER OF THE MONTH

I couldn't help but laugh at Daina Darzin's comments in *Gig of the Month*, March 1993. Being a longtime Def Leppard fan, I dug into that article, only to be bombarded by half-veiled criticisms (not necessarily constructive) of my favorite band. I *love* the way today's rock enthusiasts slam so-called "pop" metal. What far too many headbangers fail to realize is that "pop" metal is responsible for the creation of a large percentage of metal's fan base. In other words, for those readers whose vocabularies do not go beyond two-syllable words (and there are a lot of you out there!), if it wasn't for "wimp" bands like Def Leppard and Bon Jovi and Poison and Warrant, "heavier" bands like Metallica and GN'R and Nirvana and Megadeth might yet be unknown to most of us. It's like teaching a baby to eat food: You don't start out with solid food—the little tyke, provided he can even eat it with the few teeth he has, will just puke it back up. You start with soft stuff the little brat can easily handle. Same with music. For a lot of people, you can't just bombard them with the loud 'n' heavy shit and expect them to keep listening to it—it will scare them off. That's where "pop" metal comes in. Most people who have never listened to metal, given the choice, would rather hear a rock song with melody. And no metal genre more effectively blends melody and hard-hitting rhythm than "pop" metal. Why do you think bands like Def Leppard have been popular for so long? And for *real* fans, those who aren't just experimenting, it doesn't stop at pop metal. I was originally "hooked" by Bon Jovi and have since moved on to a wide variety of metal bands. I rock with Nirvana and thrash with Metallica just as surely as I get "hysterical" over Def Leppard. I've even made my first tentative steps into the "underground" scene. Would I give a damn if I hadn't heard Bon Jovi at the tender age of eleven? I think not. I'd still be listening to computer-generated, over-hyped remakes of old '60s songs on the local pop station. So if all you bangers out there want to slam "pop" metal, just remember: You may owe a lot more to these bands than you think.

—D.R.S.
Ft. Stewart, Georgia

Def Leppard
Ross Halfin/Zlozower

POLL PUNDITS

First of all, I'd like to say that your magazine kicks ass. I've been an avid reader for about five years. But in your March 1993 issue I was a little pissed off when I turned to page 67 and was reading the Writers' Poll. I know it is only his opinion, but where the hell does Del James get off saying that the Vince Neil Band was Worst Group? Give me a break! The guy only released one single, and it was cowritten with Jack Blades and Tommy Shaw. Wait until he releases a full album, and then maybe you can judge him.

—David G.
Edmonton, Alberta, Canada

I can't believe you people! I am a total Firehouse fan, and you voting them Worst Group is uncool [1992 Readers' Poll, March '93]! Do you people even listen to the songs and what they are all about? Firehouse is a favorite of mine and always will be—and I'm not some 12-year-old who doesn't know what I'm talking about, either. You people judge before you listen, and you don't realize these talented guys have put a lot of effort into their music. Let's have a little respect for hard work and good songs!

—Forever a Firehouse Fan
California

I just wanted to write in response to your March 1993 issue, which was just awesome, especially with Axl Rose on the cover. I also, as Del James said, am not surprised at all that GN'R won for Best Band of the year [1992 Readers' Poll]. Hell, they should really be known as the Best Kick-Ass Band of all time!

—Bao T.
Granada Hills, California

I would like to thank RIP's readers for the results in the 1992 Readers' Poll. RIP is, by far, the best rock magazine available, and RIP readers are just as great. I was very happy to see Pearl Jam voted Best New Group. This band is so incredible, words cannot describe them. Every time I've seen them, they've taken me to another place nothing else has. Their music and live shows are simply mesmerizing. I was also glad to see Pantera [Best Thrash Group] and L7 [Best Female Artist] win awards too. Both bands are extremely underrated and deserve more recognition. Firehouse deserved Worst Group, but give 'em credit for trying. It was definitely a relief to see some deserving bands win awards this year. Thanks for the variety! Gee, I wonder who won *Metal Edge's* "Cutest Butt" award for '92? RIP rules!

—Jeremiah E.
Independence, Kentucky

BARBER BASHING

There's a trend going on in heavy metal these days that I wish would end: All the guys are cutting their hair! Jeff Ament, Stone Gossard, Jon Bon Jovi, Tommy Lee and MTV host Riki Rachtman. The last straw, however, was Jason Newsted. Seeing him headbanging on the American Music Awards without hair made me want to cry. Please stop.

—Sandy W.
Wareham, Massachusetts

HOW HARD IS HARD?

I'm writing in response to the letter written by DeVeata P. of Turlock, California ["Down With the Count," November '92]. He or she thinks Body Count should be left to the rap magazines. DeVeata would rather read about hard and heavy bands such as Megadeth, Slayer, Skid Row and even Poison. You want to talk about hard, you should have seen Body Count open for the Guns N' Metallica show in San Diego, California. You had a black metal band who, on only a few days' notice, got up in front of 40,000 kids and got them to chant, "F?!k the police," in the presence of half the San Diego Police Department, who didn't even want them there in the first place. Now that's "hard."

—Ken I.
Oceanside, California

SEPARATED AT BIRTH?

Question: When Izzy Stradlin was looking for a drummer for his new band, did he decide to kidnap Murphy Brown's live-in painter?

—Cindy K.
Pierrefonds, Quebec, Canada

INDUSTRIAL IDOLIZER

I just wanted to thank you for the articles on Ministry ["New World Disorder," January '93] and Skinny Puppy ["Future Shock," January '93]. RIP really surprised me. Here I thought the average *metal* magazine only had articles on 'tards like Dio and Lita Ford. I admire your progressive outlook and hope to see more articles on Al, Kevin and their industrial families, who are more talented than outdated "rockers." —Chris M.

Medford, Oregon

HOOKED ON GREAT WHITE

I would like to thank RIP for finally printing an article on Great White ["Saturday Night in Psycho City," March '93]. Their new album has been out for quite some time, and I was beginning to think RIP had forgotten about them. It seems everyone else has. MTV never plays their videos—not that it matters, but it'd be nice to see the guys once in a while. I also had no idea that they went through so much shit to make *Psycho City*. I'm glad to see they made it through and ended up with one of the best albums of 1992. I've always believed they're one of the, if not *the*, most underrated bands of recent years. *Hooked* was a brilliant album, but it was shunned by the media and fans. If you like straight-ahead, blues-influenced rock 'n' roll, I advise you to pick up any Great White disc. Keep playin', boys, you're *great*.

—"Floyd"

Kenosha, Wisconsin

MAD AT THE WORLD

I keep reading letters from pubescent fans who soak in the mire of devotion. I hear, "So and so deserves, because he signed an autograph." Then I hear, "So and so shouldn't leave the band because they deserve him and the fans deserve to have such a good band." Then I hear, "Such and such band deserves devotion because they are so devoted." I think you're all a bunch of dull, lifeless people! You're not even people, you are *fans*. When will you get a life of your own? You're just like your parents, who sit around and think talking about the Super Bowl has got something to do with anything. You are *all* dying. You are going down a hole. You will be worm food, and you're running from your dead self, who is trying to catch up to you. Your tattoos and earrings and leather jackets don't fool me. You hate pain, and pain is your life coming back to you. So keep up with the who's who and follow that group with your pathetic devotion, which seems like *duty* to me. Are you real? Do sheep follow a leader? You *are* like your parents. —Thor

Dallas, Texas

GIRL TALK

I'm writing to say that I'm totally obsessed with Alice In Chains and that they're an awesome band. I was wondering a couple of things: What are their birthdays, influences, weights and heights. Are they involved in any serious relationships and, if so, do they ever plan on getting married and starting a family? What are their favorite female attributes, and how often does the band like to have sex? Thanx! —Antonina A.

Queens, New York

MORE ALICE

I've been depressed ever since I heard that Mike Starr was leaving Alice In Chains. I've never been to one of their concerts, but I promised myself that if they played in or near my city, I'd be there to see my favorite performer at his best. It makes me so damn mad knowing that will never happen. I really hate to see Mike go, but at least their current bassist, Michael Inez (who's great too), has picked up where Mike left off, and Alice In Chains will keep on making great albums. I know Mike Starr doesn't even know who the hell I am, but I want him to know that me and all of his fans are gonna miss him and that we wish him luck in the future. I'd like to thank Alice In Chains for their killer albums, and you, RIP, for your killer magazine. Keep up the good work! —Alexa

Panama City, Florida

GRINDING GRUNGE ELITISM

Letter of the Month [*Static*, February '93]? How about Most Unfortunate Opinion of the Month? Grunge elitism is a contradiction in terms. When I was 15, I resented all who seemed more "normal" than me—prettier, thinner, richer, more popular and accepted. At some point I opened up to realize that no one has it easy. We all have our obstacles and problems in life, but I feel that it is admirable to overcome—not just experience—pain. To flourish in spite of complications is to learn and grow from our mistakes. We become stronger people. Most of us at one time have felt the alienation of not "fitting in" and standing outside of what is normal or accepted. So we've banded together and formed our own sort of social scene where people generally thought of as odd—such as Perry Farrell, Eddie Vedder and the L7 women—can be admired for their distinction and artistry. These people show us that we have the freedom to speak our minds, dye our hair purple, shave it off, or pierce our bodies. That is the *freedom*, not the *obligation*. We wear our scars on our skin, heart and soul, not on our clothes. To judge someone based on their style of attire could severely limit your opportunity to know someone who could show you things you've never seen. All people hold something beautiful in their hearts. Line up all of your friends in your mind and look them over. If they all look the same, you might have a problem. At the Miami stop of Lollapalooza, Eddie Vedder chose this as his parting comment: "Take care of each other." For a Pearl Jam fan, this is a familiar theme. Live your life. Feel the music. Look for the beauty. Be kind. Think about it. —T.J.S.

Pompano Beach, Florida

I am writing about February 1993's "Letter of the Month" from Kirsten. Bullshit! It's a sad world when there are a lot of narrow-minded people, like the author of this letter, out there. I wasn't aware that I had to dress in a special way to relate to Pearl Jam or Alice In Chains. I'm sorry, honey, but this world is full of all different kinds of people. You might not think so, but there's a lot of those people that have the same kind of problems as you. They listen to the same tunes, they get the same chills, they relate to the same things, but they dress in a way you don't like, so they're bad, right? Bullshit! Why not be grateful that we're blessed with the beautiful sounds and feelings we get from this music. Quit worrying about how I or anybody else dresses. Music like this helps me escape all the bullshit society produces—including narrow-minded people like yourself. Maybe you should get off your trip and quit whining. You need to get the message: You're more like those "preps" you hate than you think. Wake the f?!k up and hear the music. Don't dress society! —Will T.

Oakdale, California

EXODUS EXCITEMENT

I'm writing to say thanks for the great Exodus interview that appeared in the February issue ["Thrash On!"]. I have been looking in different mags to try and find something on them since the *Force of Habit* album came out. As usual, RIP was first with the goods. The new album is extra crunchy, and I appreciate it. It never ceases to amaze me, the amount of great talent you guys cover every month. I am not talking about the same four bands every month (like *Shit Parader* and *Circus*). The reason I buy your rag is because of the diverse bands inside. I would also like to thank you for the great interviews you've run in past issues, such as those with King's X, Anthrax, Warrior Soul, Fates Warning, Sanctuary, and Flotsam And Jetsam. Nobody covers these guys but you! RIP rules! —Jeff J.

Lansing, Michigan

STEELHEART STALWART

It's a travesty of justice when bands of great quality put an album out, get a little bit of success, put out a better album the second time, and it doesn't sell because (1) the record company doesn't push it, or (2) MTV and radio turn their backs on it. This has never been more apparent than with the band Steelheart. They had some success off their first album with "I'll Never Let You Go," and that brought the band some well-deserved recognition. This allowed them to go back to the studio and produce what I feel is the greatest album of all time, *Tangled in Reins*, but it seemed to "die" right off. What is wrong with America when a great rock 'n' roll band such as Steelheart goes unnoticed? Certain magazines, including RIP (four daggers out of five), thought it was a great album, so I can't understand why it didn't sell millions. Sure, they don't come from clone-filled, where-every-band-sounds-the-same Seattle, but this band kicks more ass than any of those bands. I saw their video for "Sticky Side Up" *twice* on *Headbangers Ball* —TWICE! They weren't given a chance, but let's play Faith No More's "Epic" five billion times before anyone even notices it. I have nothing against Faith No More or their songs, but at least they were given a chance, and that's all Steelheart was asking for. People of America, this is a plea: Don't turn your backs on good ol' rock 'n' roll and great bands such as Steelheart.

—Brandon W.

Fayetteville, Georgia

MORE METAL MOURNERS

I'm writing in response to M.X. of Encino, California, from the February 1993 issue ["Mourning Metal"]. I know you weren't trying to piss anybody off, but how can you say that people who like Nirvana, Chili Peppers, Soundgarden, etc., are giving up on metal? I personally love the Chili Peppers, and not because I'm trying to be unique. I love them because of their music. I still like metal, but they're giving up on *us*, we're not giving up on them. It's not our fault bands split. You make it sound like we turned our backs on them, but did you ever think maybe it was the other way around? —Katie

Pleasanton, California

I am writing in response to M.X.'s letter. I agree with you! You're not the only one who's mourning metal. I don't know where the hell our music is going, either! And what is all this Nirvana shit? You think you can cap on GN'R and other metal bands and then think you're #1? F?!k that! Give it up, Nirvana! Metal will always be the ruler, so, all you alternative freaks, show some respect to the bands who count and were here first. Show some respect to the bands who treat their guitars and other equipment decently. And, M.X., you're also right about hair dye. What is with purple hair? Is it so cool that *all* you "trendy" alternatives have to do it too? Not me. Classic musicians such as GN'R and Metallica will live forever in the hearts of devoted fans everywhere. As for alternative, well, it's just a phase all you f?!ko fans are going through. If you think your music is so f?!kin' good, wait a couple years, you ass-kissers, and see which bands are on top—try GN'R and Metallica. It sure as hell won't be Nirvana. —Melissa C.

Ventura, California

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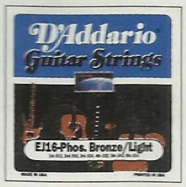
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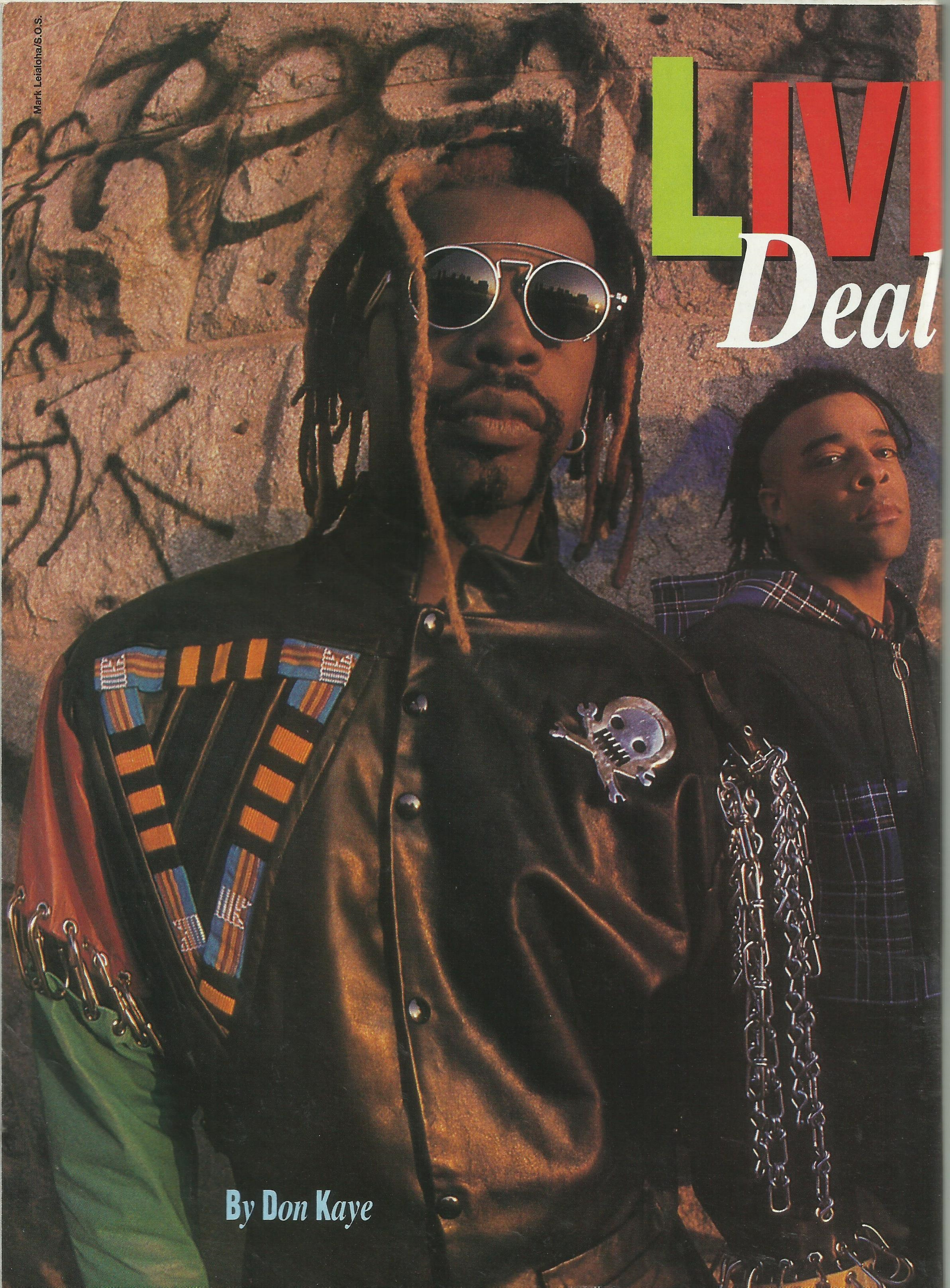

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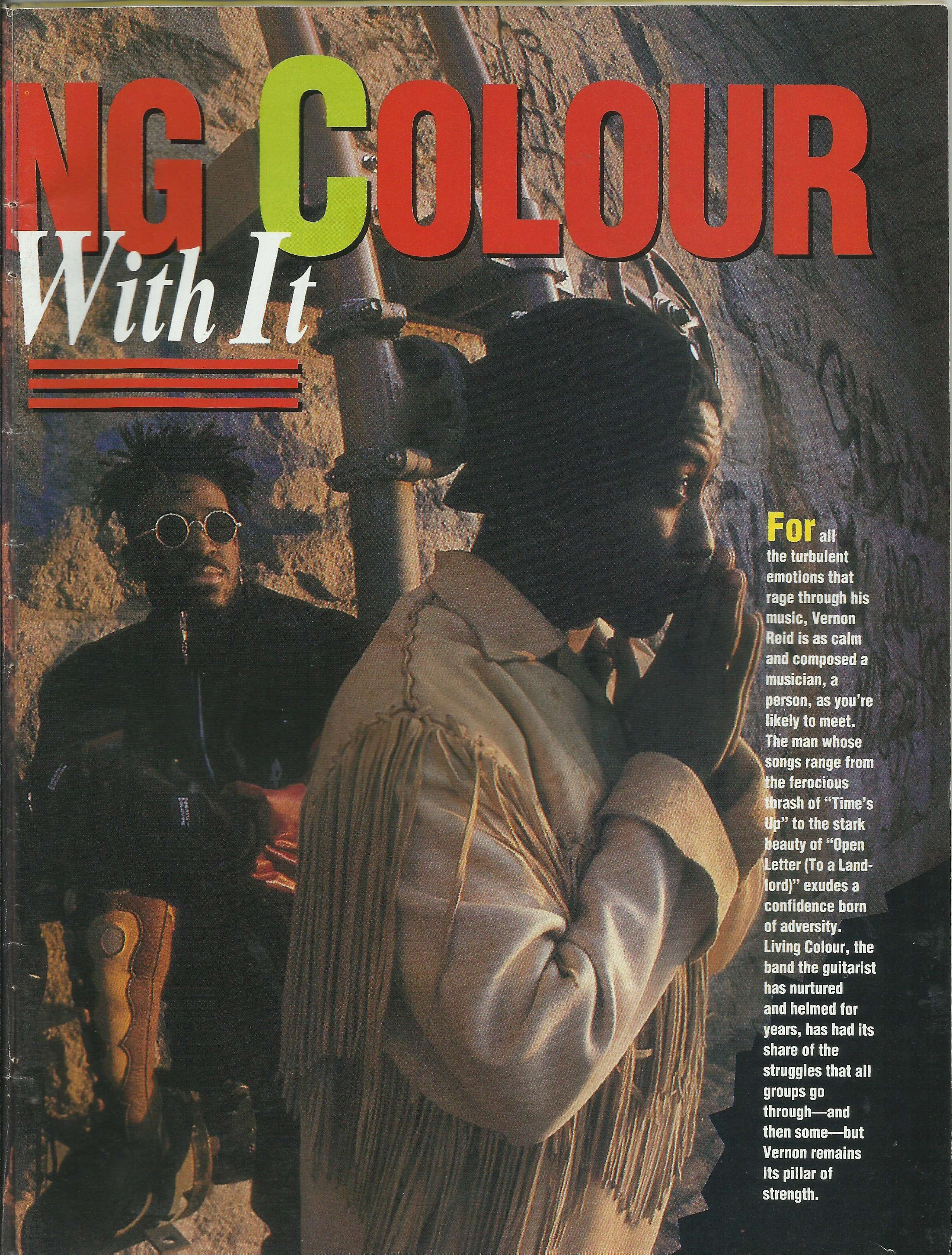
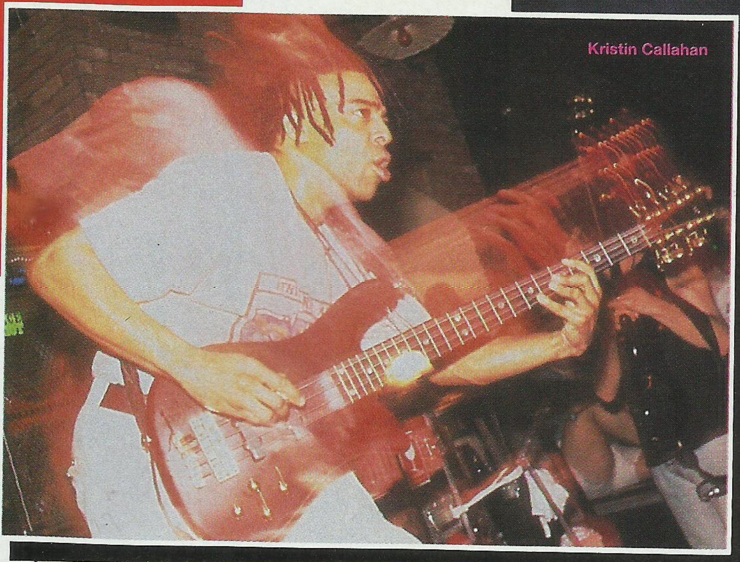


NG COLOUR

With It

For all the turbulent emotions that rage through his music, Vernon Reid is as calm and composed a musician, a person, as you're likely to meet. The man whose songs range from the ferocious thrash of "Time's Up" to the stark beauty of "Open Letter (To a Landlord)" exudes a confidence born of adversity. Living Colour, the band the guitarist has nurtured and helmed for years, has had its share of the struggles that all groups go through—and then some—but Vernon remains its pillar of strength.



Kristin Callahan

The journey *has* taken its toll though: Bassist Muzz Skillings is gone, replaced by Doug Wimbish, who joins Vernon, singer Corey Glover and drummer William Calhoun. Doug debuts on *Stain*, the group's third album and a logical successor to 1988's *Vivid* and 1990's *Time's Up*. Musically, the album hammers some of the convolutions of the band's earlier work into more organic, smoother grooves without filing down its teeth; lyrically, Living Colour is probing deeper territory, seeing things less in absolute terms and more in sometimes unsettling shades of gray.

As we wait for Corey Glover, who is stuck in midday Manhattan traffic, Vernon discusses the personnel change. "We had gotten to a place where we were hearing different things and had different ideas," he says about Muzz. "We wound up splitting amicably and keeping our friendship intact. If anything can be salvaged from something like that, the one thing you want to salvage is your friendship, so that worked out okay. You have to work at something like that and not let the difference of opinion go places where it doesn't need to go."

Vernon agrees that the departure of a bandmember can often be compared to the breakup of a marriage. "It's the perfect analogy. A lot of times people wonder what happens when a marriage breaks up, but sometimes the people never had a chance to look at their actual relationship because they were so busy struggling. That's what happened with the band. We did these two albums and were so busy working, we didn't have time to look at the relationship."

Doug Wimbish is a vet, coming from the cult favorite Tackhead and also contributing to sessions for everyone from James Brown to Mick Jagger to Annie Lennox. "He used to check

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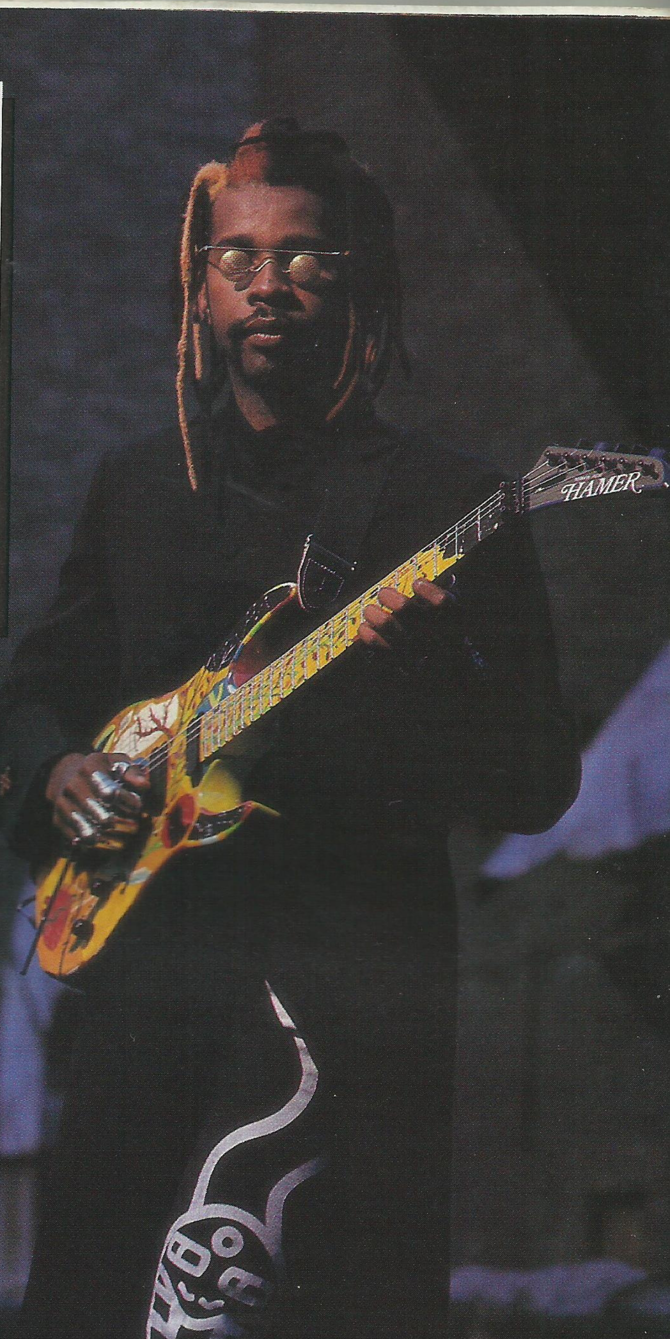

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YOU CAN ALSO CHOOSE FROM THESE POWERFUL HITS

Phil Collins—Serious Hits...Live (Atlantic) 448•944
Genesis—We Can't Dance (Atlantic) 448•936
Nine Inch Nails—Broken (Interscope) 448•548
R.E.M.—Automatic For The People (Warner Bros.) 448•522
Prince And The New Power Generation—(Paisley Park) 448•514
Marky Mark And The Funky Bunch—You Gotta Believe (Interscope) 447•771
Mother Love Bone—Stardo Champion (Mercury) 447•755
Sinead O'Connor—Am I Not Your Girl? (Chrysalis) 447•532
Foreigner—The Very Best... And Beyond (Atlantic) 447•524
Ramones—Mondo Bizarro (Radioactive/MCA) 447•466
Patty Smyth (MCA) 446•773
Yes—Yesstory (ATCO) 446•211/396•218
Bad Company—Here Comes Trouble (ATCO) 446•203
Eric Clapton—Unplugged (Reprise/Duck) 446•187
Damn Yankees—Don't Tread (Warner Bros.) 445•759
INXS—Welcome To Wherever You Are (Atlantic) 445•023
Various Artists—Barcelona Gold (Warner Bros.) 444•620
George Thorogood And The Destroyers—The Baddest Of The Bad (Hits) (EMI) 444•505
Arc Angels (DGC) 442•095
Mariah Carey—MTV Unplugged (Columbia) 441•790
ZZ Top—Grt. Hits (Warner Bros.) 438•010
En Vogue—Funky Divas (eastwest) 435•750
Kris Kross—Totally Krossed Out (Ruffhouse/Columbia) 435•743

"Wayne's World" (Sndtrk.) (Reprise) 434•498
Michael Jackson—Dangerous (Epic) 433•920
U2— Achtung Baby (Island) 431•213
The Allman Brothers Band—A Decade Of Hits 1969-79 (Polydor) 430•439
Tom Petty & The Heartbreakers—Into The Great Wide Open (MCA) 429•795
Bryan Adams—Waking Up The Neighbours (A&M) 429•779
Stevie Ray Vaughan & Double Trouble—Sky Is Crying (Epic) 429•258
Cheap Trick—Greatest Hits (Epic) 428•656
Spin Doctors—Pocket Full Of Kryptonite (Epic/Assoc.) 428•482
The Cult—Ceremony (Sire/Reprise) 428•300
Rush—Moving Pictures (Mercury) 423•798
Rush—Chronicles (Mercury) 423•780/393•785
Bon Jovi—Slippery When Wet (Mercury) 423•392
Van Halen—For Unlawful Carnal Knowledge (Warner Bros.) 420•273
R.E.M.—Out Of Time (Warner Bros.) 417•923
Peter Gabriel—Shaking The Tree (Geffen) 415•968
Red Hot Chili Peppers—Mother's Milk (EMI) 389•205
Aerosmith—Pump (Geffen) 388•009
Triumph—Classics (MCA) 382•135
The Who—Who's Better, Who's Best (MCA) 376•657/396•655
Journey's Greatest Hits (Columbia) 375•279
U2—The Joshua Tree (Island) 354•449
Jethro Tull—Original Masters (Chrysalis) 340•315
The Cars Greatest Hits (Elektra) 339•903
Foreigner—Records (Atlantic) 318•055
Kansas®—Leftoverture (Kirshner) 270•553
Boston (Epic) 269•209

Guns N' Roses—Use Your Illusion I (Geffen) 🄴 442•087
Guns N' Roses—Use Your Illusion II (Geffen) 🄴 442•038
Soundgarden—Badmotorfinger (A&M) 428•250
Flotsam And Jetsam—Cuatro (MCA) 449•934
Blind Melon—Blind Melon (Capitol) 447•995
Motorhead—March Or Die (Epic) 439•646
Best Of White Lion (Atlantic) 446•278
Screaming Trees—Sweet Oblivion (Epic) 445•312
Essential MSG(Chrysalis) 444•588
Faster Pussycat—Whipped (Elektra) 🄴 444•539
Tesla—Psychotic Supper (Geffen) 442•178
Kiss—Revenge (Mercury) 441•436

Temple Of The Dog (A&M) 442•780
"Spinal Tap" (Sndtrk.) (Polydor) 424•705
Scorpions—Love At First Sting (Mercury) 🄴 424•549
Anthrax—Attack Of The Killer Bees (Island/Megaforce) 424•119
Kiss—Smashes,Thrashes & Hits (Mercury) 423•731
Kiss—Destroyer (Casablanca) 423•723
Scorpions—Crazy World (Mercury) 423•608
Scorpions—Best Of Rockers 'N' Ballads (Mercury) 423•590
Cinderella—Night Songs (Mercury) 423•434

Cathedral—Soul Sacrifice (Earache/Columbia) 449•421
Iron Maiden—The Number Of The Beast (Capitol) 410•571
Extreme—Pornograffitti (A&M) 409•003
Poison—Flesh & Blood (Capitol/Enigma) 408•963
White Zombie—La Sexorcisto: (Geffen) 442•079
Slaughter—Stick It To Ya (Chrysalis) 404•830
Black Sabbath—We Sold Our Soul For Rock 'N' Roll (Warner Bros.) 404•632/394•635
Bonham—Mad Hatter (Epic) 439•455

Suicidal Tendencies—The Art Of Rebellion (Epic) 440•529
Metallica—And Justice For All (Elektra) 🄴 372•805
U.F.O.—Essential U.F.O. (Chrysalis) 434•647
Guns N' Roses—Appetite For Destruction (Geffen) 🄴 359•984
Anthrax—Among The Living (Island/Megaforce) 🄴 355•842
Megadeth—Peace Sells...But Who's Buying (Capitol) 🄴 351•346
Metallica—Master Of Puppets (Elektra) 🄴 344•366
Mötley Crüe—Shout At The Devil (Elektra) 323•444

Motorhead—No Remorse (Roadracer) 417•097
Extreme (A&M) 382•242
HEAVY HITS.
Van Halen (Warner Bros.) 286•807
SOUND
DRIVING H
METAL
HARD
POWER S
METAL!
The Lynch Mob (Elektra) 439•000
Warrant—Cherry Pie (Columbia) 411•389
Best Of Twisted Sister (Atlantic) 🄴 435•800

SKID ROW
COLUMBIA
Alice In Chains
Dirt
ALICE IN CHAINS
AMERICA'S LEAST WANTED
HELMET

Skid Row—B-Sides Ourselves (Atlantic) 447•847
Testament—The Ritual (Atlantic) 438•861
Slik Toxik—Doin' The Nasty (Capitol) 🄴 436•253
Fates Warning—Parallel (Metal Blade) 433•953
The Yngwie Malmsteen Collection (Polydor) 431•577
Prong—Prove You Wrong (Epic) 428•714
Rainbow—Long Live Rock 'N' Roll (Polydor) 425•967

Ugly Kid Joe—America's Least Wanted (Mercury) 🄴 445•379
Skid Row–Slave To The Grind (Atlantic) 🄴 422•220
Mr. Big—Lean Into It (Atlantic) 418•798
Metal Church (Elektra) 416•289
Firehouse (Epic) 414•318
Black Sabbath—Dehumanizer (Reprise) 442•830
Judas Priest—Painkiller (Columbia) 411•116
Nirvana—Nevermind (DGC) 442•046

Alice In Chains—Dirt (Columbia) 445•833
Faith No More—The Real Thing (Reprise/ Slash) 387•399
Warrant—Dirty Rotten Filthy Stinking Rich (Columbia) 379•644
Skid Row (Atlantic) 🄴 379•602
Winger (Atlantic) 374•652
Ozzy Osbourne—No Rest For The Wicked (Epic) 🄴 373•308
Saigon Kick—The Lizard (3rd Stone/Atlantic) 🄴 441•634

Helmet—Meantime (Interscope) 449•686
Ozzy Osbourne— Diary Of A Madman (Jet) 312•017
Ozzy Osbourne—Blizzard Of Ozz (Jet) 🄴 309•120
AC/DC—Highway To Hell (Atlantic) 🄴 297•788
Alice Cooper's Grt. Hits (Warner Bros.) 291•476
King's X (Atlantic) 435•263
Kiss—Hotter Than Hell (Casablanca) 424•812
Firehouse—Hold Your Fire (Epic) 439•448

🄴 Contains explicit lyrics which may be objectionable to some members.

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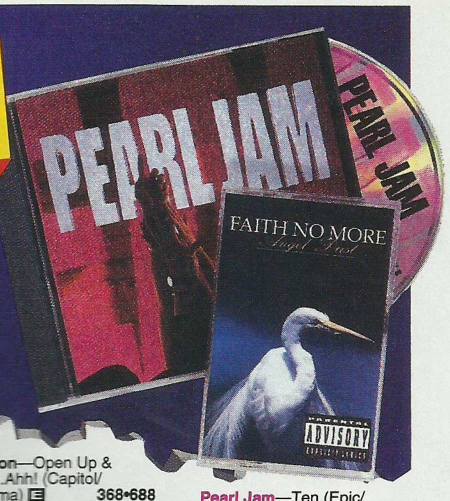
BREAKTHROUGH



Extreme—III Sides To Every Story (A&M)	447•540
"Singles"—Original Soundtrack (Epic/Soundtrax)	439•604
Ministry (Warner Bros./Sire)	433•748
Megadeth—Countdown To Extinction (Capitol)	444•489
Ozzy Osbourne—No More Tears (Epic/Associated)	428•128
Red Hot Chili Peppers-Blood Sugar Sex Magik (Warner Bros.) E	428•367
Ratt—Ratt & Roll 8191 (Atlantic)	427•799
Mötley Crüe—Decade Of Decadence '81-'91 (Elektra)	429•316
L.A. Guns—Hollywood Vampires (Polydor)	424•697
Kiss—Alive (Casablanca)	423•715/393•710
Mötley Crüe—Dr. Feelgood (Elektra) E	387•944
Dio—The Last In Line (Warner Bros.)	328•955
Poison—Open Up & Say...Ahh! (Capitol/Enigma) E	368•688
Pearl Jam—Ten (Epic/Associated)	428•433
Faith No More—Angel Dust (Reprise/Slash)	439•307
Megadeth—Rust In Peace (Capitol)	412•148
AC/DC—Back In Black (Atlantic)	305•045
Contraband (Impact)	421•271
Warrior Soul—Salutations From The Ghetto Nation (DGC)	448•183
Sepultura—Arise (RC)	420•810
Alice In Chains—Facelift (Columbia)	414•292

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RAP

Shabba Ranks—X-Tra Naked (Epic)	449•199
Father M.C.—Close To You (Uptown/MCA)	447•334
Public Enemy—Greatest Misses (Columbia)	445•478
Too Short—Shorty The Player (Jive)	443•788
E P M D—Business Never Personal (Ral/Def Jam/Chaos)	442•244
Spice 1 (Jive) E	440•339
DAS EFX—Dead Serious (eastwest)	438•630
Beastie Boys—Check Your Head (Capitol) E	438•499
Arrested Development—3 Years, 5 Months & 2 Days (Chrysalis)	436•204
Cypress Hill (Ruffhouse/Columbia) E	431•882

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	•	•	•	•
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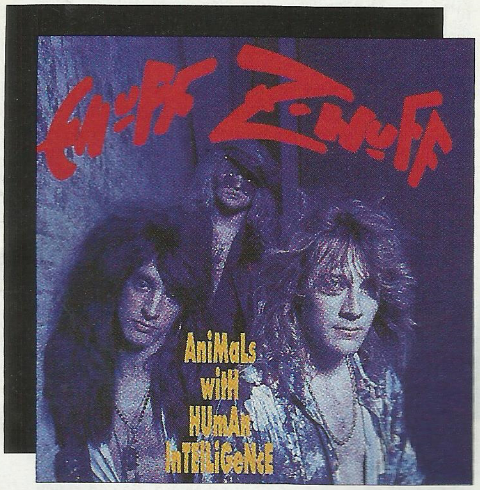
EDITED BY JANISS GARZA



ENUFF Z'NUFF: ***Animals With Human Intelligence***
(Arista) †††

On their brilliant, vastly underrated 1991 disc *Strength*, Enuff Z'Nuff achieved a definitive pop-metal sound: hefty guitars backing transcendentally sweet, Beatles-esque harmonies, and a few sonic surprises where you least expected them. *Strength* was inventive and gorgeous, a true original. Unfortunately, it *wasn't* a huge seller, so now, on a new label, Enuff Z'Nuff are back with a less distinctive vibe.

One has to wonder why they didn't take the brave step and admit they're really a pop group and move toward where their true talent lies, because when they do say what the hell and cut loose with some unabashed pop—as in the lush, helium-powered strains of "Innocence"—they achieve something truly special. Ironically, it's producer Richie Zito (Heart, White Lion), usually an aficionado of big, manly guitars and a smooooth, bland effect, who brings it outta them. "These Daze," with its gently rocking lilt, virtually begs to be on the radio, while "One Step Closer to You" is steeped in '60s-bubblegum charm.

It's when left to their own devices, though, that Enuff Z'Nuff falter. In fact, you can add a dagger to Zito-heavy side one and take one off largely Z'Nuff-produced side two, wherein the band seems hellbent on proving they can Really Rock. Trouble is, when they try, like on "Master of Pain" or "Rock n World," they're strictly average—just another bunch of Sunset Strip doofs who should ditch the lame hats and sunglasses. The fact that they're not even *from* L.A. makes this somehow worse.

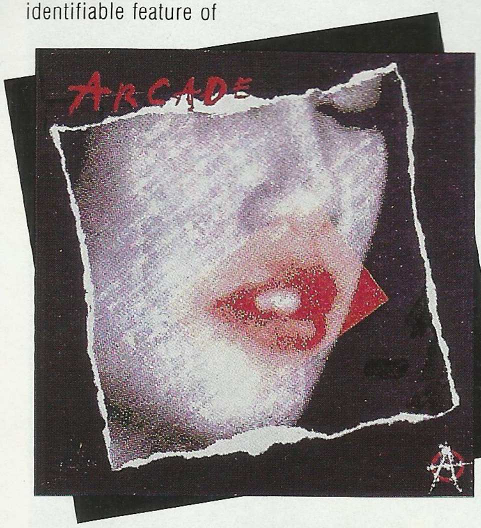
—Daina Darzin

ARCADE: ***Calm Before the Storm***
(Epic) ††††

They may call themselves Arcade, but on this band's debut there's no playing around—these guys mean business. Ratt's former big cheese, Stephen Pearcy, and ex-Cinderella stickman Fred Coury have teamed up to spawn *Calm Before the Storm*, a truly unruly child. Along with guitarists Donny Syracuse and Frankie Wilsex and bassist Michael Andrews, they have succeeded in producing a formidable debut packed with fine work by seasoned professionals.

Initially meeting at a German Monsters Of Rock festival, Pearcy and Coury instantly bonded, uniting briefly back in Los Angeles for a few gigs as P.I.G. (Partners In Grime). Recalling that compatibility when they decided to leave their respective bands several months later, they forged the alliance that was to become Arcade.

Although *Calm Before the Storm* doesn't break any new musical ground, it's well-executed, unpretentious hard rock with a bite that draws blood. There's nothing wrong with specializing in one genre of music and doing it well, as these guys surely do. Since Pearcy's voice is as distinctive as a fingerprint and was the most identifiable feature of Ratt's music, there will be inevitable comparisons of Arcade to that band. He's still the master of the rabid snarl and is at his best on this record when he sticks to it rather than digressing into more sensitive emoting.



Not that sensitive emoting is the rule here. It's the exception on an album ripe with melody and aggression fused into a highly flammable mixture. The disc's strongest cuts are "Never Goin' Home" and "Messed Up World," both of which have hooks that will embed themselves deep in your gray matter. Also noteworthy are the opening barnstormer, "Dancin' With Angels," and the Zeppelin-esque "Livin' Dangerously." Standouts among the slower tunes are the sweeping power ballad "So Good So Bad" and the folksy "Sons & Daughters/Mother Blues," based on Pearcy's own childhood sorrow (he was six years old when his father died from substance abuse). In fact, many songs on *Calm Before the Storm* detail the toll drugs take, as well as many of life's other hardships. But, as Pearcy states in the bio, no situation presented on the album should be viewed as one without hope: "Even after the storm, there's the light of day."

Welcome to Arcade, where the game is life, and they're playing for keeps.

—Merryl Lentz

Lethal!	†††††
Call the Paramedics	††††
Heart Flutters	†††
Mild Abrasion	††
No Damage	†

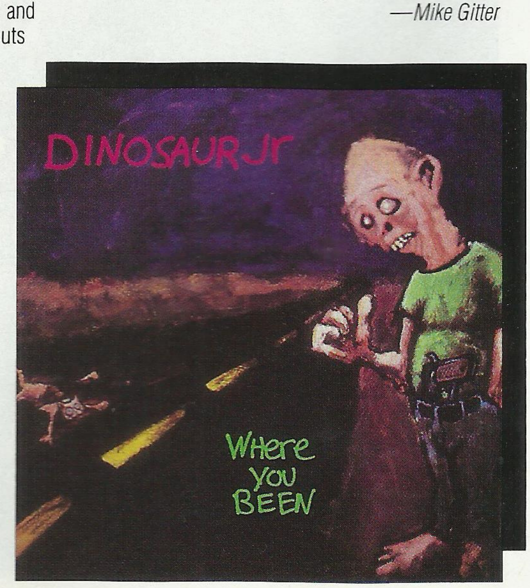
DINOSAUR JR.: ***Where You Been***
(Sire/Warner Bros.) ††††

Guitar heroes never sing in a nasal moan. They never whine about not being able to relate, about being afraid, alone, lost and just plain bummed like Dinosaur Jr.'s J Mascis does. Nope, Mascis is a guitar hero *in spite of* his laconic, withdrawn, almost childlike self; a guitar hero like Neil Young is a guitar hero—forever young, dumb and in love with volume and distortion. In person J doesn't have a lot to say. He seems neurotically shy and prefers skiing to almost anything else. He also makes records as moody and affecting as they come.

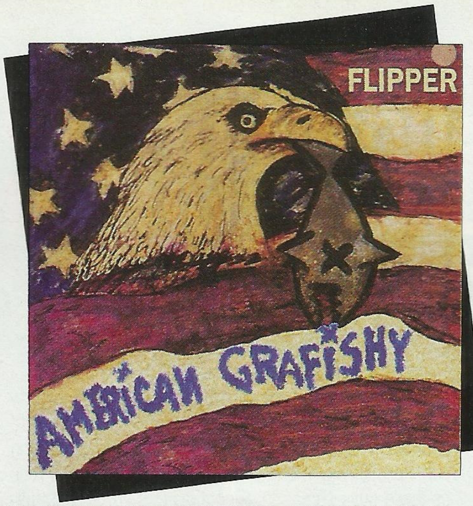
Dinosaur Jr. pull equally from smatterings of Sonic Youth, Buffalo Springfield and gobs of American hardcore, flawlessly bridging the gap between '70s AOR nostalgia and today's crop of lank-haired slackers (Screaming Trees, Lemonheads, Nirvana). From the initial languid fuzz-fest, "Out There," on, *Where You Been* is the soundtrack to another rainy Sunday morning. Eyes barely open, J buries his head in a pillow of feedback and sighs. Only in his mid-twenties, he already seems as old as the planet he revolves on. Dinosaur Jr. is hard rock for the painfully introverted. Mascis' has private conversations with Marshall stacks while drummer Murph and bassist Mike Johnson lay down a steady meter for him to wail over. It's an hermetic affair, a point slammed home on "What Else Is New," which has J bursting into fits of molten guitar spray then settling into a quiet, acoustic strum as if somebody had unexpectedly walked into the room and caught him jamming, sending him scuttling back into his shell.

The underground rock institution's fifth album, *Where You Been* is Dinosaur Jr.'s best work since the landmark *You're Living All Over Me*, back in '87. While "Get Me" storms along in grand Dino fashion like an overdriven Crazy Horse, "Not the Same," with its spare guitarwork and quiet, looming arrangement, points to the boy from Amherst, MA, with nuthin' much to say moving toward a new, reluctant maturity. Who knows? Give the thing ten years space, and it may be Mascis' *Rust Never Sleeps*. Few voices could wheeze, "Y'know it hurts me," with as much gloriously depressed weight as he does. For coming from such a quiet, strange fellow, Mascis' music speaks volumes. Brilliantly bummed.

—Mike Gitter



FLIPPER: ***American Grafishy***
(Def American) ††††



The bio Def American is sending out with this record claims that Flipper invented grunge ten-plus years ago. While there's more than a little truth to that, it might be misleading to fans of what is currently called grunge. At the time of their inception Flipper stuck steadfastly to the punk ethos of confrontation, taking it one step further by annoying and agitating other punks. Those were the days when being the best punk you could be meant playing as fast as possible, the days of early hardcore. Flipper took the opposite road and slowed their music way on down. Theirs was a grating, grinding, shrieking brand of punk, certainly hardcore in attitude and highly improvisational in execution. The point is, their grunge was still pure punk, devoid of the slow, heavy rock that is the basis of today's Northwest grunge. This music has no connection to Black Sabbath or heavy metal. The fact that Alice In Chains considers them an influence is irrelevant.

Having said that, *American Grafishy* is the rebirth of classic Flipper. Together again after disbanding more than five years ago following the overdose death of co-founder Will Shatter, the group boasts all the original members plus John Dougherty replacing Shatter. The style hasn't changed a great deal, if at all. There's slightly less dissonance, but this is still pretty far from standard or typical anything. The bass is so distorted, it sounds like a whole crew of Hell's Angels getting ready to run you down, and guitarist Ted Falconi has always had a knack for conjuring up interesting parts amid fairly simple surroundings. His dynamics, chording and, of course, feedback are still inventive and highly rockin' in that psychotic Flipper sort of way.

"Flipper Twist" is a new Flipper anthem (and a new dance craze threatening to sweep the nation) following in the tradition of their classic "Sex Bomb." Is it my imagination or does this one sound like a slowed-down rewrite of "Wang Dang Sweet Poontang"? I think I've been working too hard. Flipper always had an optimism they did their very best to conceal, and it's still present. Listen to the deceptive "F?!ked Up Once Again" and "Exist or Else" and you'll hear what I mean.

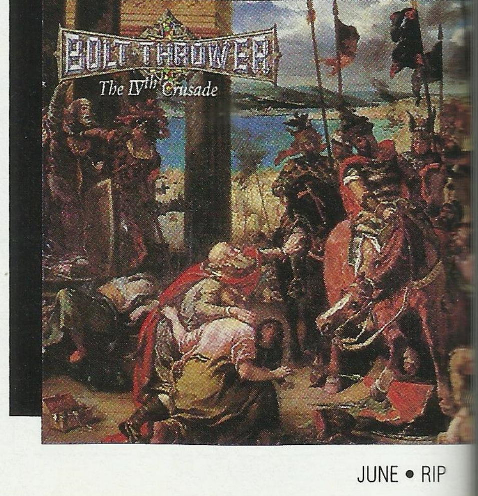
Despite a limited amount of available music, half of which is live recordings, Flipper managed to make a sizable impact on modern rock. Check this one out, keeping in mind that it is Flipper as reproduced in the clinical confines of the studio. This music was always meant to be heard in dimly lit, smelly, dank nightclubs with bad plumbing. Some things just don't change.

—S.L. Duff

BOLT THROWER: ***The IVth Crusade***
(Earache/Relativity) †††

Few bands understand the depths of sheer sonic oppression Britain's masters of the monolithic riff, Bolt Thrower, hit on their fourth crusade into the realms of naked noise power. While the main components of the Birmingham grind sect have all moved on to new ideas and horizons, Bolt Thrower trudge forth, undeterred, across their own grim and grey musical battlefield. This is the grindcore ethos taken to the extreme, a panzer tank of a record featuring martial drumming amid a hail of guitar fire and bass explosions, with Karl Willets' guttural growl both leading the charge and giving voice to the wounded troops left screaming in the icy trenches.

The Games Workshop (the U.K. equivalent of the Dungeons and Dragons role-playing game phenomenon) connections of past 'Thrower discs, *Realms of Chaos* and *Warmaster*, have been severed. The new starting point for their imagery and ideas is as blunt as the band's music: war. From the minute the album lurches into motion with the title track, the battle is on, bombers overhead, riffs



HIPS
TITS
LIPS
SILVERFISH POWER

"Organ Fan"

The new album from

Silverfish

"Organ Fan" went to No. 1 on the Independent album charts in the U.K. Now, it's available for the first time in the U.S.– with 4 additional tracks not found on the U.K. release. It's so cool, you'll see your breath.

"The new 'Organ Fan' finds Silverfish on the verge of greatness."
– *NME* (U.K.)

Featuring
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Pig Squeal
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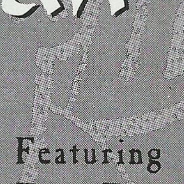
Crazy.

"If the sensation of warm brain trickling from your ears turns you on, this frankly mindblowing album could be just the ticket."
– *Rock Power* (U.K.)



Produced by
J.G. Thirlwell,
Grant Showbiz
& Silverfish.

CHAOS

CREATION

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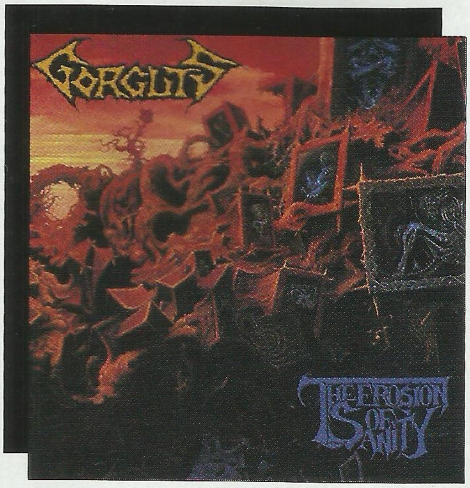
pounding like grey, steel rain. Gavin Ward's and Barry Thomson's guitars are tracer shells in the night sky, while Jo Bench's bass assaults the bulwarks with scorched-earth severity. By the time "Embers" comes along to pummel you, the missiles have been launched, the bunkers locked-down, and everyone's braced for the worst.

Years ago when the Brits came up with their answer to the TV movie *The Day After*, entitled *Threads*, it was tenfold bleaker and more disturbing. *The IVth Crusade* might well be its soundtrack. "As the World Burns" is the blast, the firestorm and the fallout made manifest courtesy of producer Colin Richardson's incredible guitar grind, a low, lurking sound that actually outdoes the man's work with venerable Brit-punk nihilists Discharge. If anything, Bolt Thrower takes Discharge's high-decibel doomsaying—check classics like *Hear Nothing, See Nothing, Say Nothing*—a step farther, a pitch lower and ten shades blacker. During the coda of "Through the Ages" Willets lists every military conflict Britain has ever engaged in as if he were walking, dolefully, through flame and rubble, reading shattered tombstones. If you've forgotten about the prospect of the mushroom cloud, here's Bolt Thrower to make that fear come rushing back. A taste of armageddon, anyone?

—M.G.

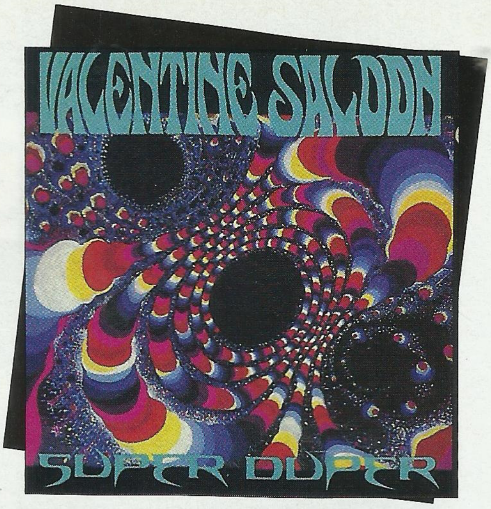


GORGUTS: ***Erosion of Sanity***
(Roadrunner) †††

Death metal has emerged as a categorization that can immediately place an aspiring band in a unique situation, catapulting them into the center of a closely knit underground cult for inspection and, oftentimes, rejection. The band will be judged by an impressively large battalion of well-schooled connoisseurs who can very well determine the enthusiasm with which their offering will be received. Once the verdict comes down, a band's fate is all but sealed—word of mouth is God in the underground, and Gorguts know that firsthand. Their debut, *Considered Dead*, passed the test with flying colors, garnering them heaps of fans, and their sophomore platter, *Erosion of Sanity*, promises to do the same.

Gorguts come off as the definitive death-metal band on *Erosion*, supplying the requisite amount of bludgeoning aural assaults necessary to gain and maintain status in the genre. Although the effort, as a whole, toes the line—taking no radical steps forward nor regressing significantly—Gorguts achieve nominal success with this recording for the simple reason that they chose to concentrate on their strong points, accentuating the talent of guitarists Luc Lemay and Sylvain Marcoux. Vocal prowess is moot to a certain degree, as Lemay offers no variation on the expected grunts and growls, which progress with cookie-cutter sameness from track to track. "Odors of Existence" and "Orphans of Sickness" offer the most insight into the band's future, exhibiting a more mature songwriting and lyrical stance that the album's other cuts lack.

Erosion of Sanity is not a recording that will have a monumental impact on the death-metal world, but it stands on its own as a likable slab worthy of perusal by any true fan of the genre. *—Ivette Ruiz*



VALENTINE SALOON: ***Super Duper***
(Pipeline) ††††

Although the cover of Valentine Saloon's first full album (they also boast a five-song EP, *Under My Skin*) is splashed with psychedelic graphics, to pigeonhole them as yet another entity jumping on the trippy hippy bandwagon would be an incomplete assessment.

True, there are some elements of that retro '60s vibe on *Super Duper*, but there's also an aggressive, highly melodic aspect. On "Cadillac King Revolver" William Jewell's vocals are reminiscent of the Cult's Ian Astbury's

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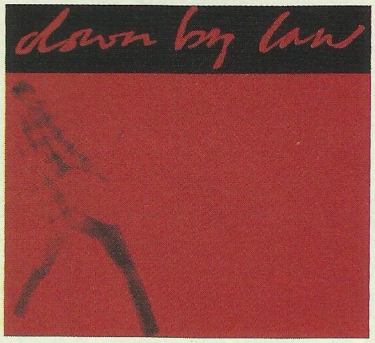
INDIE 500

*...in which **RIP**'s writers-in-the-know devote some 500 words to the coolest underground indie releases every month. Be ahead of your time! Check these puppies out!*

Edited by Janiss Garza



DOWN BY LAW: *Blue*
(Epitaph)

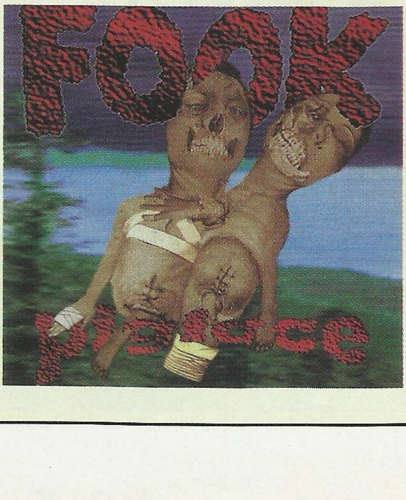
Blue, Down By Law's second album, is, in a word, intense. It's a serious record with a serious message: People who prejudge alternative or punk music to be evil or reprehensible just don't get it. Down By Law would rather stay underground than conform and wind up not standing for anything. Each song is intelligently written with a beautiful balance of punk energy and poppy melodies you can easily sink your teeth into. Look for the red-and-black album called *Blue*. Get it from Epitaph, 6201 Sunset Blvd., Suite 111, Hollywood, CA 90028.

—M. Peter Soikkeli

PIGFACE: *Fook*
(Invisible)

The anticipation builds. This ride travels at high speeds and contains gravity-altering drops. Pregnant women and people with pacemakers or heart conditions are not allowed. You think twice about handing over control. Is this thing safe? Screw it. You get on. ARRRGGHH! Beads of sweat fly off your G-force-contorted face. You shouldn't have had that corn dog. Finally it's over. They pry your hands off the bar as you laugh nervously. You've just been on a white-knuckler called *Fook*. You get on again. Available through Invisible, P.O. Box 16008, Chicago, IL 60616.

—M.P.S.



LEATHERFACE: *Mush*
(Seed)

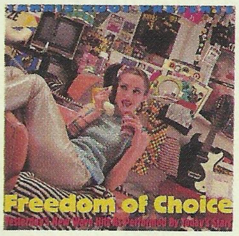
Fill yer boots to this one, the long overdue U.S. debut from England's kings of three-chord anthems and brazenly melodic guitar punk, Leatherface. From the amphetamine rush of "I Want the Moon" on, *Mush* is an absolute crusty classic, bursting with songs as good as anything from the heyday of the second wave of U.K. punk. Talk about Stiff Little Fingers, the Jam, the Buzzcocks and Sham 69, and you're talking about Leatherface. Talk about all those scratchy 45s of legend, and here's a record of similar storming pop-punk gems, like "Springtime" and "Baked Potato," growled out by one Frankie Stubbs, a street poet with bad teeth, Doc Martens and a wounded heart who sees the world through the bottom of a pint glass. Leatherface is the soul of the underclass singing angry, heartrending songs. Snatch it up from Seed, 19 West 21st St., Suite 501, NY, NY 10010.

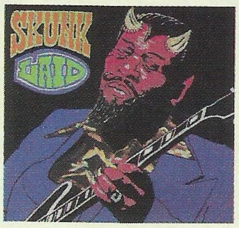
—Mike Gitter

GIMME THAT BIG 12-INCH:

Mixing dubious straight-edge hardcore origins with Smiths-like aspirations to woe, Bostonians **Eidolon** manage an occasionally devastating weepy-core barrage on *Sanctuary*. Also from Beantown, the Athens of America and home to too many damn colleges and universities, comes *New Life for Lies*, the sound of a bunch of angry intellectuals working overtime. This posthumous effort from **Jones Very** bashes like Husker Du at the Apocalypse and is packed with stormers like "Beckett," dedicated to the author of *Waiting for Godot*. Both discs are available from Jade Tree, 2310 Kennwynn Rd., Wilmington, DE 19810.... Wanna hear today's grunge stars grinding out yesterday's new-wave hits? Sonic Youth doing Plastic Bertrand? Superchunk doing Devo? Das Damen doing the Pretenders? You'll get all that and more on an album called ***Freedom of Choice***, and the proceeds go to Planned Parenthood. On Caroline, 114 W. 26th St., 11th Floor, New York, NY 10001.... **Skunk** was one of the best bands nobody ever got a chance to hear. It's sort of a bummer when your record company nearly folds just as they're putting your album out, but the world finally gets a chance to sample these New Jersey-ites on their posthumous second album, *Laid*. Soul Asylum similarities aside, they churn up a pretty jarring sound that runs from hardcore assaults to sweet balladry with plenty o' classic-rock (i.e. Allman Brothers) posturing. Get it from Twin/Tone, 2541 Nicollet Ave. South, Minneapolis, MN 55404.

—M.G.





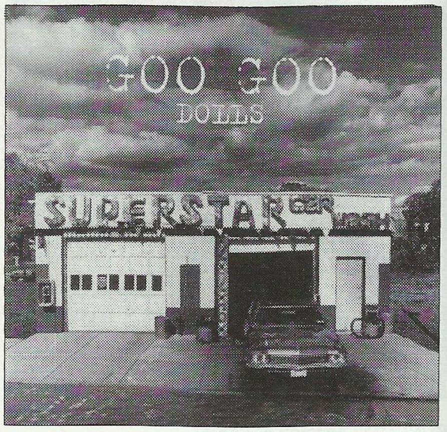
in terms of inflection, but the grit clinging to his pipes as he spews out the lyrics lends an interesting tension to the mix. Billy Baker's galloping drum intro on "Flying Machine" feeds into some very Motorhead-ish vocals (if Lemmy actually had the ability to sing melodically), and "Mrs. Jones' " aggressive, punky rhythms are tempered by brief harmonies that intermingle phenomenally well with the bouncing guitar and bass.

Best of all, Valentine Saloon understand the concept of "feeling" the lyrics. The guitars and whining tune of "Under My Skin" wheedle their way beneath your flesh and warp their way to your brain. Henry Meyer's nasty, obnoxious axework on "Private Revolution" sets up the attitude of the song while mimicking the vocals. Further demonstrating their versatility, Jewell's harp (yes, harp!) on the first single, "Smothered in Daisy," brings just the right texture to the clinging tune. ("I never learned how to play harp," he admits. "One day we said, 'Let's have a song with harp in it,' and I went out and bought one.") Obviously, Valentine Saloon is far from formulaic.

My only gripe is that the songs tend to sound like they're all in the same key on this mostly up-tempo album. On the other hand, most of those songs are so damn energetic and fun, I find myself pining for a lyric sheet so that I can really get into the verses.

If the originality and attitude that Valentine Saloon display on *Super Duper* can be duplicated in their live presentation, they've got a super-duper chance at success.

—Adrianne Stone



GOO GOO DOLLS: *Superstar Car Wash*
(Metal Blade/Warner Bros.) ††††

The Goo Goo Dolls' appeal is so simple, it's difficult to explain. Merely saying, "They make me feel good when I listen to them," doesn't do them justice, but that's exactly why *Superstar Car Wash* is such a winner. The Goos are three regular guys from Buffalo, New York, who touch on the humanity of life's small events. And although this, their fourth album, shows creative maturity, the trio still exudes a sense of childlike wonder and adventure.

The raucously yearning "Lucky Star" and adorably candid lyricism of "Close Your Eyes" are spirited takes on postadolescent angst. Add the grungy melodicism of "Fallin' Down" and catchy chorus of "Girl Right Next to Me" and you have music that sheds a ray of hope on the cynicism of the '90s. Even when the Goos lean toward dark contemplation, as on "We Are the Normal," you get the feeling that nothing keeps them down for long. These guys are perennial optimists—their day jobs may suck and their girlfriends may be giving them the cold shoulder, but tomorrow's bound to be a sunnier day. Hum along with any of these tunes and you begin to believe it too.

I can't recommend this record enough. It's cheery and insightful, moody and fun, sweet and aggressive—and it *will* make you feel good when you listen to it.

—Janiss Garza

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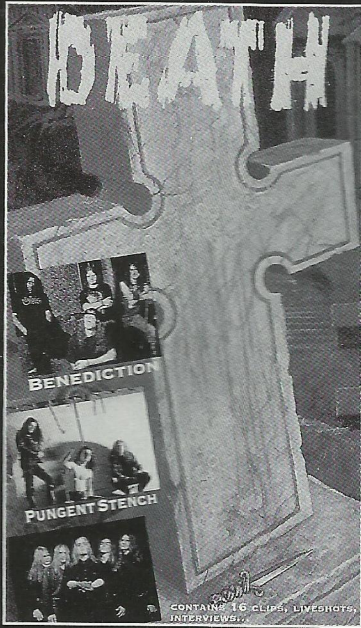
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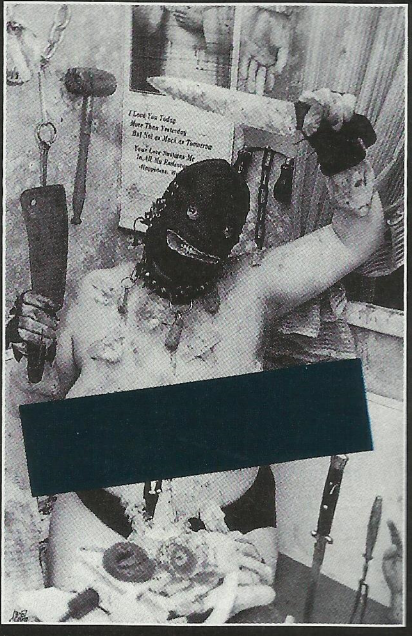
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In All My Endeavors

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Thumb•less */adj/* 1: inbred; pertaining to the American psychosis; a term of derision 2: ask the Skatenigs about it.

"Watch out for the buckshot in the corn bread!" sniggers Skatenigs guitarist Billy Jackson, in line at Luby's Cafeteria just outside the slacker capital of the world, Austin, Texas. It sure ain't the chow they come here for. They come because it's Luby's, a popular port of call for the lost, the lonely, the thumbless. A couple of years back at another Luby's, in the town of Killeen, an hour's drive north of here, a lone gunman smashed his pickup truck into the dining room and blasted 23 patrons into the next county. What free advertising!

"You want to know how to spot a Skatenig in a situation like that?" asks frontman Phil "Phildo" Owen. "He's the guy that runs right home and burns a screen for a T-shirt about the massacre, and the next day you see him selling them at Emo's, the local hangout. That's an easy Skatenig giveaway."

"Or he trades 'em for drinks," adds bassist Lance Von Moulder.

The Skatenigs come to Luby's for the sights—the couple sitting across from us, for example. He's dressed in his brown Sunday best and a cowboy hat. She's an easy 375 pounds, the stitching of her stretch-polyester pantsuit groaning with each mouthful of meat loaf. Another old cowboy puts his dentures back in

By Mike Gitter

CYBERPU

T E N I G S

Alex Solca/Photofeatures

NK CRUNCH

after gulping a cup of jello. Billy settles down at the table with Phildo and Lance and glances at a plate of the quivering stuff on his own tray. "Boy, this really makes you look forward to getting old," he deadpans. A woman with too many screaming children belts one of them to shut him up. Apparently, the supposedly calming sky-blue they painted the place last year still doesn't work.

Q: What breeds a Skatenig?

A: Texas.

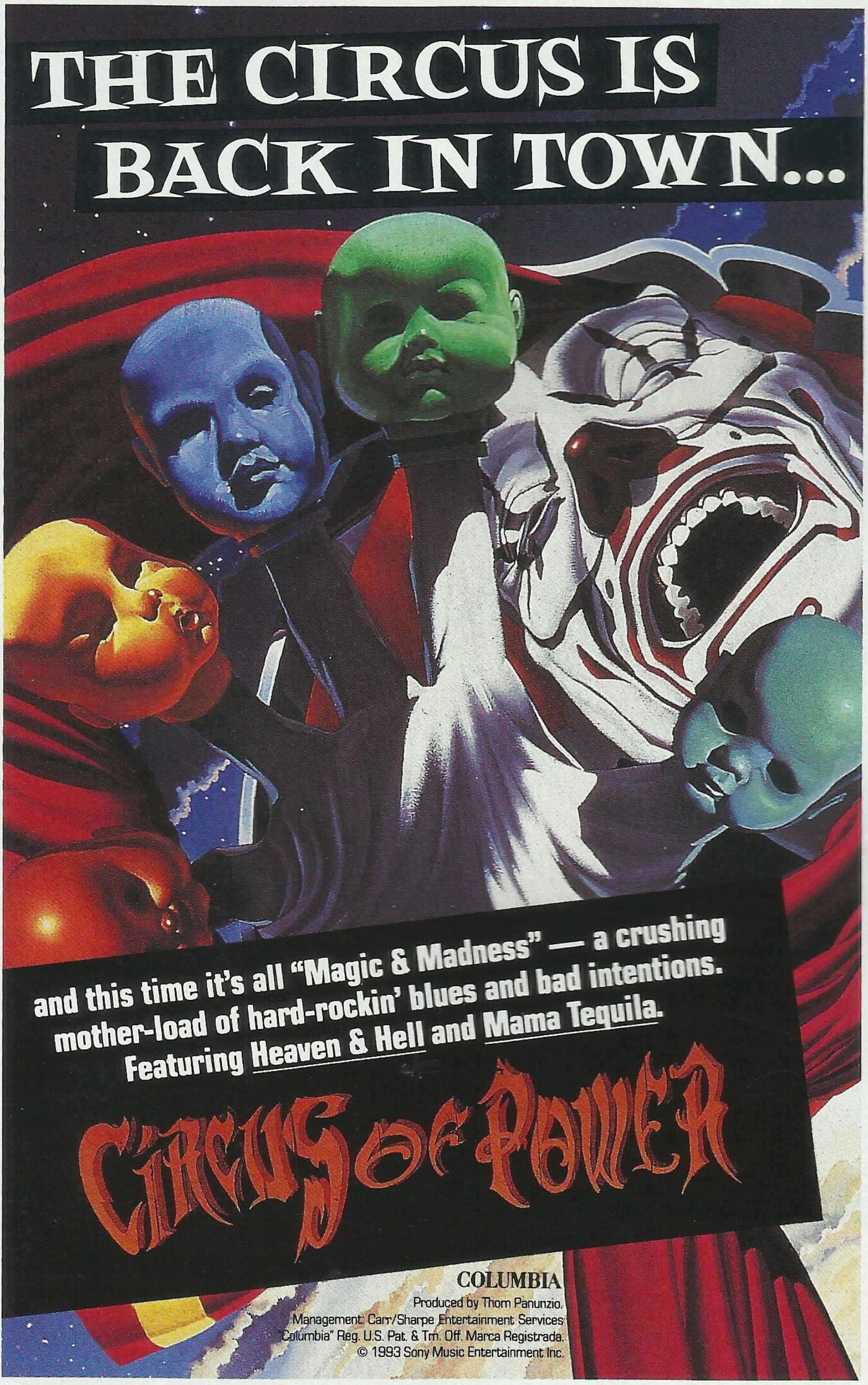
"It's genetics," offers Phildo, biting into his turkey dinner. "It's the forefathers...and the foreskins! The father-brother, the uncle-cousin."

"The sister-maybe," Lance chips in.

Outside is America, and it's thumbless. Especially Texas, home of Ross Perot, George Bush and the Butthole Surfers.

"You don't see crime as often as you'd see it in New York," says Phildo in a laid-back Texas drawl. "But when it happens, it's like the Luby's massacre or the yogurt-shop murders, when a couple of girls got blown away at a T.C.B.Y. yogurt shop down the street from where I live. There's always someone having an accident with the children and the chili. People lose their children, and it happens to coincide with their chili cook-off! Why does it happen so often? I dunno. Probably because there's a lot of loose cannons around here. Jeffrey Dahmer certainly would have made a good Texan!"

Born with their middle fingers extended, the Skatenigs might be considered rather queer in the land of beers and steers—six sophomoric-'n'-proud-of-it souls with chemical imbalances and a penchant for electroshock mayhem who churn out an acid-addled alloy of rapalistic ballistics, zero-to-90-in-no-time thrash peel-outs and cyberpunk crunch, all delivered in volleys of densely packed grooves and tempered with smart-assed street braggadocio. It's anarcho-hillbilly mania, obnoxious and brazenly over-the-top. Spilling beer and offending someone wherever they go, they hit the stage with thunder, fury, Mexican wrestling masks and foot-long prosthetic penises. "If buttholes are peep shows, then the 'Nigs are the window to the soul of this f?!kin' ridiculous world," hisses Chicago performance artist Lorri Jackson in her intro to the band's debut album, *Stupid People Shouldn't Breed*, which she recorded shortly before dying of an accidental drug overdose two years ago. She was right. The Skatenigs are a way of life, a drunken manifesto for survival in a world gone hopelessly...thumbless.



and this time it's all "Magic & Madness"— a crushing mother-load of hard-rockin' blues and bad intentions. Featuring Heaven & Hell and Mama Tequila.

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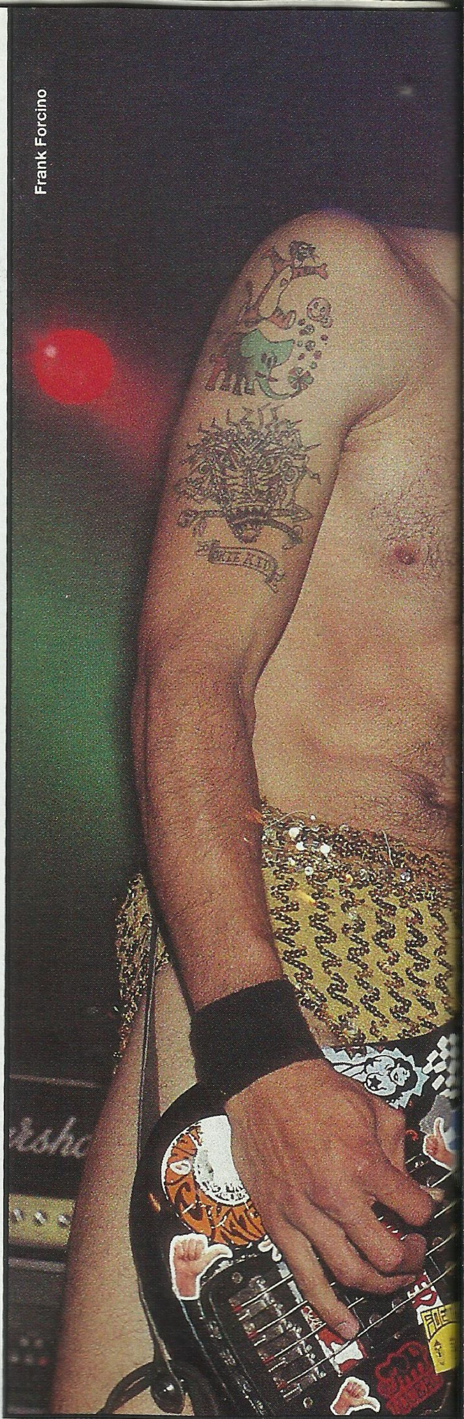
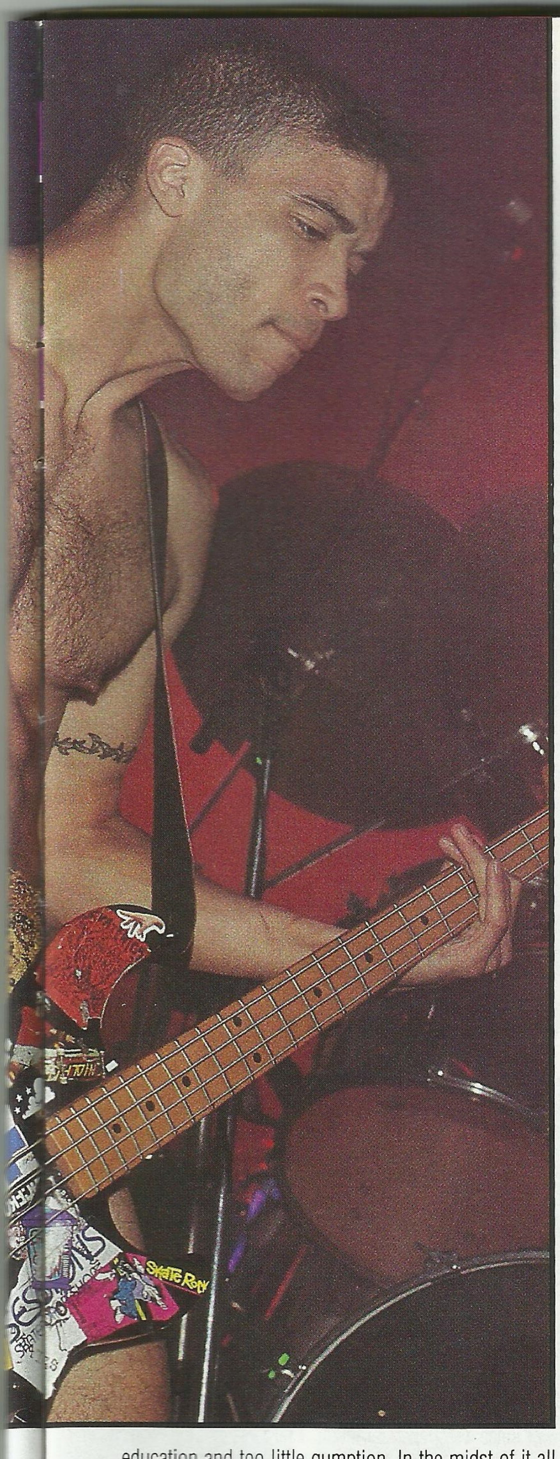


Frank Forcino

"Skatenigs are survivors." Phildo is off on a rant. "Most everyone I know who I would consider as having the Skatenig mentality has dealt with the dirtiest of the dirty, the filthiest of the filthy, and survived it without getting caught up in it and left behind."

Austin by night seems to be little more than a college town full of students and slackers with too much



education and too little gumption. In the midst of it all a red light pulses ominously on top of the University of Texas observation tower, where, in 1966, one of those loose cannons Phildo was talking about, Charles Whitman, took aim and started blowing away the student body, killing 16 people and wounding 30 in just over 90 minutes.

The Skatenig philosophy is simple: "It's the old-school skater mentality—independence, giving yourself no boundaries," our man Phildo, himself a notorious rider of the wild board, explains. "That's why a lot of the album sounds fairly different from song to song, though there's a certain Skatenig essence that carries through it, no-holds-barred."

The attitude was there even before there was a band. It was at the suggestion of a drinking buddy, Ministry's Al Jourgensen, that San Marcos skater and club deejay Phildo started the group to act as "the clown show before the bullfight for Ministry" on the Texas leg of the The Mind Is a Terrible Thing to Taste tour.

"We had about six practices and wrote six songs. I

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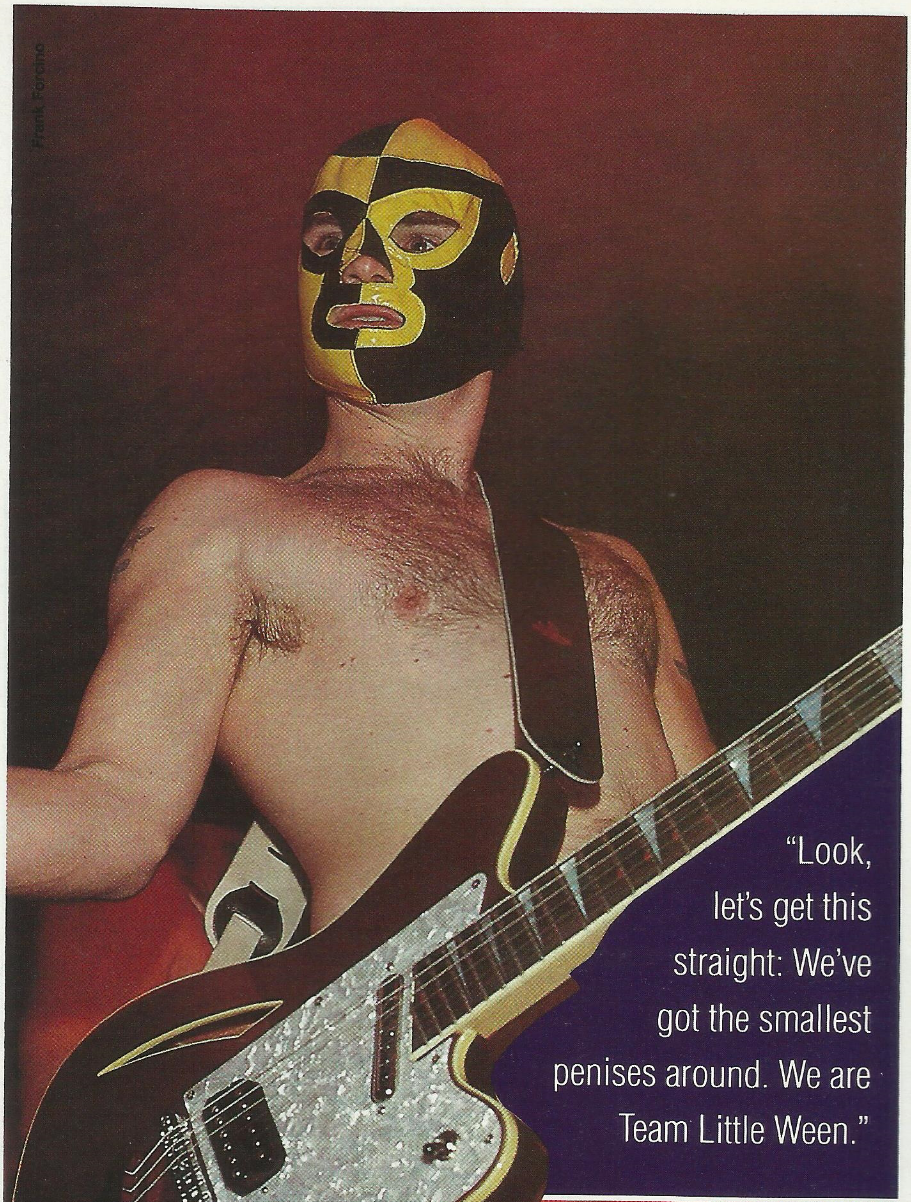


Frank Forcino

"Look, let's get this straight: We've got the smallest penises around. We are Team Little Ween."

Kristin Callahan

don't think Al knew what he was getting himself into," the squat frontman and only original founding 'Nig laughs, brushing back a thin rattail of hair on his shaved skull. "We would go out of our way at that time to do something visual onstage because we knew we sucked—I had the huge prosthetic penis spraying all over everybody, we were cross-dressing. There was one show where I came out as Little Red Riding Hood and had a picnic basket full of meat with a dog's tail hangin' out the back. The big joke was that the wolf was in the house. Somehow I got my eye split with a soupbone!"

Seasoned white-trash warriors who just finished a West Coast tour with all-American punk stalwarts Fear, the Skatenigs don't suck no more. Rounded out by drummer Chip Fisher, guitarist Matt Mitchell and sampling fiend Mega Bite—with occasional onstage, uh, "assistance" from an Austin dominatrix named Kim—they're a gaggle of technomaniacs you can take seriously, plastic penis and all. Moving to Austin and assembling a new core of 'Nigs two years ago, Phildo was quick to hook up with Al Jourgensen for a tour with Al's own lunatic horde, the Revolting Cocks, whom Phildo had sung with in Europe a few months earlier. In England the Cocks legend had reached ridiculous proportions. Tales of sex with cattle circulated even in Parliament.

"In Europe the stories were so blown out of proportion, it was amazing!" Phildo gushes. "What it felt like to me was like being in the Sex Pistols when they came to America for the first time. People were expecting us to be raping cows and lighting chickens on fire on command. It was pretty nuts, and I definitely did my share of being revolting. I only sang on a few songs, so I had a lot of time to jump on people with my naked, sweaty body!"

About the U.S. Revolting Cocks/Skatenigs tour, which included infamous rape-rockers the Mentors, Phildo just snickers. "It was the Lollapa-loser tour," he grins. "Three of the most belligerent, don't give a shit, f?!k-you bands you could put under one roof."

"The best thing about that tour was meeting this band, the Genitorturers, in Florida," guitarist Jackson recalls in a drawl that betrays the many nights he's spent completely off his gourd. "Their singer brought out this bottle of liquid acid, so everyone was up for the whole time through Florida. For days I was wearing the same wedding dress, just tripping my brains out!"

It was Al Jourgensen who produced *Stupid People Shouldn't Breed*. The disc is a nine-track treatise on psychotic cock-rock and all-out redneck revenge full of charging riffs—like those on "I Got It Made"—and twisted psychodramas such as "Horny for Evil," wherein Phildo declares, "Each ejaculation increases the death toll!" like some steely combination of Deathlok the Demolisher and John Holmes. There have been some changes, though, since the album was finished. Megaforce Records is now the party guilty of loosing the Nigs upon the general public, and Mad Al has taken his name off the record. When asked why, the band goes silent.

"Just put it this way," Billy says in a spasm of self-deprecating wisdom, "there's been plenty of people before who have been embarrassed to know the Skatenigs, and there'll be plenty of people afterward."

What do the Skatenigs have to say about the countless comparisons to their onetime industrial satanic Svengali, Jourgensen, and the accusations that the Skatenigs are just a Ministry ripoff with bigger strap-on salamis?

Phildo jumps right in on this one: "Look, let's get this straight: We've got the smallest penises around. We are Team Little Ween."

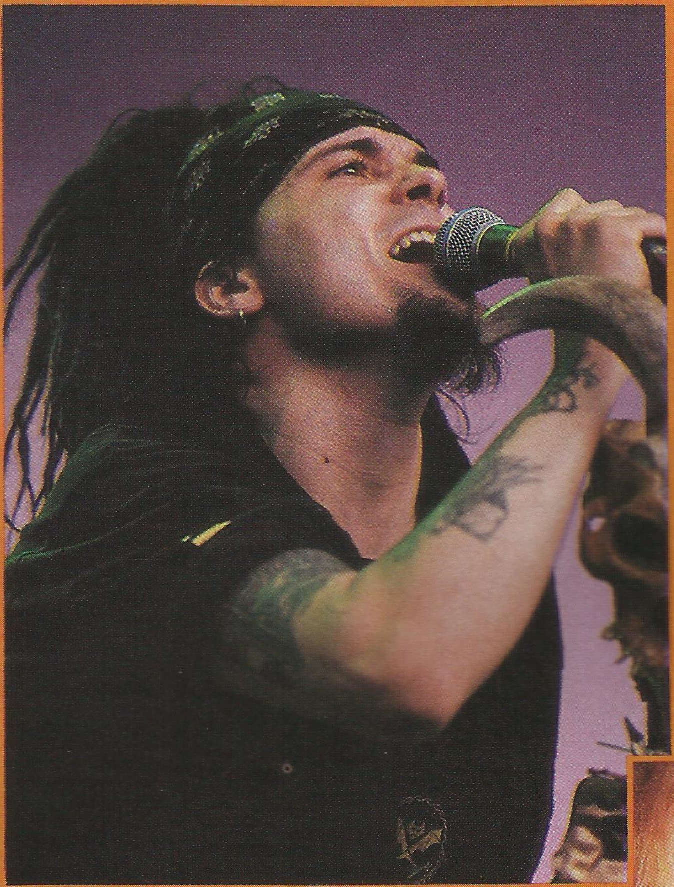
"I'm not even admitting I *have* a penis," adds Billy.

"It's like a Barbie doll," Lance chips in.

"We've been dealing with the Ministry comparison ever since we opened for them," Phildo says, a bit more seriously. "Anybody that would say something like that really doesn't get it. We're serious about what we do, and that will certainly show on another album. That's the thing about living in Texas—it's so cheap, you can afford to not have to take your music so seriously, like bands that inspired us, like the Big Boys or the Butthole. On this album, you listen to it, and there's a lot of variety there. It's definitely not an attempt at a Ministry album or any kind of album at all! Being on Wax Trax!, you get labeled industrial, just like if you're on Sub Pop, you must be grungy. F?!k labels. What the hell is rock 'n' roll anyway? I think the Geto Boys are rock 'n' roll. What can we say—we're from Texas."

"Texas is like its own country," Billy adds. "Better still, Texas is like its own TV network, and Austin is the cartoon show. Skatenigs are just writing the soundtrack to the cartoon."

That's putting it mildly. Straight outta Texas, goofing on sanity, morality and all-around good taste, the Skatenigs have finally arrived. And like they say, 'Nignorance is bliss. •



Mark Leialoha/S.O.S.

KILLER KWOTES

Edited by Katherine Turman

← "I use industrial noises, but so what? I use guitars; that doesn't make me Led Zeppelin." (Ministry's **Al Jourgensen** on being pigeonholed as an industrial band.)

"We write bluntly, explicitly and graphically. Kids go to see Freddy Krueger slice up a couple kids in *Nightmare on Elm Street*, and they come to see us for some of the same reasons. We tell little horror stories. Instead of watching it in a movie, they feel and hear it." (**Tom Araya** of Slayer on the band's appeal.)

Karen Mason

"His wife sued us for lack of sex." (Triumph's **Gil Moore** recounting a bizarre, Spinal Tap-ish lawsuit that resulted when a stagehand was burned in a delicate area in an equally bizarre and Tap-ish dry-ice mishap.)

"I don't listen to any records I make. I already know what they sound like." (Words of wisdom from Screaming Trees' **Mark Lanegan**.) →

"We get to leave, that's what I like about it." (So says Tumbleweed's **Jay** about the Sydney, Australia, scene they play in, but are outsiders to. FYI, Tumbleweed's hometown is the flourishing megalopolis of Wollongong.)

Tucker Gamboa

"The freedom to enjoy cool and unusual punishment." (One of **Steven Tyler**'s proud proclamations in Aerosmith's "Bill of Rights" promo for Rock The Vote.)

"I think the best thing to do is just ignore it. It's not ever going to go away." (**Dave Pirner** of Soul Asylum on Hollywood and all the place stands for.)

← "I hate it. I can't stand it. It's a waste of time. I can't stand it." (Damn Yankee **Jack Blades** on how he feels about being *off* the road.)

"It's a lack of confidence about what I write, in a way. I don't feel they're good enough to be separated from the songs." (**John Robinson** of the Fluid on why he didn't want his lyrics printed on the band's major-label debut, *purplemetalflakemusic*.)

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FRESH BLOOD

BOMB

When Bomb was a self-financed indie band in the latter part of the '80s, they managed to chalk up over 350 gigs in 43 states and six countries—all prior to signing with Warner Brothers and releasing the superbly unique yet plenty rockin' *Hate Fed Love*. How'd they secure all those bookings?

"Stolen credit-card numbers," is bassist/vocalist Michael Dean's solemn answer. When I ask if he's serious, he just says, "Maybe."

Much like the band he's in, Dean isn't easy to figure out—at least not after a half-hour conversation. In all fairness, he confesses it's not his best day: "I'm having a hard time being really eloquent right now. I have a fever of 103°."

He seems to enjoy the occasional put-on, but as truth is stranger than fiction, maybe he's on the up-and-up. Then again, this is the guy who, when asked if he was gay by another journalist, responded, "I don't like labels. I've had sex with 92 women, four men and a cat. You be the judge." (This is also a band that does a song called "Be a Fag," with the chord progression B-E-A-F-A-G.)

Of those early, stolen-credit-card tours, Dean recalls, "The first one was five guys in a station wagon plus equipment. It hurt." Accommodations, you ask? "Back then we would typically announce at the end of a show that we were looking for a place to stay. Sometimes we'd sleep in the club or in the car. It was fun for a while. Now we have a big van, and we stay in a hotel once in a while."

When Bomb played L.A., opening for Flaming Lips, many in the audience were not sure what to make of the quartet, which also features drummer/lyricist Tony Fag and guitarists Jay Crawford and Hilsinger. Whether screaming, "Why was I made?" in the powerful "Made to Fire," a song seemingly from the point of view of a gun, or covering Leonard Cohen's beautiful "Suzanne" or announcing that he's "happy all the time" in "The Power of Suggestion," Dean—and the rest of Bomb—are nothing if not different.

"We're not like all the other bands," Dean claims. "It's not something that can be pegged real easily. It's easy for people to like something that they've heard something like before. We have aspects of a lot of other kinds of music, but it's not put together in the same proportions."

An even stranger concert pairing led to even stranger results. "We opened up for Flotsam And Jetsam at a couple of shows. That was odd. I think their crowd really liked us a lot. They kept chanting our name during our set, but they thought our name was Flotsam And Jetsam."

A pretty interesting guy even with a fever, Dean tells me his goal is to play out the rock 'n' roll lifestyle and move to the desert of New Mexico in five years—presumably with his fiance, Ivy, who he claims is a prostitute. "I'm going to make an honest woman out of her; she's going to make an honest man out of me, I guess. She's a dancer who danced for a Bomb show a long time ago. She's beautiful."

—S.L. Duff

half way HOME

Loosen up and let the music take you on a little ride. Half Way Home's trippy, tribal psychedelia is enough to get you high. Tunes like the passionately grooving "Built for Fools" and the bluesy, sensual "Bury My Bone" bounce back and forth from the acid-rock to the acid-rain generations. "We just played up in Sacramento," singer Jennifer Barry recalls, "and there was a ton of older, hippie-biker dudes. They were like, 'It's not an imitation, it's real! It's coming from your souls! But how can it be the real thing? You're young enough to be my daughter!' " Half Way Home takes '60s stoner rock and whips it into a '90s frenzy.

When the quartet formed in Los Angeles in 1986, their legion of fans didn't include the usual jaded Hollywood types. "Our first show was 50 Deadheads hanging out, dancing," recalls guitarist Dean Zuckerman. The band (which includes bassist Eddie Fagin and drummer Kevin Costigan) earned a reputation for wild, hypnotic shows, and by 1989 they were packing the Troubadour on a regular basis. Hundreds of tie-dyed Topanga Canyon heads and bleached-out surf rats would converge on the club to stage massive love-ins with the band as a focal point.

"That's all I really thought it would be at first," Dean shrugs. His belief was, "The industry will never buy into this stuff, so we'll reach the people we can reach." Then one day some kid came up to the band, claiming to know an A&R woman from Geffen Records. Scoffs Dean, "I'm like, 'Sure, sure, yeah. Come on down to rehearsal.' Like, yeah, right, he's gonna show up with some A&R lady who's going to sign us!" But that's just about what happened. Turned out the kid *did* know then-Geffen-A&R-executive Vicky Hamilton and brought her to a rehearsal. She got into the groove, and next thing you know, they were major-label recording artists.

Of course it takes time to get that major-label debut into the stores, but Half Way Home doesn't know the meaning of kicking back and taking a break. "I think any time you have, you should use to your advantage," is Jennifer's sage advice. When they weren't cutting tracks in the studio, they toured—either on their own, or opening for Pauly Shore or their friends Ugly Kid Joe—or they were writing new tunes. "We probably have about 75 songs," Jennifer estimates. Six months before the January release of *Half Way Home* the band independently released an EP of outtakes and sold it on the road out of the back of their van.

This tireless bunch seems determined to bring back the sunny, rebellious rapture of the '60s. "I've seen footage of old concerts, like the Doors and Monterey Pop," Jennifer muses. "It's weird. You look out in the audience, and there are people that are dressed real natural, and their hair's real natural, and they're getting into the music. I could almost imagine it being a Half Way Home show. You really can't tell the difference." —*Janiss Garza*

WOOL

A funny thing happened on that last U.S. tour....

"We didn't get together and start as much as we got stuck out here in L.A.," Wool frontman Peter Stahl laughs, recalling his last days with Washington, D.C., hardcore icons Scream. "On Laurel Canyon Boulevard in the Hollywood Hills, actually. We never really broke up; it's just that our bassist, Skeeter, never showed up for the next gig. He went back home. Our drummer, Dave [Grohl], got called by some band called...oh, yeah, Nirvana, and the rest was history."

That, in a nutshell, is the story of Wool: guitars, bass, drums, adrenaline, sweat, soul, no f?!kin' waiting. Stuck in L.A. with a key to their sister's one-room apartment, there wasn't much for Peter and his brother/guitarist Franz to do but pick up the pieces and keep at it—with a little inspiration from their friends, that is.

"I really didn't enjoy living in Los Angeles till I met L7 and started roadying for them," Peter says in his laid-back Virginia drawl. "They were really inspiring to me, their political beliefs and the way they used their music to get them across. It made me want to start playing again." After calling up another D.C. native, Government Issue drummer Pete Moffett, and luring ex-Concrete Blonde bassist Al Bloch out of a day job behind the counter at Aron's Records in Hollywood with a few home-cooked Italian meals, Wool was born. They toiled in the underground for a while and are finally starting to get the credit due them. Whether slamming it out at Hollywood holes like Raji's or the Gaslight or warming stages for the likes of Fugazi or Nirvana, they've made a name for themselves with their high-intensity, hard-rock burn.

Wool's debut six-song EP, *Budspawn*, "documents some pretty rough times," Peter says. "It's my observations of living in Los Angeles, getting stuck here. I wrote 'S.O.S.' as almost a cry for help in this town. It's all images—a wino looking up at the sky and just screaming, children playing in the schoolyard, neighbors in exile, all the little communities around here building up walls between each other. You can't help but notice the difference between rich and poor. This is a town that's all about walls."

The Dave Grohl connection has only netted them one gig. "That was cool," Stahl remarks. "We got a hundred bucks, and we needed cash at the time.

"I keep seeing all these articles that say we're a grunge band," the singer continues. "I don't think we have whatever that Seattle sound is. I think it's our own sound. I hate the idea of being lumped into some kind of trend or fad. The only thing we've got to do with Seattle is that our bassist is from there."

Stahl runs his hand over his shaved head as he contemplates the past decade. "It really hasn't changed," he says. "It's still my brother playing guitar and me singing my ass off! Yeah, it's been worth it."

—Mike Gitter

BUZZ..

By Katherine Turman

WEST COAST:

Wired has kind of a Great White vibe—a laid-back, groovin', hard-rockin' blues approach on some tunes, manic energy on others—and it earned them a winning spot at Jezebel's (Anaheim, California) Battle of the Bands contest. Wanna get Wired? Write this fine band at 21692 Cabrosa, Mission Viejo, CA 92691.... Ya gotta love a band that records over another band's demo. That's the case with **Possum Dixon**, a raucous, rootsy, garage-y musical experience. This trio purveys cool, underground singer/songwriter stuff that's tons o' fun with great storytelling lyrics and a sense of humor and abandon. Twisted, wonderful and recommended! Write to Possum Dixon at P.O. Box 107, Los Angeles, CA 90078.... A pal in Seattle suggested that Portland might be the next Northwest city to spawn a major scene, and if the excellent tape from **Dred Serious** is any indication, that prediction might come true. Sonically superb, this six-songer is kinda like grunge meets King's X, packed with fine, full vocals and visceral, brutal musicality. Their demo is album-quality, and their songs are compelling, especially the aggressive "The Same Fight." Look for good thangs from this bunch. For the Dred Serious scoop, write them c/o Hypedreamz, 1634 SW Alder, Portland, OR 97205.... Heavy, industrial-tinged rap rock (à la Body Count or Rage Against The Machine) is what you get from **Blackened Kill Symphony**. Interesting, unsettling, different.... There's quite the buzz for L.A.-based **Mouth**. Their four-song EP, *Foreward*, is a heavy, primal, Sabbath-influenced thang, but with less "grunge" and passionate, soaring vocals care of Kevin Radanovich. Caught them at Raji's, and this five-piece seems a cinch to be snapped up by a major label. Mouth features former members of Mary's Danish and T.S.O.L., and they've got a cool, fun vibe that makes their heaviness even more compelling. Write to Mouth (with a SASE) c/o Soma Records, 953 E. Sahara, Suite E15-A, Las Vegas, NV 89104-3014.

JUDGE NOTHING

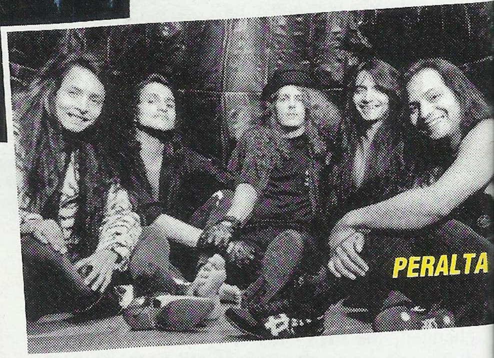
MIDWEST/SOUTH:

North Carolina is where **Peralta** hails from, though the band has its roots in Ecuador, where three of the four Peralta brothers in this five-piece were born. The band opens its three-song tape with a big commercial ballad, "Fly Away," before moving into the tougher "Livin' on the Edge." They've received good press, and though Peralta is nothing out of the ordinary, they're a good, straight-ahead band. Write Peralta c/o Hard Attack Management, 5214 Western Blvd., Raleigh, NC 27606.... **Little Monsters** have a cool, chunky metal sound with big, fat bass lines (somewhat reminiscent of Bang Tango with a touch of early GN'R). They've been together since '91 and choose the words "raw," "real" and "unpredictable" to describe themselves. To find out for *yourself*, write Little Monsters at 320 N. Rand Rd., Lake Zurich, IL 60047.... **Judge Nothing** have opened for the likes of Fugazi, Bad Brains and Joan Jett, if that gives a clue to their sound. Yep, it runs the gamut, or, as they put it, it's "electric abrasion mixed with tantalizing rhythmic inventions." Basically, on their *More* demo, it's alternative-leaning guitar rock—fun, loud 'n' sometimes subtle. Really good stuff, especially "Junkpile." Write Judge Nothing at 2717 Brown St., Alton, IL 62002.

MEANSTREAK

EAST COAST:

Been getting some cool tapes from all-female bands, and **Meanstreak** is a quartet of talented femmes, if their four-song demo is any indication. The tape is a follow-up to their *Roadkill* LP, which was released both Stateside and in Europe, and the band's press notes that they've played with the likes of Raging Slab, Motorhead and Anthrax. Tough, aggressive and left-of-center cool, Meanstreak do a harder-than-but-close-to-the-original cover of Heart's "Barracuda," on which vocalist Bettina flexes her very strong pipes. Info? Meanstreak, P.O. Box 265, Congers, NY 10920.... A fan of a couple East Coast bands wrote to give her favorite combos a hand. If you want more info on **Muddslide**, write them at Box 1373, Secaucus, NJ 07096-1373, and if you're interested in the **Becki Mullen Experience** (named after a model), write to BME, 83 Achille St., Woonsocket, RI 02895.... Can't say I was thrilled to hear **Rude Attitude** do the "Slut Pig Song," but, hey, everybody gets a fair shot on this page. Actually they're a competent, if sorta '80s, metal trio, loud and nasty, but with surprisingly strong vocals and melodies. They've got the merchandise thing happening, so if you're interested, write Rude Attitude at EFC Music, P.O. Box 717, Palmer, MA 01069.

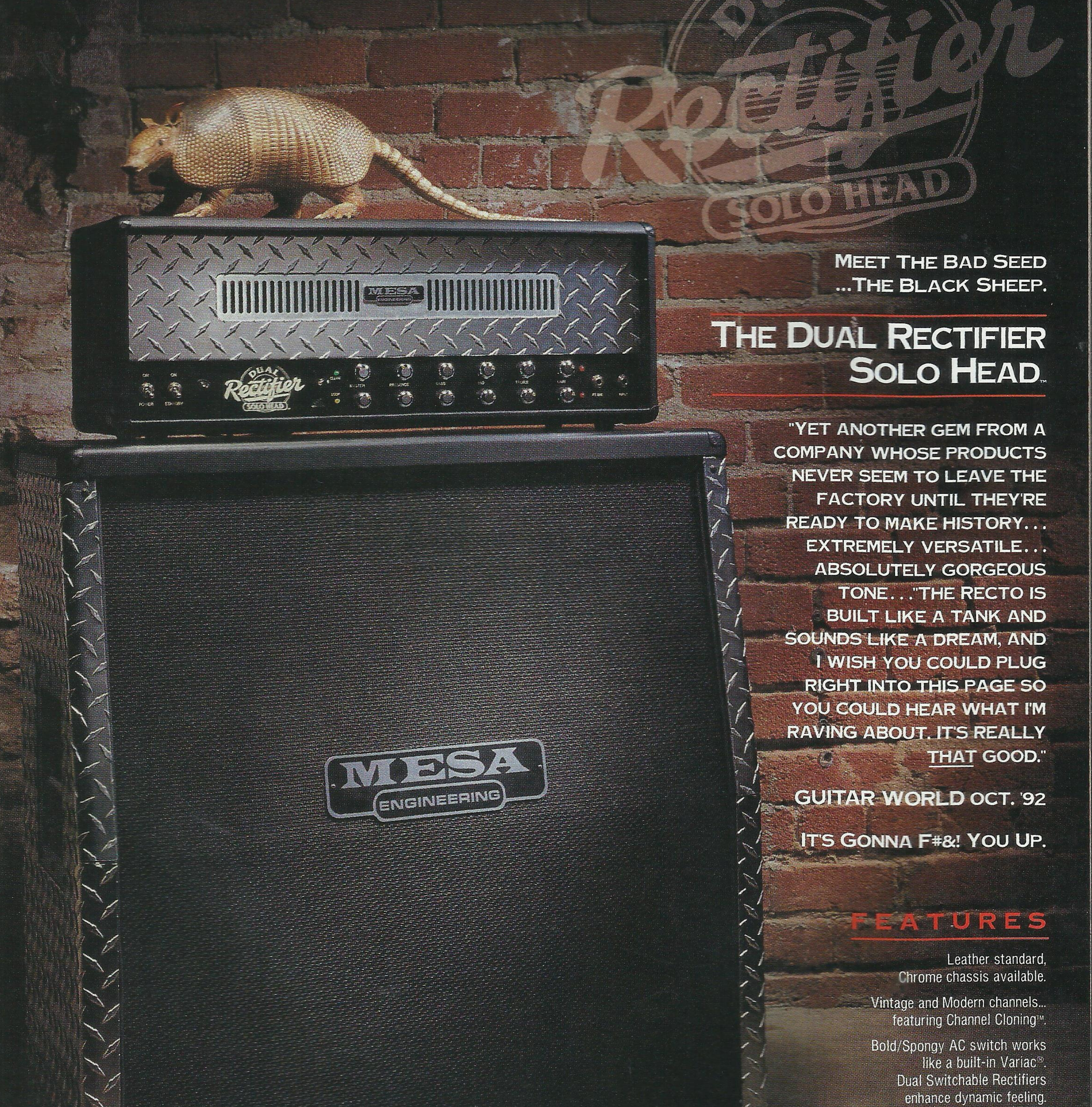

PERALTA

OTHER:

Hanoi Rocks fans, listen up: There's a fanzine that's published bimonthly and costs a buck for three issues. Well-written, xeroxed and cool, plus it contains info on what ex-Hanoi-ers are doing now. Write The Hanoi Philes, Zink & Reno Casino, 1907 N. College, Suite 16, Newberg, OR 97132.

LITTLE MONSTERS

NOT ALL MESA AMPS ARE BOOGIES...



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Dear Mom Russell

DEAR MOM RUSSELL: I'm 16 years old and very much in love with this 18-year-old guy. My parents disapprove of him because after about three months of seeing him I lost my virginity and became pregnant. I had an abortion (a very hard decision) and borrowed half the money for it from my parents. This was about a month ago. I am now forbidden to see my boyfriend. I've been restricted to going only to school and work, and I have been miserable. I'm about to lose my boyfriend because of this (he's slept with a girl in his band). Should I run away and live with him, losing my family, or just give in and let my parents run my life? They say he should help pay for the abortion, and I agree, but he doesn't have extra money. What would you do? I've never felt this way about a guy before. —J.D.
Missouri

Dear J.D.: This guy slept with a girl in his band because he wanted to, not because of your restrictions. You may be in love, but he seems to be lacking that sentiment. When a guy treats you like dirt, don't stay around to be walked on. Work with your parents toward a better future.

DEAR MOM RUSSELL: I'm 13 years old and have been in love only once before. While at a school football game I met a bunch of guys, but I only seemed to like one. Brad and I continued to talk to each other, and we seemed so perfect together. He asked me out, and I said yes. Then, two weeks later, out of nowhere, he dumped me. My problem is that when I fall in love, it's hard for me to let go. I still love him and want him back. My friends say to forget about him and that he must be a jerk. What should I do? Should I try to get him back? If so, how?
—Desperately in Love
Canyon Country, California

Dear Desperately in Love: Listen to your friends and forget him. This is easier said than done, but do it. You may want your pride back more than you do him. Love is all around, so keep your eyes open!

DEAR MOM RUSSELL: I'm in love with this incredible girl. I've written her poetry and put it in her locker at school. The problem is that I told her it wasn't me because I was scared of what she'd say. Please help! What should I do? —Me

Dear Me: Most females love being romanced. Poetry, candy, flowers, etc., are winning acts. Since confession is good for the soul, confess! She should feel complimented.

DEAR MOM RUSSELL: My best friend is a male who compulsively cheats on his girlfriend. He says he hasn't, but I know he's cheated with most of my friends. I couldn't tell him I knew because I was sworn to secrecy, but when I found out he was seeing two other girls from different cities, I confronted him. He denies that he did anything with them. The fact that he lied to me hurt worse than the fact that I was disgusted by what he'd done. I know he loves his girlfriend very much, but it's almost as if he can't control himself. I feel bad because I can't help him. He's been in therapy for five years, but I don't think that's helping. Is there some other kind of help he can get? And how can I get him to tell me the truth?
—Worried About W.

Dear Worried: Your best friend seems to enjoy variety, so just hope he's exercising caution. Your hurt and disgust regarding his lifestyle seem to go beyond that of a best friend. Is more involved? Back away from trying to get the truth from him, since it's his business. After five years of therapy he will cope. Worry instead about why you want to know it all.

DEAR MOM RUSSELL: I have a problem! For the first time in a long time a guy likes me. Unfortunately, he also likes one of my best friends, who needs a boyfriend almost as much as I do. The only problem is, when he flirts with me instead of her, she goes off and cries! I feel guilty and tell the guy to comfort her, and then she throws herself at him. He responds positively, and they're in the bedroom while I'm sitting alone on the couch. I really need someone like this guy. Even though he is a player, he knows exactly how I feel. But I feel so sorry for my friend because I know what it's like to watch the guy you like with another girl. What should I do? —The Misfit

Dear Misfit: This guy seems to feel he's doing you both favors. Can you truly be desperate enough to accept his actions? Don't do this to yourself. Step back and give it up to her. Value yourself enough to wait for something better. It'll come.

DEAR MOM RUSSELL: I'm 17, and I broke up with this guy a little while ago. I cared about him so much. I feel I can't go on without him. Ever since we broke up, all I do is get wasted. I need something to fill up this hole, and alcohol is the only way. I drink everything, no matter what it is. I drink hard stuff straight. I've tried counselors and stuff like that, but they don't seem to work for me. I've lost friends because of my drinking. My life is so f?!ked up. I don't care about anything these days but that damn bottle. I don't want to live this way. What should I do? —Wasted

Dear Wasted: You should care about yourself as much as you cared about him. You are not hurting him by getting wasted, you are hurting yourself. Build your friendships and life again by tossing away the bottle. Do it for you.

DEAR MOM RUSSELL: I've got a problem with my grandma. Ever since I started listening to heavy metal, she's been preaching to me nonstop. I love the music, but I get so sick of hearing her preaching. I'm 13, so I can't just drive off or something. Anytime I mention any band or something to do with heavy metal, she says it's satanic and asks me if I think there will be metal in heaven. She's gotten me to the point where I don't even want to go to heaven or think about God. What can I do to get her off my back? I can't have my tapes on without her coming in my room, saying, "Oh! That's terrible!" Help!
—Major Metallica Fan

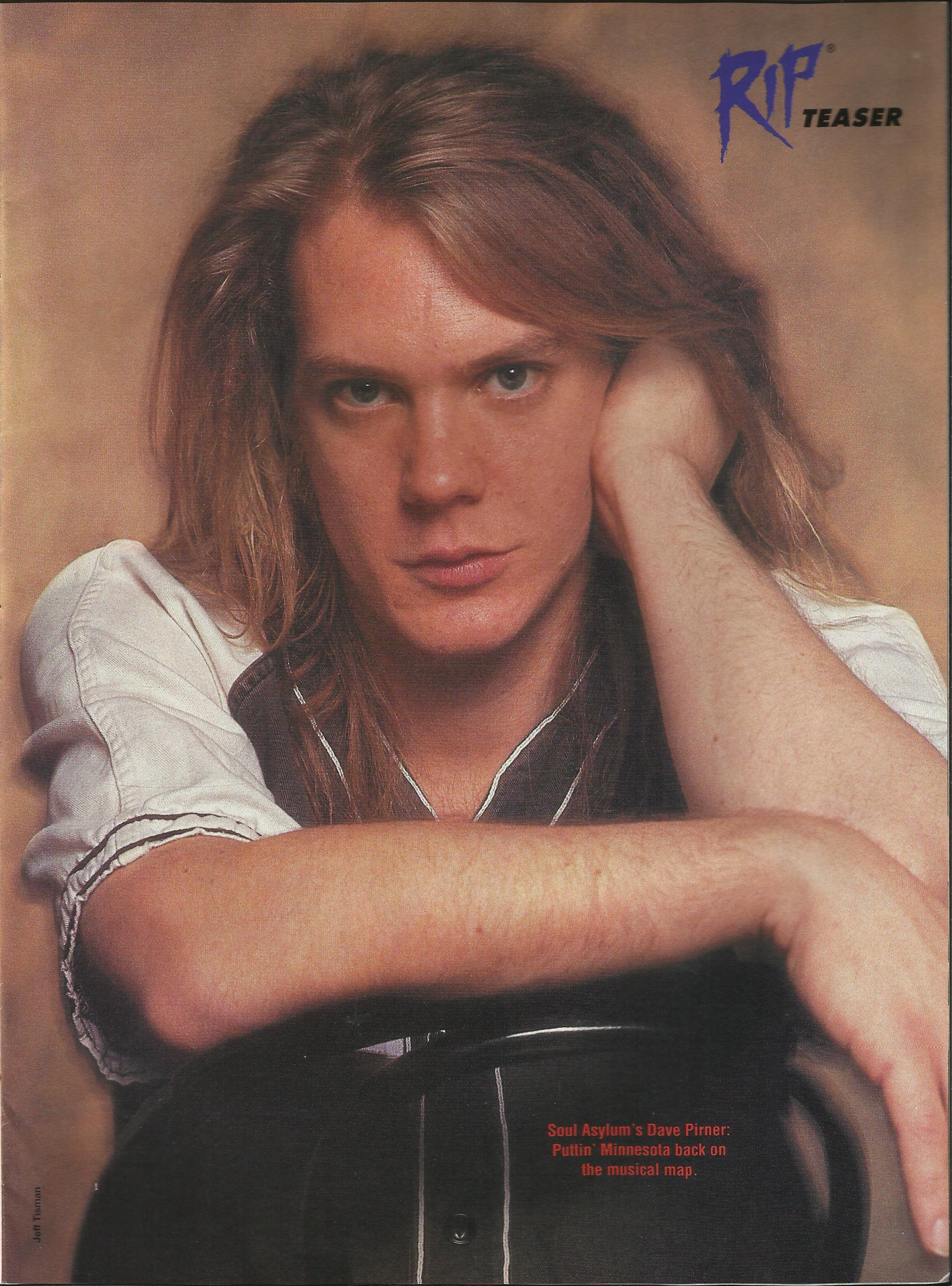
Dear Major Metallica Fan: Ask Grandma if she will listen with you and point out the satanic parts. Understanding is necessary before there can be acceptance. Find a nice way to let her know she is driving you away from God. This could open her eyes. Earphones could solve it all. I wish you peace.

DEAR MOM RUSSELL: I'm a 14-year-old freshman who is very confused. People say I'm very pretty and unique, but others are spreading rumors about me, saying that I'm a slut and they have had sex with me. I've never slept with anyone. I haven't had *any* sexual activity in my life. I've kissed a few guys, but a lot of girls have. People who have done *much* more don't get talked about. Some girls are jealous and say that I look like I popped out of a magazine. Others say they envy me and that I could pass for 18. What they don't realize is that I don't like it when they say, "I wish I was you." Guys go out with me for my looks, and I'm sick of it. I want to be treated like a normal person, and I wish people wouldn't talk about me the way they do. What should I do? —Unhappy

Dear Unhappy: Ignore the rumors since you know the truth. Where there is envy and jealousy you will always find talk. Stop dating guys you feel merely want to be seen with you and, above all else, be grateful for the gifts you've been given. Be you!

Dudes and dudettes, if you've got a problem that's got you stumped, write to Mista Bone's mom. Send your pleas for help to DEAR MOM RUSSELL,
9171 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 300,
Beverly Hills, California 90210.

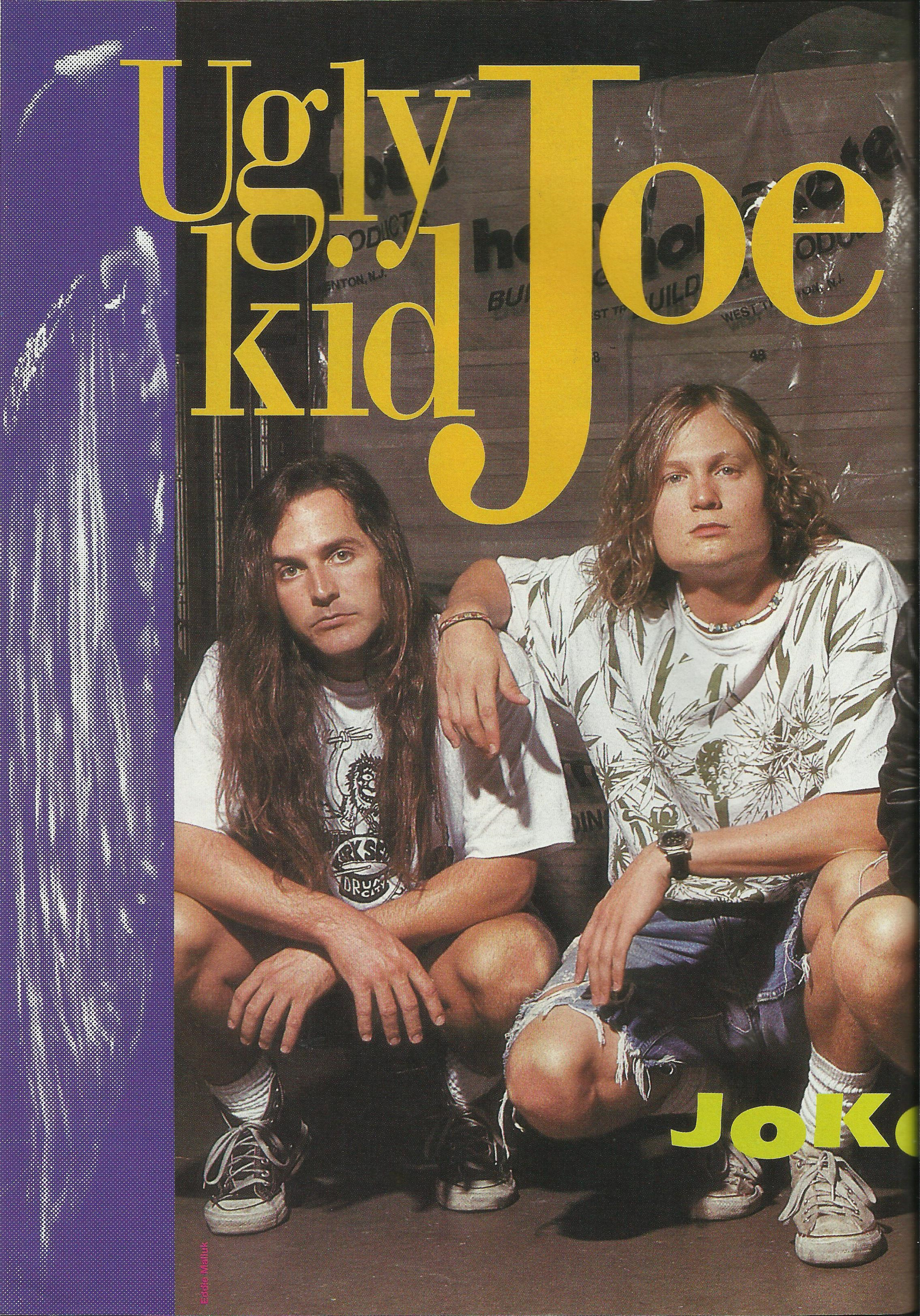
NOTE: The opinions of Ms. Russell do not necessarily represent those of RIP magazine.



Soul Asylum's Dave Pirner: Puttin' Minnesota back on the musical map.

Jeff Tisman

Ugly kid Joe



JoK

Eddie Malluk

"Is zero an odd or even number?" asks Dave Fortman, portrait of a confused gambler, looking a bit perplexed in the noisy Aladdin Hotel casino. Meanwhile, mayhem ensues as the remaining members of Ugly Kid Joe run rampant in the gaming palace, high-fiving each other over major roulette wins, drowning the sorrow of rare losses, fielding questions from scary Midwestern tourists and, in general, raising the good-natured havoc they're known—and loved—for.

"You'd definitely know if I was super, super drunk," Louisiana-bred Fortman continues, perched on a bar-stool on evening one of his band's two-day stint in Las Vegas. "My eyes would be all shifty. Last time I was here, we were opening for Ozzy at the University of Las Vegas, and I tried to marry a waitress at the end of this very bar. It didn't work out though."

What *is* working out for the band—singer Whitfield Crane, guitarists Fortman and Klaus Eichstadt, bassist Cordell Crockett and drummer Mark Davis—is their new record, *America's Least Wanted*, and latest single, a cover of Harry Chapin's "Cat's in the Cradle." For newest member Fortman, who replaced Roger Lahr, things couldn't be better. "I'm a Southern songwriter, and my musical style and things I like—it's not fully Southern, but I like down-to-earth, 1-4-5 progressions," he says. "Whatever you call it, Whit liked it from when I was playing acoustic up in I.V."

I.V.—or Isla Vista, California—where the band came together, is a far cry from the bright lights and polyester pantsuits of Vegas, and the merrymakers are only too happy to tell tales of where they've come from and what they've done. After all, it's 3 a.m. the night—day?—before the first show of UKJ's headlining club tour, which seems to be the perfect time for breakfast and banter in the luxurious Oasis dining room.

"Beer, it's not just for breakfast anymore," quips ever-amusing drummer Mark Davis, digging into silver-dollar pancakes, sausages and brew. The surreal scene is augmented by the menu, which proclaims: "Welcome to the Oasis, home of Maverick, that legendary country-western camel. Maverick is a free-spirited guy who just refused to conform to ordinary camel ways."

eRs Go WiLD

By Katherine Turman

That description could also be applied to UKJ, who are themselves doing things kind of backward. The raucous group ("If you call us anything, call us a heavy-metal band," requests fast-talking singer Whit) enjoyed unexpected massive success with their debut EP, *As Ugly as They Wanna Be*, which featured the infectious ditty "Everything About You." But now, *after* an arena tour with their idol Ozzy Osbourne and shows all over the world, Ugly Kid Joe are going the club route—and couldn't be happier about it.

"The stronger the foundation, the longer the house will last," says thoughtful bassist Cordell.

At this point the band's good-natured A&R rep, Bobby Carlton, lopes over to the table. "I just lost all the money I won," he laments.

"Life's a gamble," chortles Mark. "You can eat health food and walk across the street and get hit by a Mack truck."

"They didn't build Vegas with winners," Klaus chimes in between bites of patty melt.

"If I would only have eaten my Lucky Charms this morning, I would have done all right," Mark deadpans. "But I'm not superstitious. I don't think anything really bad will happen to me—knock on wood."

Tour tales continue, including a story of how something bad *did* happen to Klaus in Baltimore, Lucky Charms or not.

"Klaus had to have a staple in his head," relates Mark. "He got beat up by the cops. I watched. He was trying to be a peacemaker between the cops and Scatterbrain's tech. He got beat up and went to jail."

"I got the old billy club to the head; and one guy had his foot on my hair as I was on the ground, so I couldn't move," says Klaus, picking up the story.

So now he has a record?

"Yeah—a gold one," Mark guffaws.

Rick Gould/ICP

The conversation meanders—how a Vegas comedian poked fun at the band when they attended his show, how Klaus was left behind in a truck-stop bathroom, how they figured out their "system" for roulette. The party continues, loudly, but the journalist does not, preferring instead the comfort of her king-size bed on the hotel's twelfth floor, which, suspiciously, is only two floors up from the lobby. Hmmm.

Cut to the next day. Ugly Kid Joe stirs by early afternoon, and at 3:30 the band is ensconced in the traffic of the Las Vegas Strip, their tour bus ferrying them to soundcheck at the Huntridge Performing Arts Theatre. They discuss a famous band that dissed them recently, plotting methods of revenge; they vote on whether or not to appear on Pauly Shore's show; and they mention to their publicist how much they'd like to get on *Saturday Night Live*.

We arrive at the venue—a large, pink former movie theatre next to a furniture store—and Whit, mincing no words as usual, proclaims that he's starving. Dodging traffic, we run across the street to a somewhat grimy, somewhat Mexican restaurant. Whit chooses a corner table, orders some grub and proceeds to speak with his customary gusto and frankness—which some refer to as attitude with a capital A.

Okay, there may be a 'tude, but a sensitive side also lurks beneath his sometimes Jeff Spicoli-ish exterior. When Whit sings the lyrics to "Cat's in the Cradle," it's clear that it's a very personal song to him, that he relates to the father-son relationship Harry Chapin describes so eloquently. When his girlfriend—a celebrity in her own right who shall remain nameless—was sick with a fever, Whit brought her popsicles and postponed a trip. The band has donated some of the profits from the song "Panhandlin' Prince" to homeless shelters. And, sitting at a blackjack table, Whit pumps the dealer, wanting to know his life story.

But what about Whit's life story lately? Has his new stature triggered a change in his priorities? Are the most important things in his life really having fun and raising hell, as most articles on Ugly Kid Joe seem to indicate?

"Fun's a good thing," he says, curtly. "The most important thing in life? You know how the Zeppelin guys each had their little symbols? John Bonham's was the three circles that are perfectly spaced. My theory goes like that: You have your family and friends, your spirituality—whatever that may be—and your work. You've got to evenly space those three things to keep your life in general focus."

He wolfs down a handful of tortilla chips before continuing. "It's a weird little roller-coaster ride we've been on recently," he observes. "Last year we didn't really know shit. It was like, 'Wow, we're getting on a bus. We're going to play!' I think we've learned a lot of things, some good, some bad. We've learned a lot about ourselves. For me, I think all the shit we did—traveling the world, seeing different cultures—is the best education I've ever received, the most well-rounded adventure. It's all in a positive direction. I can't believe this is my life."

Their travels exposed them to some of the wilder corners of the globe and customs and rituals very different from those they were accustomed to, as Dave Fortman explains in another barroom conversation: "The weirdest thing I ever saw in my life was Snake Alley in Taiwan. They'd have two pit bulls killing each other on the video screen to get you to come in. The theory is, if you drink the snake's blood, you will have an everlasting erection the whole night—swear to God. So they string up this snake, slice about eight inches down, drain the blood into a vat of wine, pour it into a shot glass, and you drink it."

At this point he's distracted by the immovable, pompadoured helmet-hair of a classically Vegas bar patron.

"Oh my God," says Dave, gazing in wonder. "He looks like Flock Of Stray Cats. I wanna tell him hi and that I love him."

He overcomes the urge and gets back to the tour. "Also in Taiwan, they sent us a fax that said, 'On any TV show you do, you have to wear your hair back and a hat. You can't show any hair.' " Wrong. The band bonded with their foreign hosts and had the honor of being the first rockers to wear their hair down in a TV interview. "It was a milestone, man," laughs Dave. "It was a killer moment—sort of, in a way." He rants on about unusual customs. "In Japan, if people are sick, they wear a mask so they won't get anybody else sick—I swear, a hospital-type mask. And when people pull up behind each other on the road at night at a stoplight, they turn their headlights off so they don't bug you. It's crazy. It's the safest place in the world."

Fast-forward to Whit, who's finding that Las Vegas is *not* the safest place on earth—if his $22 gambling losses and current meal are any indication.

"Hmmm. I'm thinking that coulda been a cat," he says, gazing at the remains of his taco. He washes it down with a soft drink, not always his beverage of choice. In fact, honchos at his record label are concerned about his alcohol consumption. "I heard that," he snorts. "Apparently it was a meeting where they were all talking about how I was a total lush, which is fine, because, to a point, it's true. But I know there were a couple people in that meeting where I've been, 'You've got the credit card, let's go [drink],' so I know some of them were fidgeting with their pencils. It's never interfered with my career."

Whit clearly seems more comfortable talking about anything but himself, so he steers the conversation in a different direction. "I learned something about rabbits from watching *Leave It to Beaver*," he proclaims. A very long, energetic, scene-by-scene plot synopsis follows. Then it's time to blow the whistle on the foul habits of his bandmates. "Dave would have the same underwear on for, like, two weeks," Whit begins. "He had this theory: He never did his laundry; he would just put his dirty clothes with his clean clothes and let them sit, and he thought that would get them clean! And then there was a time when we were all sleeping on the floor at our cheesy apartment. Dave wakes up, and he's got grease on his face—you know how you wake up with rad grease on your face? Anyway, we were going to Guitar Center, and Dave pulls one of his socks off, wipes his face with it, puts it back on, puts on shoes, puts on a shirt and walks out the door. Therefore, Dave Fortman is the King."

By far the foulest—but allegedly one of the sweetest—guys on the road is drum tech Dennis Dudek, known as Rat. Whit insists he be interviewed. Grabbing the tape recorder, he leaves the restaurant at a run, dashing across the street through rush-hour traffic. A few moments later he's onstage doing a soundcheck, flexing his always on-key, powerful pipes with his bandmates.

Later, following a pre-show radio interview and a dinner/schmooze 'n' booze at the Hard Rock Cafe, Whit brings Rat up again. Though in Whit's book many things are "rad" (his new skateboard, a good hand at video poker, "getting to be Ozzy junior for one moment in time"), one of the raddest is the fast-becoming-legendary drum tech. Whit enjoys grossness, and Rat is apparently the king of it. Disgusting practical jokes directed at bands UKJ have played with are related. "I took a dump on a plate and covered it with parmesan cheese and served it up real nice with a Pepsi," Rat crows while Whit silently cracks up and a band pal attempts to capture the scatological confessions on video.

Thankfully, it's show time. Though the theater isn't sold out, the Kids are in fine form, Whit racing around the stage like a lunatic. Fans go wild for "So Damn Cool," "Goddamn Liar" and the "hate" song "everyone can relate to."

After the gig, with only a few hours remaining before they head out to Utah—the polar opposite of Vegas—Whit seems content.

"I'm so at peace with myself, doing this," he ruminates. "It's like, 'Wow, what else would I do?' Even my friends tell me that. I'm meant to do this. My mom is so psyched. It's pretty rad. You've gotta be happy with yourself; past that, it doesn't really matter. Do your gig, show up, and whatever happens, happens."

Dave, however, has weightier thoughts on UKJ's status, saying, "We got off to a misunderstood start. We went to the top, came back down, and now we're building up. It's fantastic to us. No one wanted to break that fricking hard on a song, but what are you going to say? No? Our journey has been laid out for us. We're gonna have to work. Outside America we're taken as a serious American rock band, like one of the big daddies, like Pearl Jam. But in America we realize we've got some work to do. People are on the serious tip, all, 'Whoopie, whoopie Seattle.' It's groovy, but one thing I'm proud of is that we're on this island. What other band is like us?"

Whit concurs. "This band has the strangest processes—not only in writing, but in being," he says with a grin. "I don't think anything is very conventional with us."

Another drink arrives from James, our attentive bartender, who adds his two cents: "I don't know who his band is," he says, nodding at Fortman, "but he's a good tipper."

"Our recognition factor is pretty null," Dave admits. "We look like your average, dope-smoking hippies."

At this point the lure of the green-felt roulette table and the spinning wheel is palpable. Any last words, Dave?

"Fully rad, dude, no way!"

Well put. •

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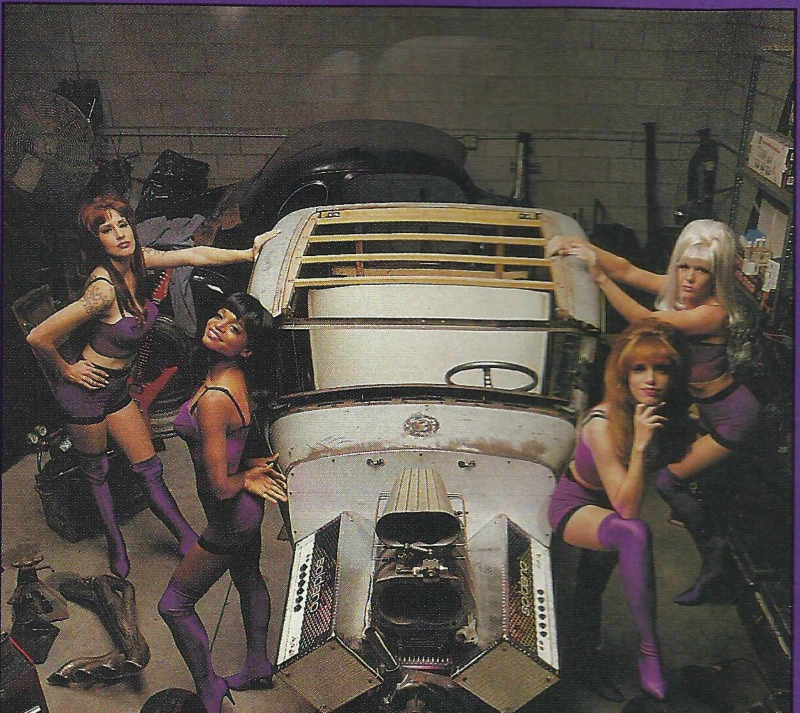

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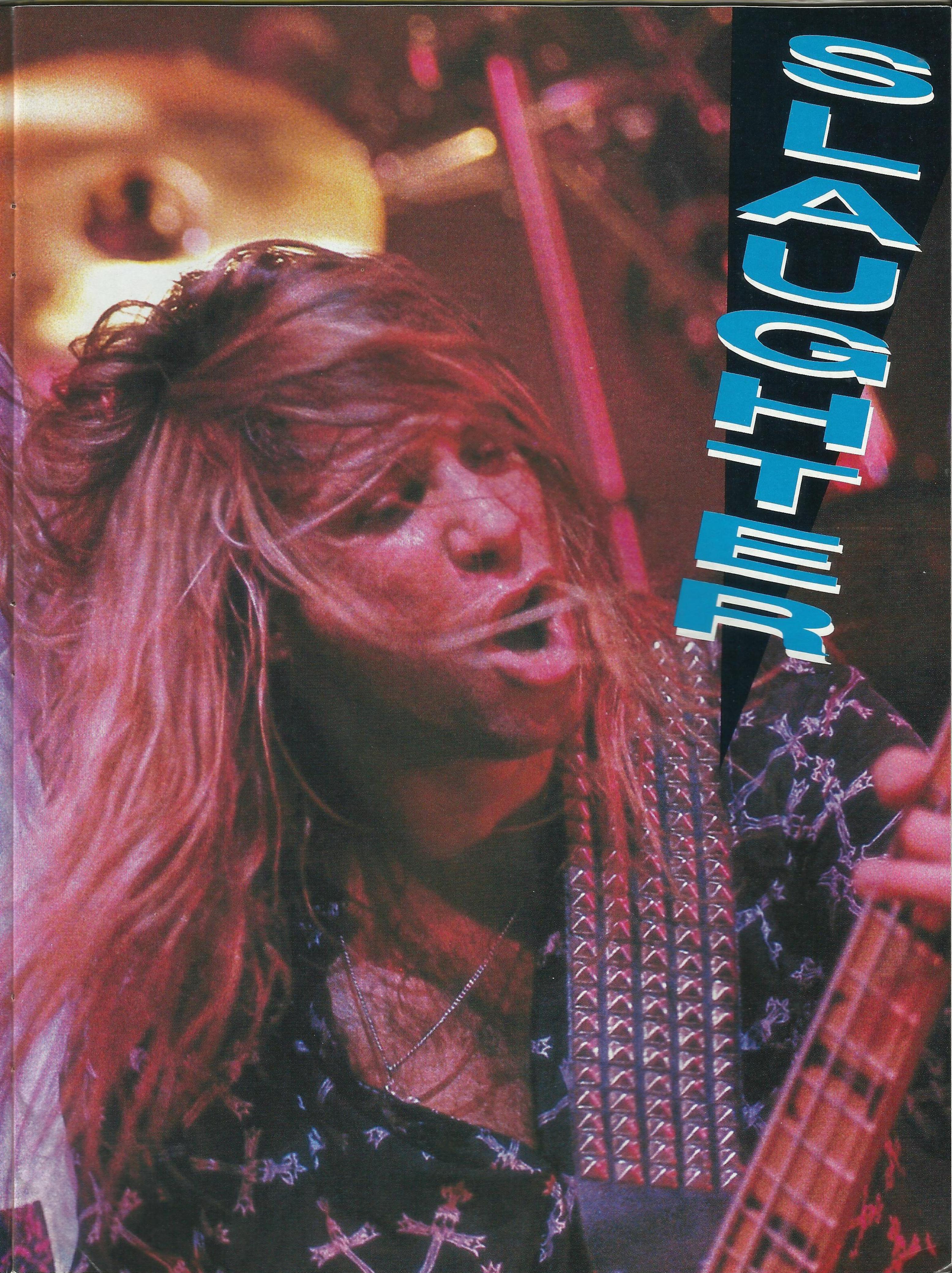
Joe Marshall

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

"Whatever you do, *don't answer the phone*," they were cautioned late last summer. "Don't talk to any reporters. Stay close to home. Watch the mail for legal documents." Their lawyers were busily researching the infamous court cases involving Judas Priest and Ozzy Osbourne, wherein suits had been filed alleging a link between these musicians' songs and the horrible and tragic actions of a few of their fans.

All this because Slaughter's music had somehow been tied to a murder case.

By Laurel Fishman


SLAUGHTER

Slaughter? Despite their name (which is no endorsement of evil, but rather the last name of vocalist Mark), the band is one of the last you would ever suspect of spreading the devil's message. So what in heaven's name could these allegations be about? No one in the Slaughter camp had much information, and all prepared for the worst. The band was well aware of previous preposterous claims made by the families of disturbed individuals, as misguided parents attempted to lay blame on others instead of accepting the reality that the pathological behavior of their offspring had much deeper roots than the music they listened to. Plus, any vindictive person with a few bucks for a filing fee could go to court and sue for almost any imagined injustice. So, although no legal action had yet been initiated, it wasn't unlikely that Slaughter might be in serious trouble. Even if the accusations were absurd and unfounded, they could still cost the band plenty in time, money and bad press. In Ozzy's situation the cases were pursued all the way to the Supreme Court, which finally refused to hear the combined appeal in late 1992, but only after Ozzy had already been vilified by much of the media and spent years trying to clear his name.

Mark Slaughter was rightfully alarmed. He heard that the producers of TV's *Hard Copy* might be trying to contact the band for a segment about the murder. "All I'd been told was that there was a guy who killed two girls," Mark remembers, "and that it had something to do with the 'Fly to the Angels' song [from Slaughter's first album, *Stick It to Ya*]. My stomach dropped because I can't stand the idea of someone getting shot or killed. Then I thought, *How could somebody misinterpret our music?* Why would I write anything that would make someone do something detrimental to society?" Mark has always been the first to acknowledge that he and the other guys in the band like a good time as much as anyone else—in fact Slaughter's latest album is called *The Wild Life*—"but death and destruction, we're not," he insists.

As he pondered the mystery, Mark found himself thinking back to writing "Fly to the Angels." Granted, the song's subject was death, but it was a tender, reflective expression of loss. "An ex-girlfriend of mine named Cindy died, and I found out about it the day before her funeral," Mark confides. "It hit me really hard. She was a very loved person in my community. She had a beautiful smile and wouldn't hurt a fly. At her funeral there were flowers everywhere. That's where the lines 'Heaven awaits your heart/And flowers bloom in your name' come from."

It was therapeutic for Mark to deal with the tragedy through the song. "I felt overjoyed when the song was done, happy inside. It was a release," he says. "Fly to the Angels" also illustrates the value of enlightened detachment. "It's a song of letting go," Mark explains. "You have to do what you have to do, and I have to do what I have to do. If you dwell on a person's death or stay in sadness, it doesn't help the person on the other side, and it doesn't help you. You're holding onto that person, but you have to let go. Life is experience. You're taking one step after another after another, and you can't look back and think, *Oh God, if they were only here now*, or if this or that could only be, because it can't be like that. You have to let go and move on with your life." Understandably, Mark was perplexed that a song written from his heart, bearing these types of sentiments, could have any connection to the crime of murder.

Twenty-four hours after the first telephone warnings another call came in saying that the band was no longe in jeopardy. The *Hard Copy* segment was about to air a few hours later. Still in the dark, Mark at least felt reassured that it was safe to leave his house, but he wa apprehensive as he sat with friends in a pizza parlo waiting for the broadcast.

DISINCARNATE

Death Metal's premiere guitarist James Murphy (Obituary/Death/Cancer), unleashes his own creation Disincarnate.

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Marty Temme

As the story unfolded, Mark got goose bumps. A young man had shot two young women in cold blood in Texas. It was eerie to hear "Fly to the Angels" played repeatedly during the report, but more bizarre still was the song's real link to the wrongdoing. "As it turned out, our song led the murderer to confess," Mark clarifies. "This guy had been found guilty, but he had never admitted to the crime. The song kept going around and around in his head, haunting him until he felt he had to confess."

According to the story, the young criminal had been in trouble with the law since his childhood in Indiana. He'd blown into the small Texas town of Freer only a few months prior to the night his car pulled up at a stoplight next to the two girls' car. A sister of one of the girls tried in vain to get them to stay away from him, but the pair got into his car and took off for a joyride. When one of the girls insulted the man's girlfriend, he shot them both. Their bodies were found in the desert a week later. The following week the killer was arrested in Indiana. Though he plea-bargained to avoid a death sentence, he steadfastly maintained his innocence throughout his trial.

But a song he'd heard in his car the night of the murders, "Fly to the Angels," plagued his conscience. It was a modern version of Edgar Allan Poe's story "The Tell-Tale Heart," in which a killer confesses because he is tormented by the incessant sound of his victim's ghostly heartbeat. The murderer of the two Texas girls shared his tiny cell with an unrelenting persecutor—his own mind replaying "Fly to the Angels" again and again, over and over. When he could no longer stand it, he finally confessed, ending 19 months of agony for the girls' parents, who had feared the real killer could still be on the loose. "It all happened so fast," the young man revealed on *Hard Copy*. "One minute there's life, next minute there's none. You're standing there, holding a gun, acting like a judge.... If there's a God and there's a heaven, then maybe there is forgiveness there." He poured out his story to the mother of one of the victims and the sister who'd tried to keep the girls away from him.

Confession is said to be good for the soul. "It's admitting that you're no better than the next person," Mark Slaughter says. "You're saying, 'I screwed up.' You're admitting, 'There's something beyond all this, and I admit I'm lower than that. I screwed up, but there's a way of learning from that and going a step further and becoming a stronger person.' The way I look at it is that we're all God's people. We're all in the universe, and we're all plugged into that. Even this guy's plugged in [the murderer]. He's a part of our circuitry and what makes it. Yes, he did wrong, but he admitted it, and he's going on and feeling better about himself because he confessed. He said it was the song that made him confess. I say it was the song along with his conscience. It was a message from his conscience and soul. Your soul cannot rest unless your conscience is clean."

There are those who believe man's conscience is proof of the soul's existence. "How else could a person be motivated to know the difference between right and wrong?" Mark contemplates. "Some people's beliefs say there is no higher consciousness. I would not argue the fact, because everybody's got their own beliefs, but within myself I believe there is something higher than all this, beyond this, and you have to strive to be a better person. You start with yourself. Know who you are when you're looking in the mirror. That's where it all starts."

Consider the lyrics in Mark's song "Burnin' Bridges": "Whatever you do/It comes back to you." "Sometimes twice-fold," he adds. Like Mark, millions live by the principle that this world is a field of action and reaction. All acts performed on Earth bear fruit the doer must gather up. Simply put, it's the idea of cause-and-effect: "As you sow, so shall you reap." It is this basic "What goes around, comes around" philosophy that gives us the Golden Rule. "If you do good things, good things come back," Mark accepts. "If you do bad things, bad things come back. That's the law of karma. Things happen for a reason."

(continued on page 92)

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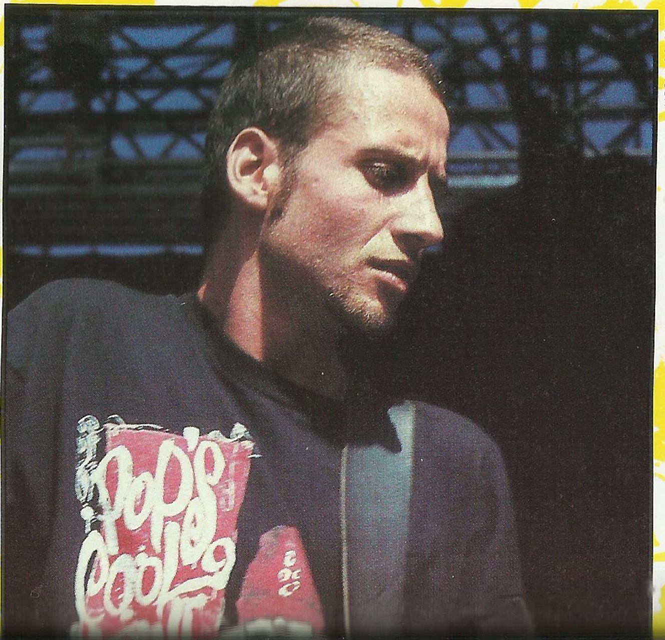
RIP

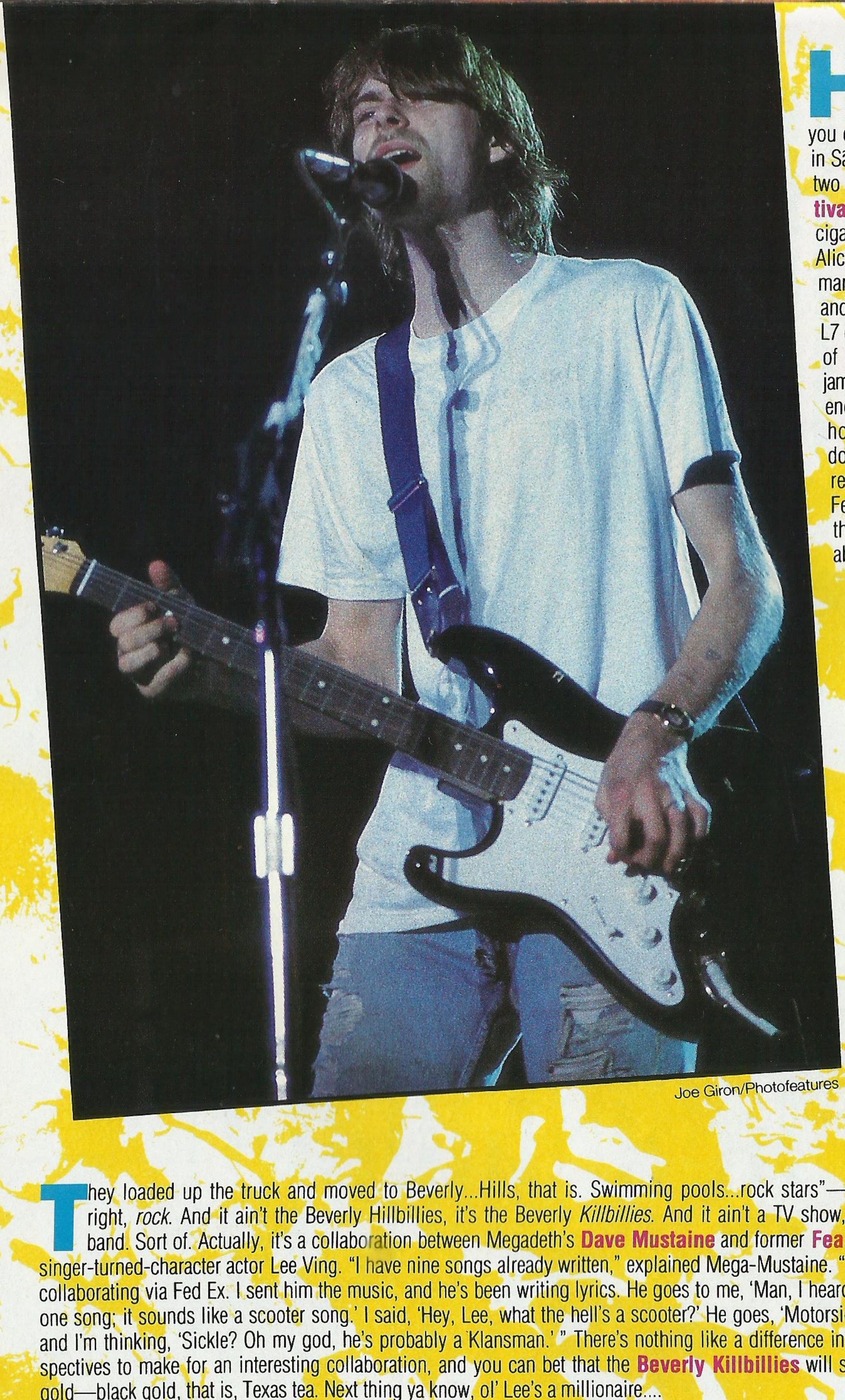
It's coming faster than you can shake a pillowy pair of lips at: **Aerosmith**'s first LP in more than three years. Entitled *Get a Grip*, the record descends upon the planet this month, and it may be the most accomplished, ballsy, over-the-top 'Smith disc ever. Tracks include smokers like "Eat the Rich" and "Can't Stop Messin' With It," the blistering ballads "Crazy" and "Amazing," a wild number called "Walk on Down," featuring guitar god Joe Perry on lead vocals, and the LP's first single and video, "Livin' on the Edge." Displaying the widest vocal range of his career, Steven Tyler pushes his tonsils from the highest highs to the lowest lows on this very un-'Smith but awesomely hip track. The band is gearing up for a huge summer tour, with Vince Neil, Megadeth or Jackyl as possible opening bands. They're baackkk!

Ross Halfin/Vereecke



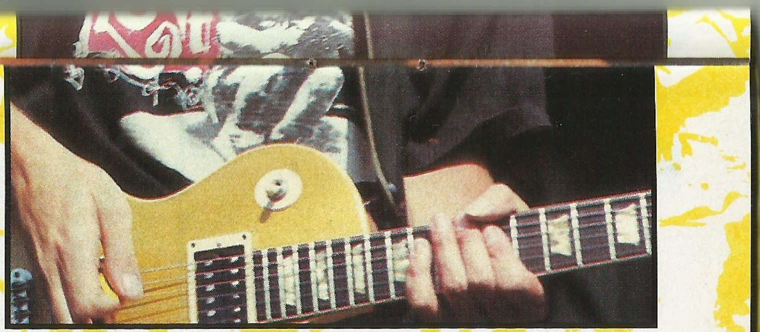
Lisa Johnson

Pity the poor twerp who innocently asked, "Where else can those dudes play?" By the time this reaches your grubby little eyes, **Metallica** will have been on tour for nearly two years! Can you say, "Arrgggghhh"? January saw them commence with six weeks of U.S. dates. They had a couple of weeks off in March before taking off for Asia (and we do mean *all* of Asia, not just Japan—Thailand, Indonesia and possibly China, among other countries). Somewhere in there is a jaunt to Australia and New Zealand, then it's off to Europe (and we mean *all* of Europe), with Russia, Turkey and Israel penciled in. Early June will find the band headlining their own British festival at Milton Keynes Bowl (capacity 60,000). After that it's...it's...it's...the end of the tour! Or so they say. As you mull all of this over, consider the rumor now making the rounds that Metallica will collate various recordings made during their global roamings and turn them into a double live album. Whew! Wherever you are tonight, James, Lars, Jason and Kirk, we salute you!

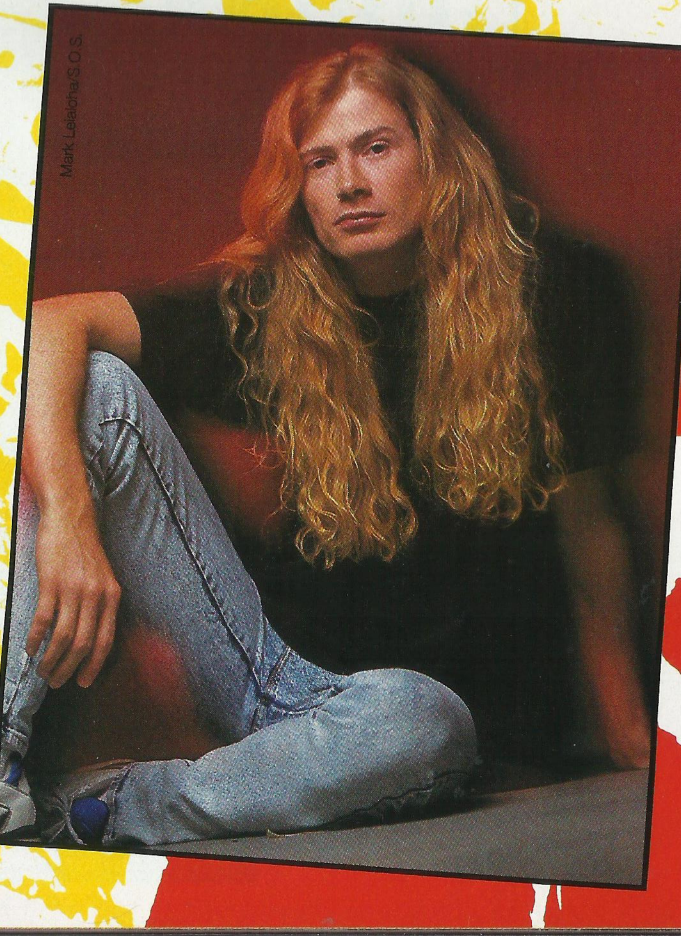

Joe Giron/Photofeatures

How would you like to have seen Alice In Chains, the Red Hot Chili Peppers, L7 and Nirvana performing together? Well, maybe you could have, if you'd been lucky enough to be in São Paulo or Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, lately! Over two weekends the fourth **Hollywood Rock Festival** (named after Brazil's most popular brand of cigarettes) treated 40,000 rabid fans to full sets of Alice and the Chili Peppers—with Flea in trademark briefs and Anthony sporting a long fur coat and Russian-style fur hat in the tropical heat—L7 culling from their *Bricks Are Heavy* LP, a couple of Nirvana's few-and-far-between plug-in-and-jam sessions, complete with equipment-demolition endings, and performances by some of Brazil's hottest acts. The only gripe we have is, why doesn't the U.S. get the same great shows the rest of the world does? England's Donington Festival, Europe's Monsters Of Rock and now the Hollywood Rock Festival in Brazil—what about us?

They loaded up the truck and moved to Beverly...Hills, that is. Swimming pools...rock stars"—that's right, *rock*. And it ain't the Beverly Hillbillies, it's the Beverly *Killbillies*. And it ain't a TV show, it's a band. Sort of. Actually, it's a collaboration between Megadeth's **Dave Mustaine** and former **Fear** lead singer-turned-character actor Lee Ving. "I have nine songs already written," explained Mega-Mustaine. "We're collaborating via Fed Ex. I sent him the music, and he's been writing lyrics. He goes to me, 'Man, I heard this one song; it sounds like a scooter song.' I said, 'Hey, Lee, what the hell's a scooter?' He goes, 'Motorsickle,' and I'm thinking, 'Sickle? Oh my god, he's probably a Klansman.' " There's nothing like a difference in perspectives to make for an interesting collaboration, and you can bet that the **Beverly Killbillies** will strike gold—black gold, that is, Texas tea. Next thing ya know, ol' Lee's a millionaire....



It's a Shame—well, at least it *was*. Seems Pearl Jam guitarist **Stone Gossard** has a rather low-key side band that went by the name Shame until shortly before the release date for their debut effort. It was then that the group found that someone already owned the name and wouldn't give it up. Apparently in honor of this guy—Brad Wilson, guitarist with the original band Shame—Stone and his pals decided to call their band Brad. And that, kids, is the story of how Shame became Brad. Described as "part avant-rock, part old-school funk, part mood music, part accident," the four-piece outfit, fronted by Shawn Smith, doesn't by any means indicate that Pearl Jam is over. Gossard noted that, while singer Eddie Vedder has been popping up solo at benefit gigs, all the PJ members have been writing. Fans can look forward to the Pearl guys continuing to shine.


Mark Leleicha/S.O.S.

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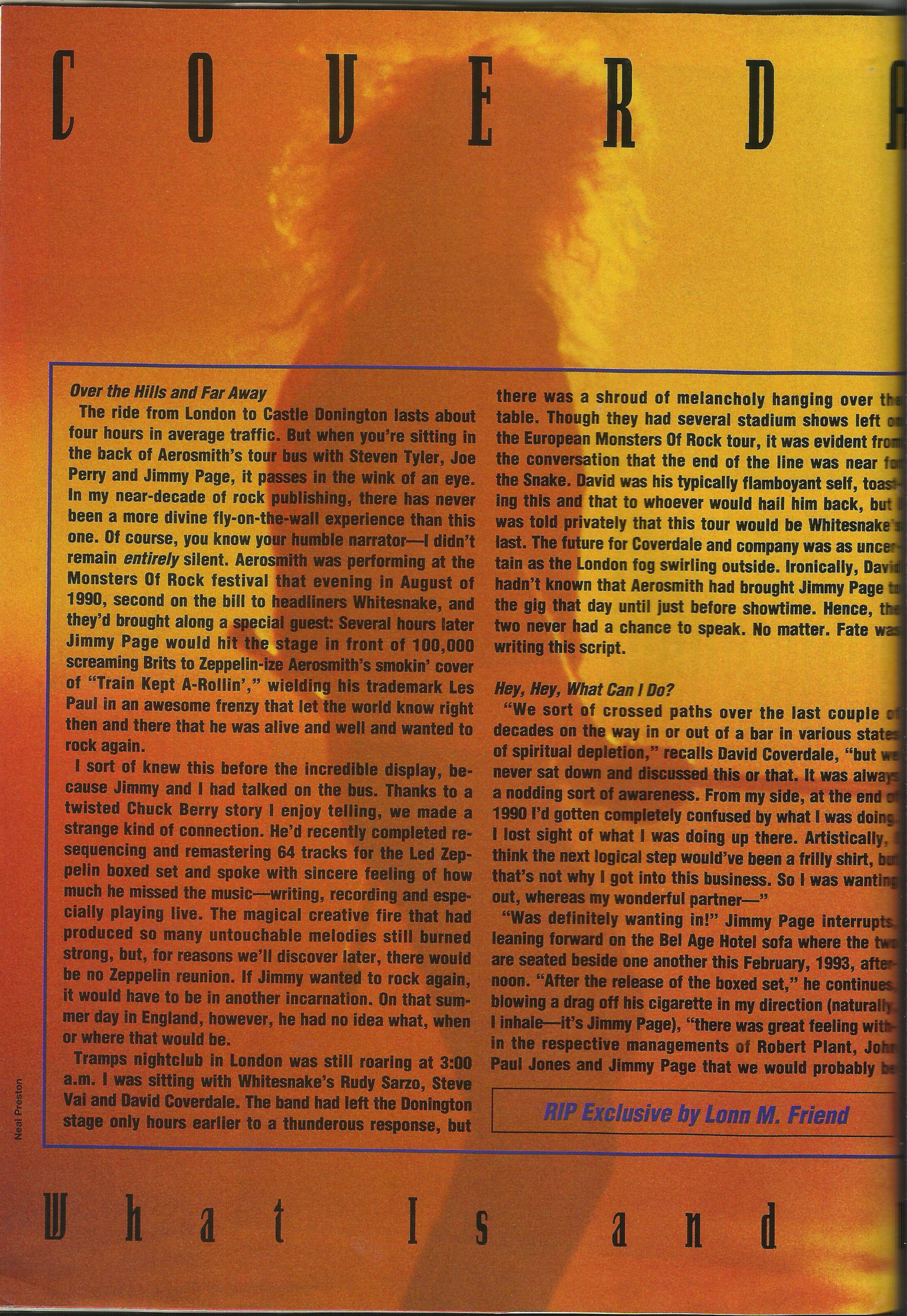


Neal Preston

Over the Hills and Far Away

The ride from London to Castle Donington lasts about four hours in average traffic. But when you're sitting in the back of Aerosmith's tour bus with Steven Tyler, Joe Perry and Jimmy Page, it passes in the wink of an eye. In my near-decade of rock publishing, there has never been a more divine fly-on-the-wall experience than this one. Of course, you know your humble narrator—I didn't remain *entirely* silent. Aerosmith was performing at the Monsters Of Rock festival that evening in August of 1990, second on the bill to headliners Whitesnake, and they'd brought along a special guest: Several hours later Jimmy Page would hit the stage in front of 100,000 screaming Brits to Zeppelin-ize Aerosmith's smokin' cover of "Train Kept A-Rollin'," wielding his trademark Les Paul in an awesome frenzy that let the world know right then and there that he was alive and well and wanted to rock again.

I sort of knew this before the incredible display, because Jimmy and I had talked on the bus. Thanks to a twisted Chuck Berry story I enjoy telling, we made a strange kind of connection. He'd recently completed resequencing and remastering 64 tracks for the Led Zeppelin boxed set and spoke with sincere feeling of how much he missed the music—writing, recording and especially playing live. The magical creative fire that had produced so many untouchable melodies still burned strong, but, for reasons we'll discover later, there would be no Zeppelin reunion. If Jimmy wanted to rock again, it would have to be in another incarnation. On that summer day in England, however, he had no idea what, when or where that would be.

Tramps nightclub in London was still roaring at 3:00 a.m. I was sitting with Whitesnake's Rudy Sarzo, Steve Vai and David Coverdale. The band had left the Donington stage only hours earlier to a thunderous response, but there was a shroud of melancholy hanging over the table. Though they had several stadium shows left on the European Monsters Of Rock tour, it was evident from the conversation that the end of the line was near for the Snake. David was his typically flamboyant self, toasting this and that to whoever would hail him back, but I was told privately that this tour would be Whitesnake's last. The future for Coverdale and company was as uncertain as the London fog swirling outside. Ironically, David hadn't known that Aerosmith had brought Jimmy Page to the gig that day until just before showtime. Hence, the two never had a chance to speak. No matter. Fate was writing this script.

Hey, Hey, What Can I Do?

"We sort of crossed paths over the last couple of decades on the way in or out of a bar in various states of spiritual depletion," recalls David Coverdale, "but we never sat down and discussed this or that. It was always a nodding sort of awareness. From my side, at the end of 1990 I'd gotten completely confused by what I was doing. I lost sight of what I was doing up there. Artistically, I think the next logical step would've been a frilly shirt, but that's not why I got into this business. So I was wanting out, whereas my wonderful partner—"

"Was definitely wanting in!" Jimmy Page interrupts, leaning forward on the Bel Age Hotel sofa where the two are seated beside one another this February, 1993, afternoon. "After the release of the boxed set," he continues, blowing a drag off his cigarette in my direction (naturally, I inhale—it's Jimmy Page), "there was great feeling within the respective managements of Robert Plant, John Paul Jones and Jimmy Page that we would probably be

RIP Exclusive by Lonn M. Friend

What Is and

LE/PAGE

getting together in some shape or form, most likely to tour. Robert had taken a year off at that point, Jonesy was just doing a few spot arrangements here and there, and I certainly had nothing planned. It seemed like the perfect point for the three of us to get back together again, but I guess it wasn't meant to be.

"That didn't stop me though," he laughs. "I was really chomping at the bit. I wanted to get out there and prove that I was alive and kicking musically. The only vehicle I could rely on to do that was a second solo album. My vocalist from *Outrider* [Jimmy's first solo LP, released in 1988], John Miles, was going out with Tina Turner. I began going through scores of tapes, searching for a singer, but I didn't hear anything I liked. I was getting a bit depressed when, suddenly, I got a call from out of the blue from my manager, Brian Goode, asking me if I would consider getting together with David Coverdale. I said, 'Well, this is interesting.' He's a damn fine singer, but I was most concerned with how we would get along socially, because if that didn't work, we couldn't hope to set up the proper creative partnership to write and record music. We met in New York City."

"At the end of March 1991," Coverdale chimes in. "We took a stroll around Manhattan and got along famously, remarkably well. We were stopping traffic in the city, and people were coming up to us and asking, 'Are you guys gonna work together?' We looked at each other and said, 'Yeah, this could be special.' Since Zeppelin I've admired Jimmy in every way—as a producer, an arranger, and certainly as a songwriter, which seems, at times, to escape people, because of his legendary guitar status. After that first meeting we agreed to proceed logically to the next step, which was to see if we could write together. We've been fully prepared from that first meeting to shake hands and go, 'Well, it isn't working,' and be on our separate ways. Thankfully, that never happened."

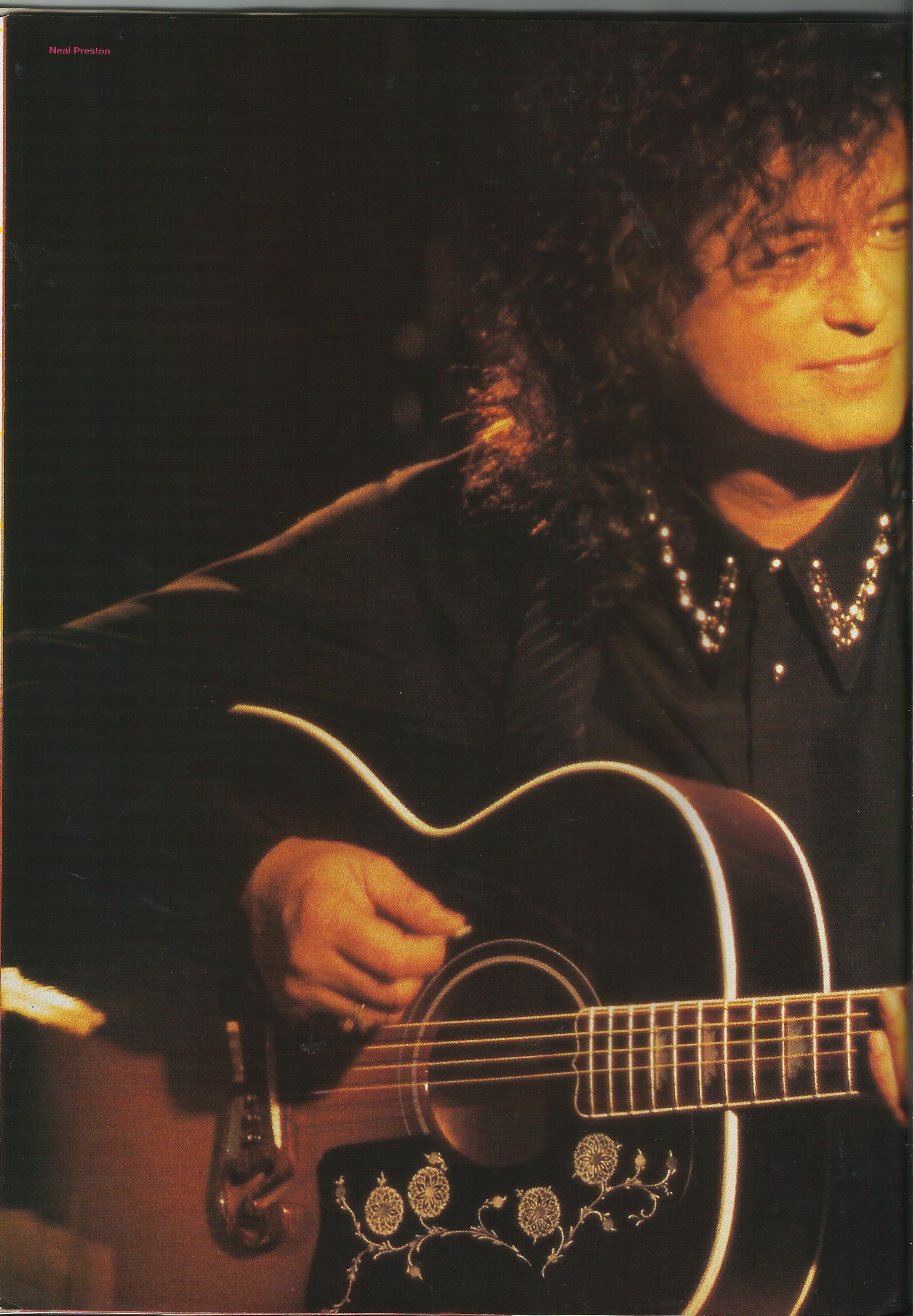
Norman Seef

Ramble On

"I was as dry and numb as my private parts," Coverdale remembers of their first day of writing together at the singer's quiet Lake Tahoe retreat. "We settled down

hat Should Be

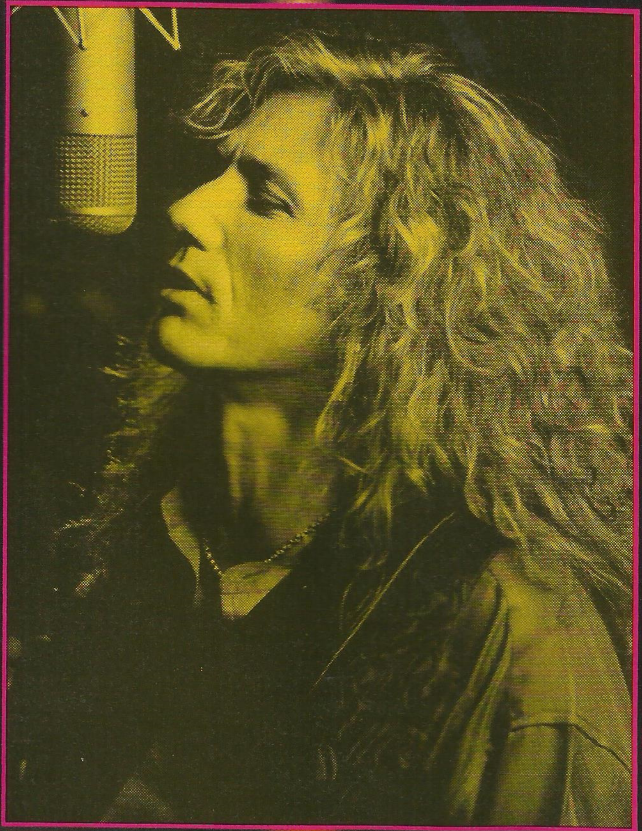
Neal Preston



into working immediately. 'Absolution Blues' was written on the first day. We just turned each other on creatively."

That's an understatement! "Absolution Blues" is not only one of the most powerful tracks on the record, it is also the quintessential example of the marriage of musical styles that Coverdale and Page entered into. The opening lead is vintage Page, flowing and precise, yet wandering in spirit. Later a taste of Whitesnake's "Slow an' Easy" can be heard with the rat-a-tat-tat drum chorus (played with Bonham-esque passion by Heart's Denny Carmassi). Coverdale adds the lamenting, autobiographical lyrics, the prayer of a man who's loved, lost and loved again: "Bless me, Father, I have sinned/I've broken hearts, got drunk on gin/And still I lust for everything/Every little thing...."

"The most important part of all this is that this was the first day," explains Page. "This stuff was coming out of thin air! Imagine how invigorating it was."



Neal Preston

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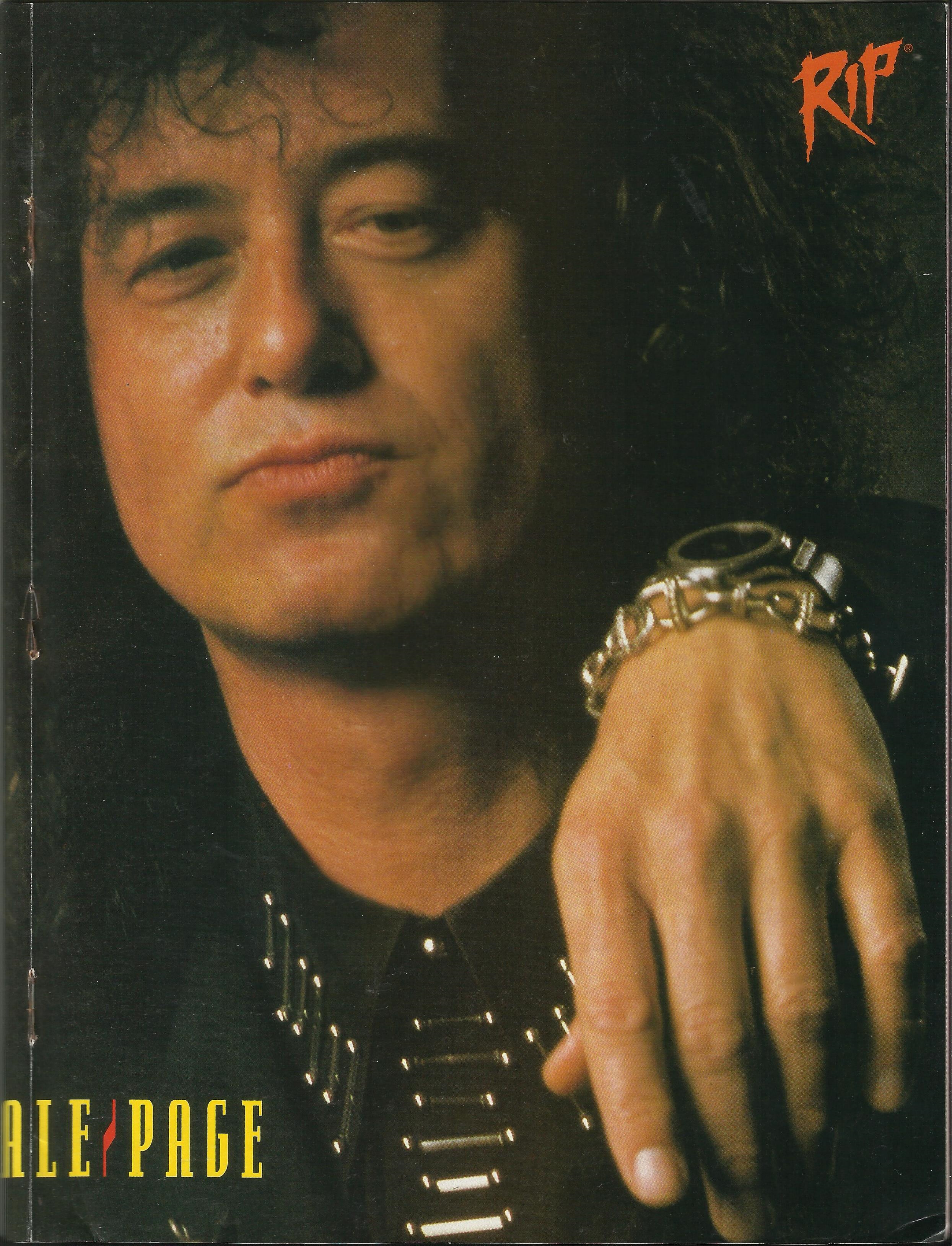
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ALE/PAGE

Neal Preston

"And we were working on a ghetto blaster with a $50 condenser mic from Radio Shack," adds Coverdale, enthusiastically.

Over the next several months ten more remarkable songs were penned and recorded. Some will transport you back to *Houses of the Holy*, like the infectious "Pride and Joy," the crunchy "Shake My Tree" and the massive, bluesy, eight-minute "Don't Leave Me This Way," which boasts the most passionate solo Page has laid down on disc since the '70s—and I'm not the only person who thinks that.

"That's definitely the best I've played since the Zeppelin days, without a doubt," Jimmy concurs. "I was sick with a 102-degree fever the day I laid down the solo in Vancouver. I tried to top it when we started recording in Miami, but I didn't beat myself up too long. I had it pretty right the first time. The vocal on that track was inspiring for me."

Another blood-, sweat- and tear-jerker from the LP is the bitter "Over Now," which appears to be a painful ode to David's ex-wife, Tawny Kitaen. His marriage to the star of all those windblown Whitesnake videos ended with a tabloid farewell and represents the unhappiest of times for the affable vocalist. While Coverdale will not admit that the song is specifically dedicated to Tawny, the truth is in the lyrics: "You told me of your innocence/And I believed it all/But your best friend is your vanity/And the mirror on the wall...it's over now/I turned away from what I heard/And everything I saw/But now I see the light of day/I release the dogs of war." Combine these words with a classic, haunting Page bridge, and you've got one serious rake over the musical coals—but David still won't 'fess up.

"Who's 'Over Now' written about?" he says, answering my question with a question. "Well, that's for us to know and for others to speculate about. Let's just say it's an indictment of relationships that go wrong. I'd never name names, but I document personal experiences; and my experiences, both physical and emotional, are nothing unique. My most important dimension as a lyricist was to realize my partner's ideas when he came up with that particular crunch-filled, malevolent riff. Those things led me to the words, which sum up all the bile and disgust the song's about. Anything that can elevate you to Superman status, where you feel you're dancing on clouds, and then reduce you, emotionally, to doo-doo on the sidewalk has always been my inspiration. A little common sense could prevent a lot of divorces. It could also prevent a lot of marriages."

Nobody's Fault but Mine

"If anybody questioned the decision to break up Zeppelin after Bonzo's death, all they have to do is listen to *The Song Remains the Same* and the studio albums and compare any one track. They'll hear how we were stretching the numbers and how we worked ourselves," Page reflects. "We would just steer off at any given point, and everyone was together on it. I could just take it in a direction, and John and Bonzo would click like that. We couldn't envision bringing in another drummer to do that because there just wasn't anybody. There was never another Bonzo, anyway—let's face it."

Disbanding the most influential, perhaps greatest, rock band of all time at the pinnacle of their artistic and commercial popularity was a brave decision. In retrospect, Led Zeppelin is remembered as being almost faultless, without the tainted latter years of, say, the post-Keith Moon Who. Each Led Zeppelin record is a pop-culture landmark, a musical passage to days gone by, and those of us who lived through that period connect those immortal songs to our individual life experiences and what was transpiring in society at that time. The effect is no less powerful for the generations that have discovered the magic of Zeppelin since. Every rock guitarist who's dared to sling an axe over the past 20 years has taken something from Jimmy Page. Along with Hendrix, his influence is universal. Now Jimmy Page wants to play those songs again—and if Robert Plant isn't there to sing them, David Coverdale is.

Rock and Roll

Jimmy Page and David Coverdale are terribly fond of one another. Throughout the songwriting and recording process, throughout the prerelease press nightmare (David loves interviews, but Jimmy shuns them), they've been overwhelmingly supportive and protective of each other. This cohesion breeds tremendous confidence in the record and in the fact that they can take this show on the road. Now hear this, fans: Coverdale/Page *will* tour this year, and they'll be performing not only tracks from their LP, but selections from the Led Zeppelin and Whitesnake catalogs as well. David Coverdale singing "Stairway to Heaven" and Jimmy Page playing lead on "Still of the Night"? Get in line now, dudes!

"Do I feel inhibited singing Zeppelin?" Coverdale fires back at me. "Are you serious? I can't wait to sink my teeth into them! We've even rehearsed a few songs already."

"And it was a blast," adds Page with a smile. "We're going to be doing numbers from both David's past with Whitesnake and mine with Zeppelin. We'll do the songs we feel most comfortable with. When we take this show on the road, we're gonna be doing things we all feel good about."

"The only problem," smirks David, "is that, based on the size of the respective catalogs, the show may be two or three *days* instead of hours."

(continued on page 93)

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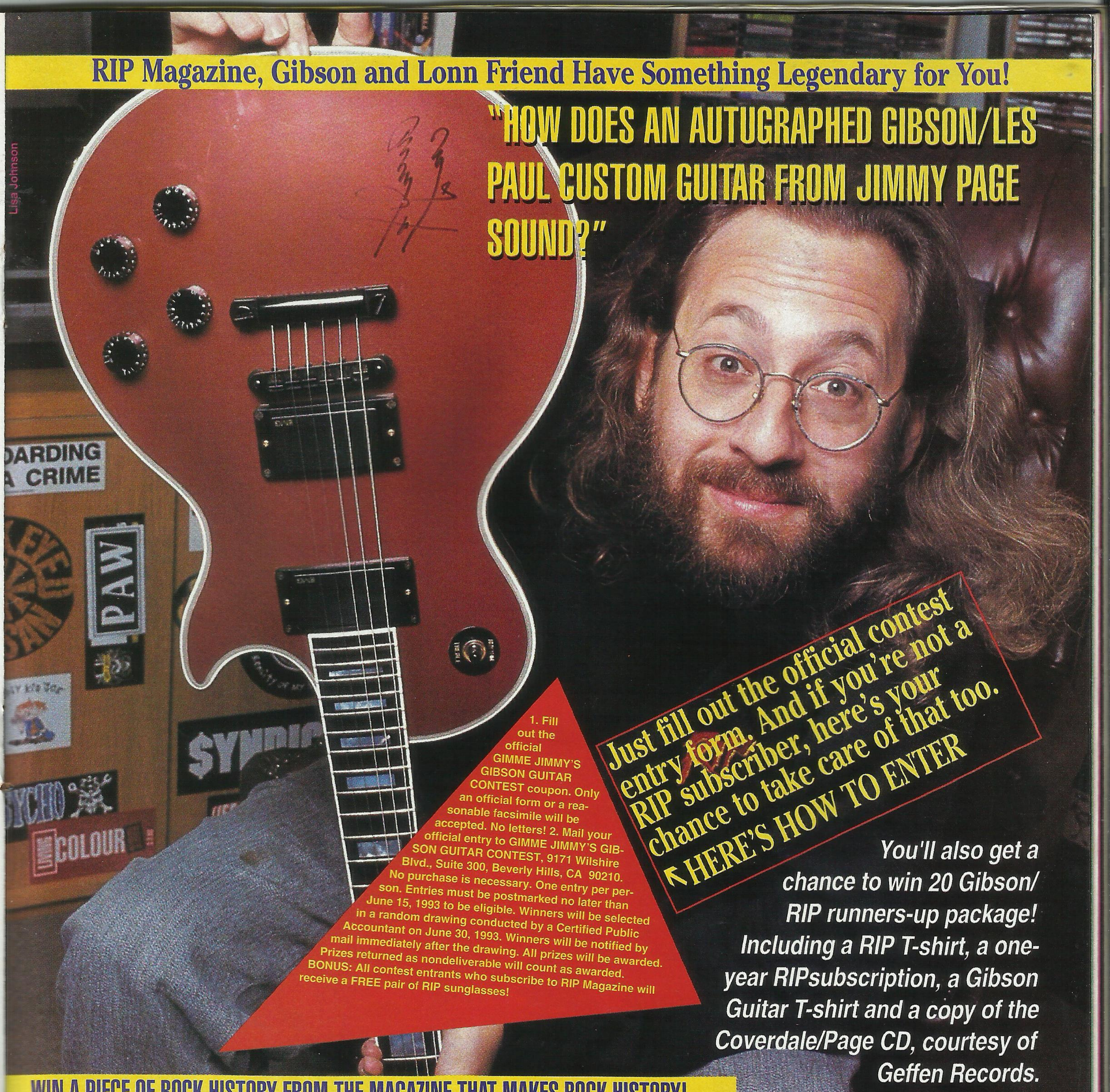
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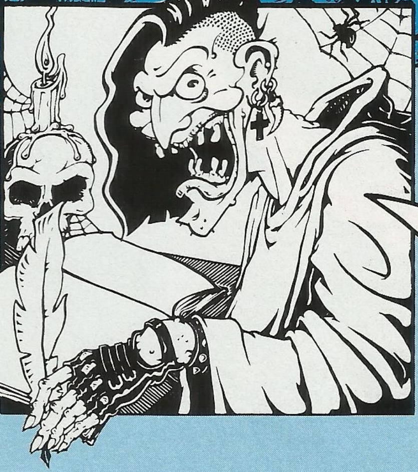
ROCK VAULT

EDITED BY S. L. DUFF



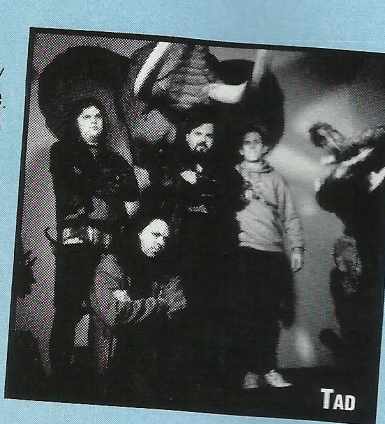
Greetings, trivia buffs! This time we're getting away from the stereo and going to the movies! Musicians are frequently involved in films—contributing songs, writing soundtracks, jammin' on camera, or even, for better or worse, acting. This one's a tough one, even by **Rock Vault** *standards, as some of these films are a bit on the obscure side. But don't fade to black if you get stumped—we won't give you two thumbs down—just turn to the answers on page 94.*

1 This rock superstar had the role of the lead zombie in the John Carpenter movie *Prince of Darkness*. Name him.

2 Redd Kross, Black Flag, Dead Kennedys and Sonic Youth are among the bands who contributed music to the two SST-released soundtracks of these rock/teen exploitation films, which chronicled the rise and fall of a fictional female rock band. Name the original movie and its sequel. BONUS: As life imitates art, movie cast members and local players eventually formed an L.A.-based girl group. What was the name of the band in both the movie and real life?

3 Speaking of Redd Kross, the McDonald brothers had lead roles alongside onetime teen idols David Cassidy and Leif Garrett in this spoof of the '70s. Name the film.

4 One of the first glimpses Americans got of Rastafarian culture and reggae music was in the drama *The Harder They Come*. The star of the film had an international hit with the title track. Name him.



5 Tad's Tad Doyle and Soundgarden's Chris Cornell both had bit parts in a recent blockbuster. Name the film. BONUS: That was way too easy. Now name the fictional band in the film in question.

6 *Bram Stoker's Dracula*, *Rumble Fish*, *Down by Law* and *The Cotton Club* all featured a well-known musician/actor. Name him. BONUS: This same individual composed the soundtrack for one of cult filmmaker Jim Jarmusch's recent films. Name the film.

7 When the Beatles hit with *A Hard Day's Night*, a few other British Invasion bands tried to cross over to the big screen. Name the bands featured in the following films: A) *Having a Wild Weekend*; B) *Charlie Is My Darling*; C) *Hold On!*

8 The metallic anthem "Me Against the World" served as the song the fictional band played in the horror-rock film *Black Roses*. What band really recorded the track?

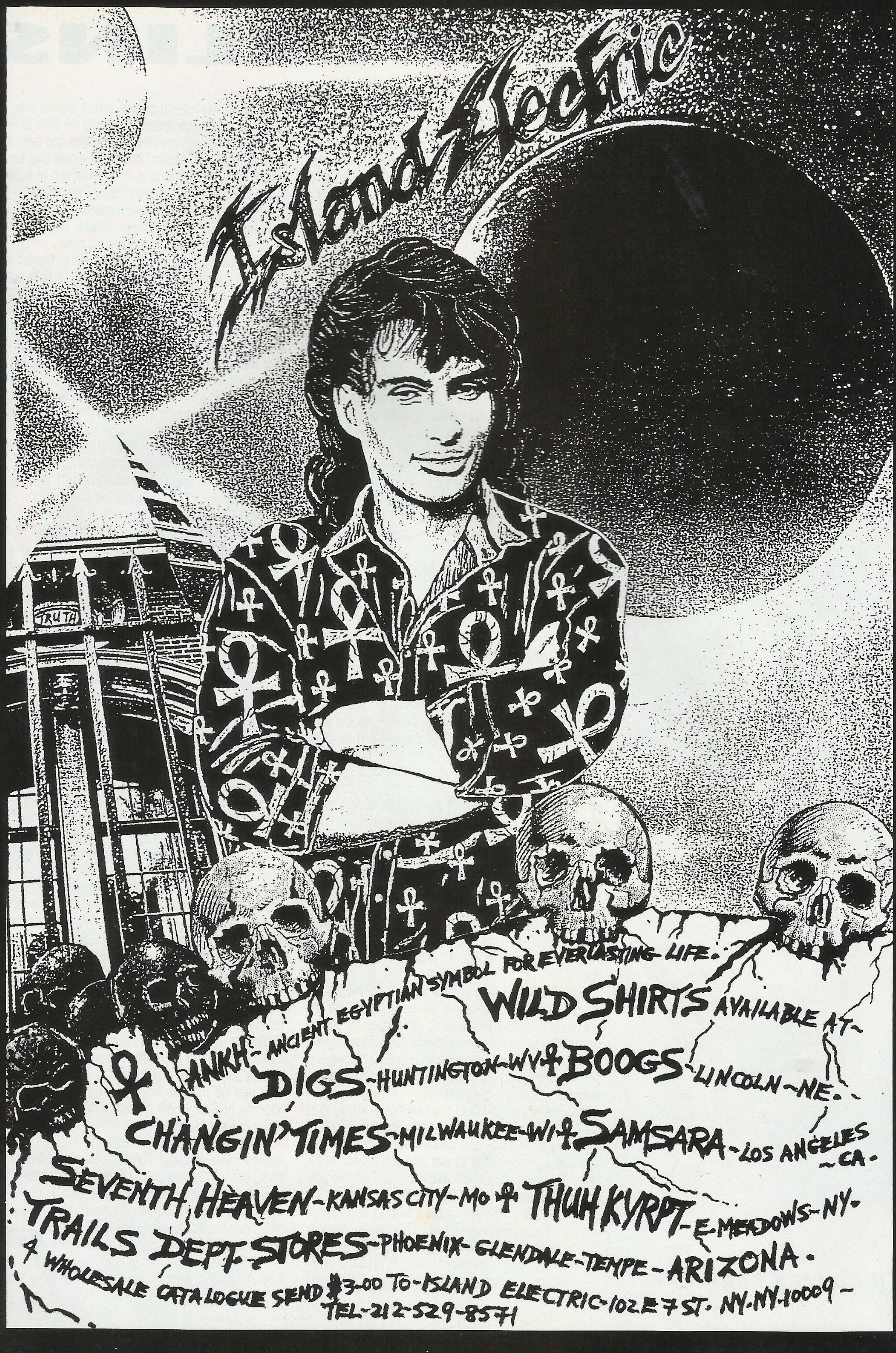
9 Rocker Wendy O. Williams sang on the soundtrack and had a leading role in what mid-'80s exploitation flick?

10 *Wild in the Streets* was a late-'60s teen exploitation film in which the voting age gets lowered to 14, a rock star gets elected president, and everyone over 30 is put into concentration camps and fed LSD. The fictional band Max Frost And The Troopers scored a real-life hit with "Shape of Things to Come," a song from the movie. The producer of the film's music had an illustrious career in the music business, but had even greater success in a completely different field. Who was he, and what did he become most famous for? HARD-CORE BONUS: Name the comedic superstar who made his film debut in *Wild*, playing the drummer in the band.

11 *200 Motels*, *Uncle Meat* and *Baby Snakes* were all film projects by what musician?

12 Match the musician or band with the film they appeared in:

1. *Foxes*	A. Iggy Pop
2. *Candy*	B. Charlie Sexton
3. *Singles*	C. Prince
4. *Freejack*	D. Ice-T
5. *Sid and Nancy*	E. Mick Jagger
6. *Roadside Prophets*	F. Alice Cooper
7. *Rush*	G. Cherie Currie
8. *Thelma & Louise*	H. Roy Orbison
9. *My Own Private Idaho*	I. Ringo Starr
10. *Wayne's World*	J. Alice In Chains
11. *Graffiti Bridge*	K. Frank Zappa
12. *The Fastest Guitar Alive*	L. Adam Horovitz (King Ad-Rock)
13. *Trespass*	M. Gregg Allman
14. *Head*	N. Flea



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HENRY ROLLINS

Life's

Rollins Band leader Henry Rollins is one intense mofo, whether you're talking about his music, his books or his legendary spoken-word performances, which were recently documented on a hair-raising (and sometimes quite funny) two-CD set, Rollins: The Boxed Life. *RIP caught up with Hammerin' Hank in the midst of a tour Down Under and spent some time lurking with the bard of bang and his crew of heavy hitters.*

About 4:30 p.m. a woman and her five-year-old son appeared at the back door of Sydney, Australia's Hordern Pavilion. The little guy was in a Batman cape and had been hanging out all day to see the Rollins Band soundcheck. I mentioned the incident to Henry Rollins—as he simultaneously drank black coffee and lemonade from separate cups—and found out *he* had a Batman cape when he was a kid.

Motorhead used AC/DC's *Back in Black* to get the bugs out of their sound system and the gastric juices rising in my gut. The Rollins' crew chose Beethoven at earsplitting volume, the timpani rattling the venue's rafters as much as Phil Rudd's drumming had on the AC/DC recording. This was followed by opera—again at jet-engine levels—and you could see confusion on the faces of the small crowd in Black Flag shirts that had gathered to witness the arrival of the hot animal machine.

When Rollins appeared, fans surrounded him. He was immediately uncomfortable with the situation and moved into the Pavilion as quickly as possible. He pumped my hand first, then walked over to greet Ray Arlin, bassist with the Hard-Ons, who were also playing that night. Rollins had recorded a version of AC/DC's "Let There Be Rock" with them on one of his previous trips to Oz.

Andrew Weiss' bass check was almost subterranean in tone. He's a one-man Black Sabbath, and from what I remember of the English heavies playing on the same stage nearly 20 years earlier, he pushed just as many air molecules as Geezer Butler had. Then Rollins took to the boards, and the entire band went through their paces together. Afterwards, Rollins had a brief chat with former Stooges' drummer Scott Asheton, also playing that night—he in a band led by one-time Radio Birdman guitarist and icon Deniz Tek. Rollins and Asheton go way back. They first met in 1986 at the Nectarine Ballroom in Ann Arbor, Michigan, when a rather large biker type burst into the dressing room Black Flag was occupying.

"He said, 'Which one of you guys is Rollins?' " Henry recalled, "and everyone pointed at me. 'It's him! It's him!' He goes, 'Hi, I'm Rock Action,' and we're all like, 'Whoa, cool!' "

Just after 9:00 it was clobberin' time for the Rollins Band. Guitarist Chris Haskett, drummer Sim Cain and gut rumbler Andrew Weiss tuned up onstage for several minutes under bright white lights while Rollins warmed his mind and body in the wings. He yelled, stretched and rolled his head about, and then, with a final war cry, charged up into the glare. I've never heard an audience erupt like that one did, and I've never seen anything as spine-tingling as the moment when Rollins walked to the edge of the stage and gently bowed, samurai-like, as 4,000 arms stretched as one to touch the top of his head. Wrapping the excess mic cable around his arm, he launched into "Low Self Opinion."

The man knows how to make a lasting impression, like when he suddenly wrenched off his beaten, black T-shirt to catch some of the midday sun during our earlier interview. I can tell you that maintaining an air of seen-it-all-before cool was no easy thing. His tattoos are sparse and have much greater visual impact than the stream-of-conscious doodles adorning the likes of Nikki Sixx. We're talking dark thought graphics and deep soul welts. There's the Misfits' hooded skeleton (the band's former leader, Glenn Danzig, is an old friend of Rollins': "Very f?!king serious motherf?!ker. Crazy dude"). The words Creepy Crawl are accompanied by a spider. Life Is Pain—I Want To Be Insane. Search And Destroy. I also noticed a number of scars on his chest.

"That's beer bottle, July 6, 1982," Henry replied with his usual precision, then, in a murmur, "a little crazed that night." Crazed intensity is, of course, what Rollins has always done best. He's a molten mixture of discipline and instinct. He's also a true fan. Get him to talk about the greatest and most inspired performances he's ever witnessed, and he won't just list them, he'll relive them right in your face—vivid memories of Led Zeppelin on their second-to-last tour, Ted Nugent on the Cat Scratch Fever tour and Aerosmith on the Toys In The Attic tour. Then, with no pause for breath, he moved on to seeing Minor Threat, fronted by his good friend Ian MacKaye, the Bad Brains circa 1979-80 ("I mean, forget it! Too cool! I mean, like, unbelievable!") and first experiencing Black Flag—before he joined them—and having "his head taken off by the ferocity."

"He got me through high school, Ted Nugent," Rollins marveled. "I was 16, man, and this guy was swinging from ropes and screaming in a loincloth. I was like, 'Yeah! That's what I want to do!' Those mid-'70s gigs were f?!king unbelievable. He was a maniac. He was just killer. Those were some of the best gigs I've ever seen, flat out, bar none."

Australia's blackest nightmare, the Nick Cave-led Birthday Party, also registered high on Rollins' personal Richter scale.

"It was maybe what seeing the Rolling Stones around the Altamont era might have been like," he said. "It was evil. It was really rocking your ass, but it was evil shit. They were in touch with something, like a mainline from Satan. There was something very scary about that. You'd watch them onstage, and there was this furious cold energy coming off them. It was like, 'Where's *that* coming from?' Very few bands can do that to me, like, 'What's *that?*' Birthday Party were an hour of, 'What's *that?*' I walked out of there like, 'F?!k, brrrrrr!' It was that good for me."

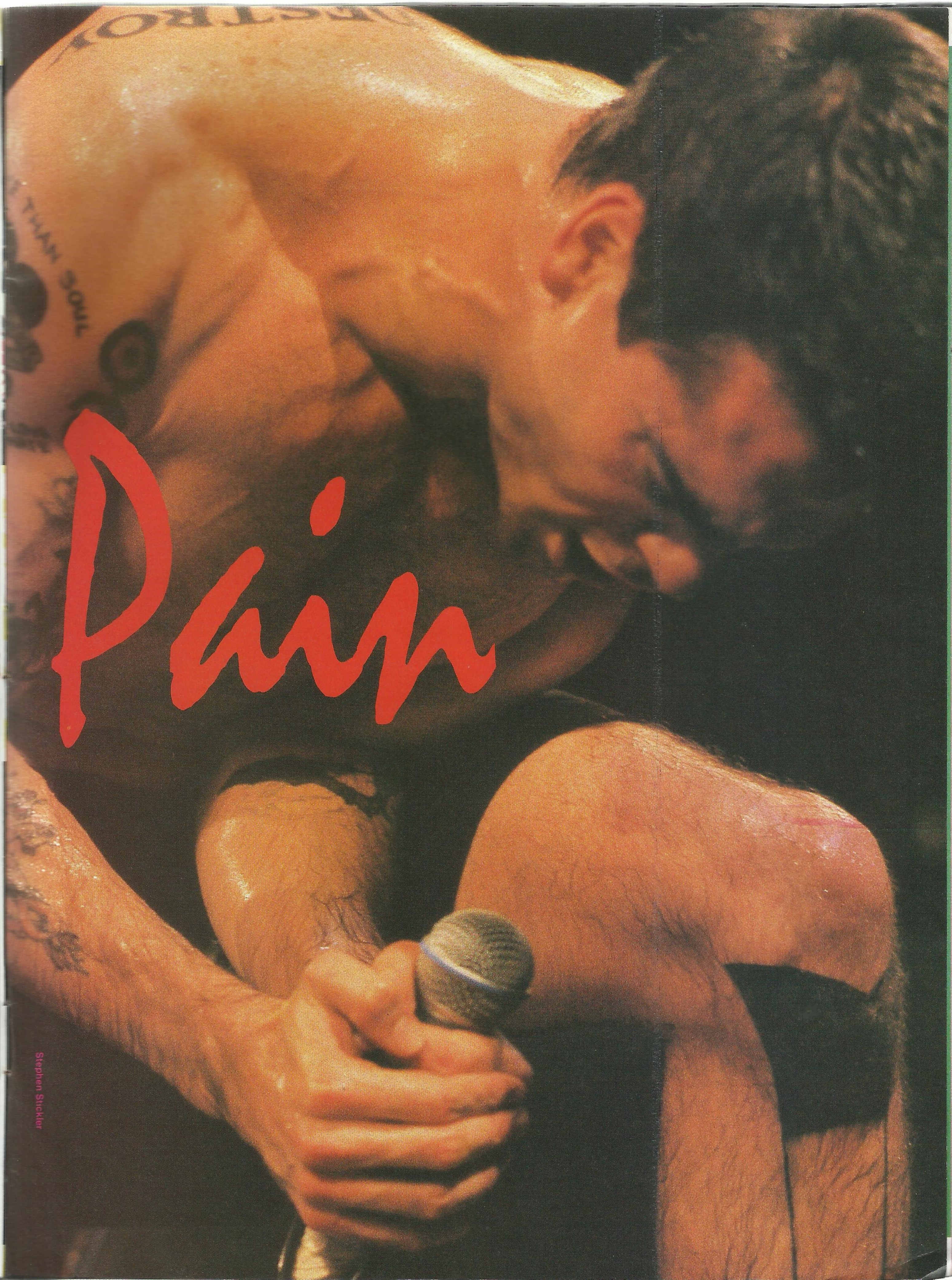
The Rollins Band is about that same brrrrrr—a high-impact bludgeon that has roughly the same effect on listeners as Birthday Party had on Hank, though he and his crew are not exactly "evil." Mind- and body-jarring? Yep. The planet's most awe-inspiring war machine? Yep again. But not evil.

The group's latest album, *The End of Silence*, does the best job yet of capturing the Rollins Band experience for posterity. It's nothing less than a sonic apocalypse. Beginning with the darkest and most primal blues foundations—think of the early, hypnotic work of Muddy Waters and the stark and chilling Robert Johnson—they roar off into the heavens, connecting like Black Sabbath or Blue Cheer playing John Coltrane. Call it history's most brutal jazz.

"That's a main strain of music this band listens to," Rollins acknowledged. "There's a lot more Miles Davis going down in Rollins Band members' headphones than there is Nirvana. Not putting Nirvana down, but when the Rollins Band starts kicking the word 'genius' around, Miles Davis, John Coltrane and Jimi Hendrix come up, not Sonic Youth. We're coming from a different place."

"I read somewhere Jimmy Page saying that most of *Led Zeppelin 2* was written on the live jams during

By Murray Engleheart



Pain

Stephen Stickler

'Dazed and Confused,' " guitarist Chris Haskett, who had jammed with the Baby Animals at a not-so-secret-gig in Sydney a week earlier, offered. "They'd go out and play these long versions of 'Dazed and Confused,' and riffs would come up. They'd come up again the next night or a week later, and then they knew it was a good riff. Almost all our songs come out of jams—not necessarily live, but they all come out of jams, so they have a certain head start. You know they're going to work because it was the product of something you were doing together."

In addition to a ton of new civilian fans, *The End of Silence* also garnered the band a strong following among their musical peers. Rollins sang backup for Iggy Pop on a song called "Wild America" that will appear on the Ig's next album, the Chili Peppers' Flea joined the band onstage for what Chris Haskett called, "The night of the monster basses," and, in New York, Living Colour's Vernon Reid sat in on the encores two nights running. There have also been some close encounters of a stranger kind.

"I was singing with Body Count one night at the Palace," Rollins grinned. "We were doing 'Cop Killer,' and [GN'R's] Duff McKagan came out onstage and was kind of hanging onto me because he was drunk. He kind of draped over my shoulders, and I was holding him up and trying to sing at the same time. He's a rather large man, and that's kind of hard to do. But I did it. I talked to him a little bit. He seems like a nice guy."

Have no fear, though, all this increased popularity isn't going to mess with the man's focus. Popularity, Hank reasoned, is an external thing, and what he's doing comes from deep within.

"I might stray, but the search-and-destroy mission never strays," he explained. "It's a shining path. If I get lost, all I have to do is look—there it is. I can get back on track."

Typically, Rollins was chronicling the entire tour in his journal, and you can bet it will be a way better read than Def Leppard's road diaries.

"I'm working on a thing that's documenting every show this year," he said. "It's called *Cities*. Every night after the show I take 20 minutes and do a little writing. At the end of the year it should be pretty interesting."

Rollins goes to great lengths not to be recognized, rarely venturing out in a T-shirt. It's long pants and long sleeves, head down, and do what you must. The murder of his best friend, Joe Cole, probably sharpened, but didn't create, this wariness.

"It's self-preservation, man," Henry declared. "All these people are nothing but a bunch of walking variables. I've had people pay $10 to come in, buy a T-shirt and throw their beer mug at my head. How can you figure? You figure the guy might be into you, right, and he tries to break your skull with a beer glass! That doesn't make any sense to me. I'm always ready for someone to go, 'God, I really like everything you do'—BANG. It wouldn't surprise me if it happened—not because I'm so big and popular, but because people are weird, and the world is huge, and there's lots of people in it, and they do lots of different things. Whenever someone walks up and goes, 'I have something for you,' and reaches into a pocket, I just go, 'Oh, yeah?' That, to me, is a threat. The other night someone came up with his hand behind his back and goes, 'How you doing?' I said, 'What the f?!k is in your hand, man?' And the guy goes, 'Nothing. What's your problem?' "

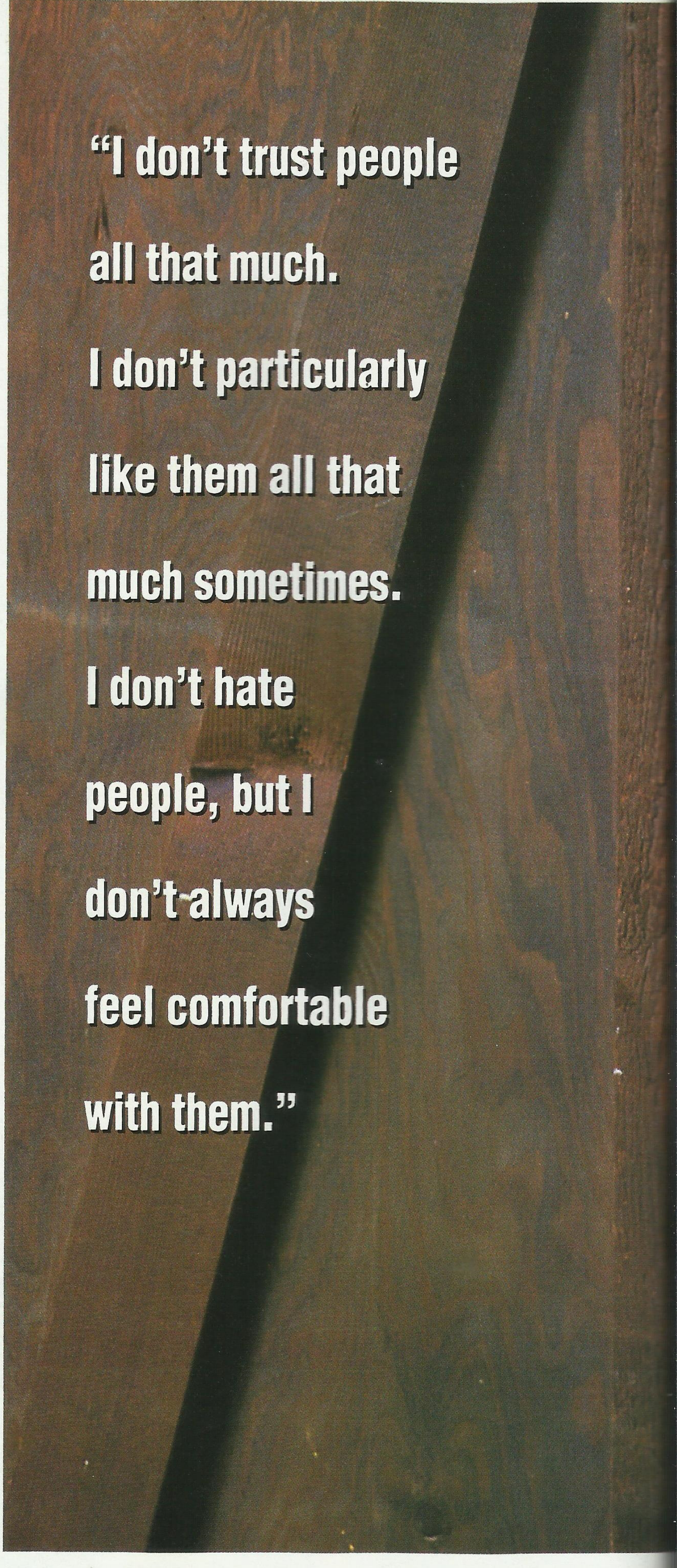
I read somewhere that ex-Dead Kennedy Jello Biafra used to wear a large coat and not shave for a week when he went certain places in order to disguise himself. Rollins had seen him in that outfit.

"If I was Jello Biafra, I might want to do that," he said. "I don't trust people all that much. I don't particularly like them all that much sometimes. I don't hate people, but I don't always feel comfortable with them."

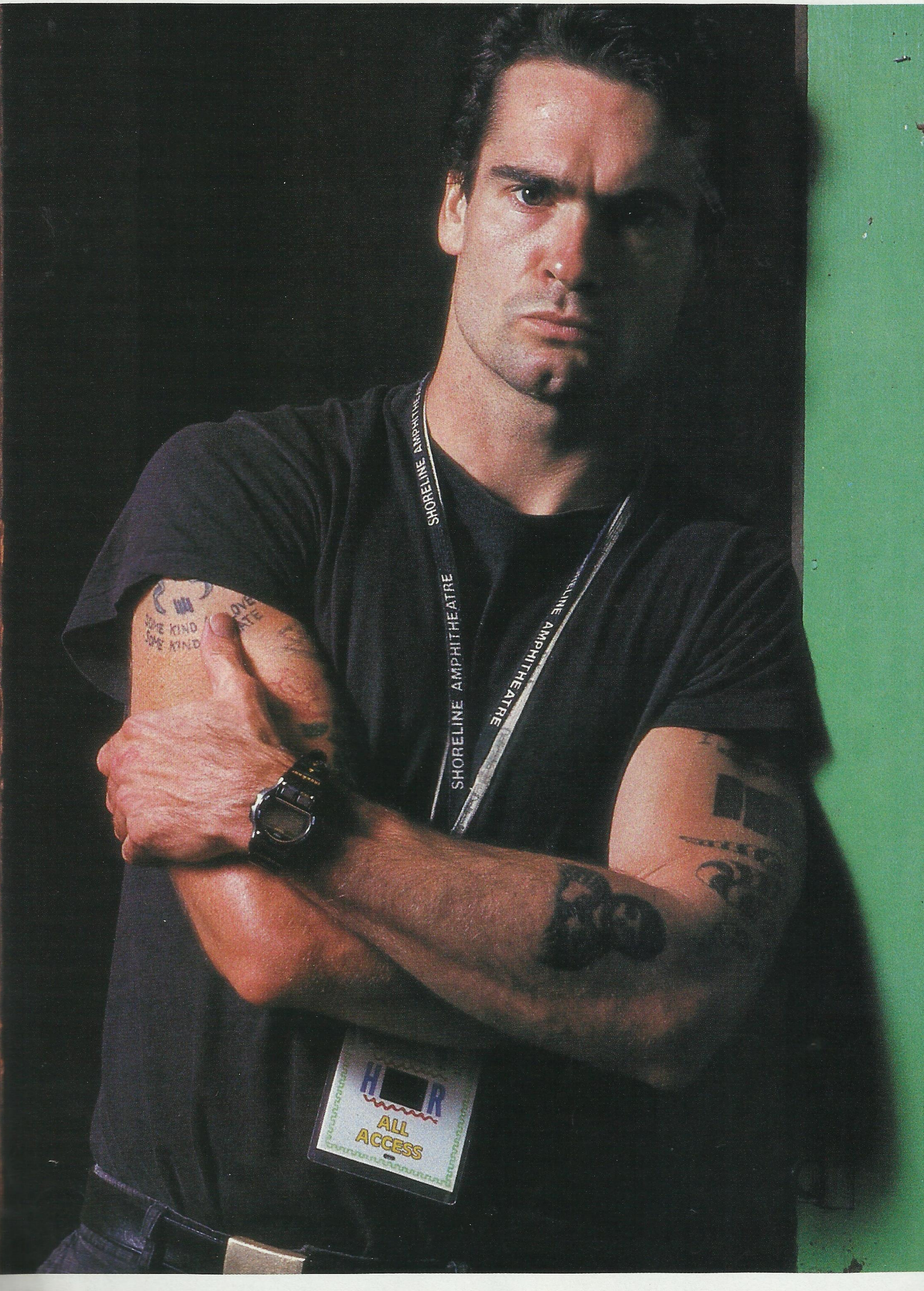
It follows then that Rollins was less than comfortable when Pantera's Phil Anselmo, who is regularly (and rightly) compared to Hank, called and wanted to talk to the man himself about it.

"He's a nice guy, but I don't like getting called on the telephone," Henry explained. "Two calls a week is more than I like to deal with. He's definitely an intense guy, a very singular person."

And there ain't no better judge of intense, singular people on the face of the earth than Henry Rollins. •



"I don't trust people all that much. I don't particularly like them all that much sometimes. I don't hate people, but I don't always feel comfortable with them."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Joe Giron/Photofeatures

Anthrax: A Bush in the band is worth...aw, never mind.

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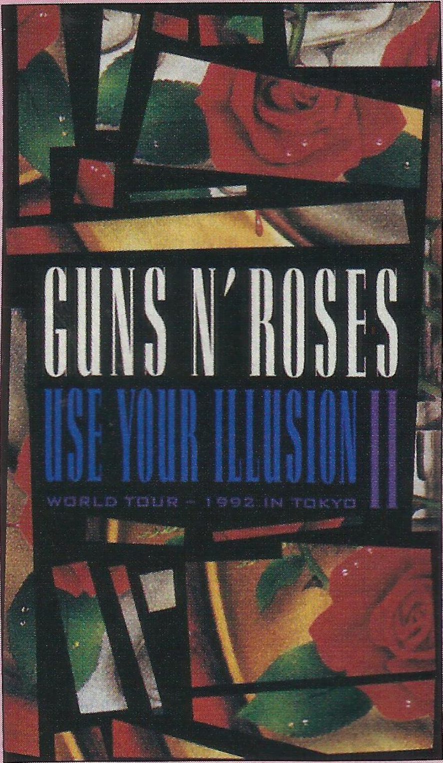


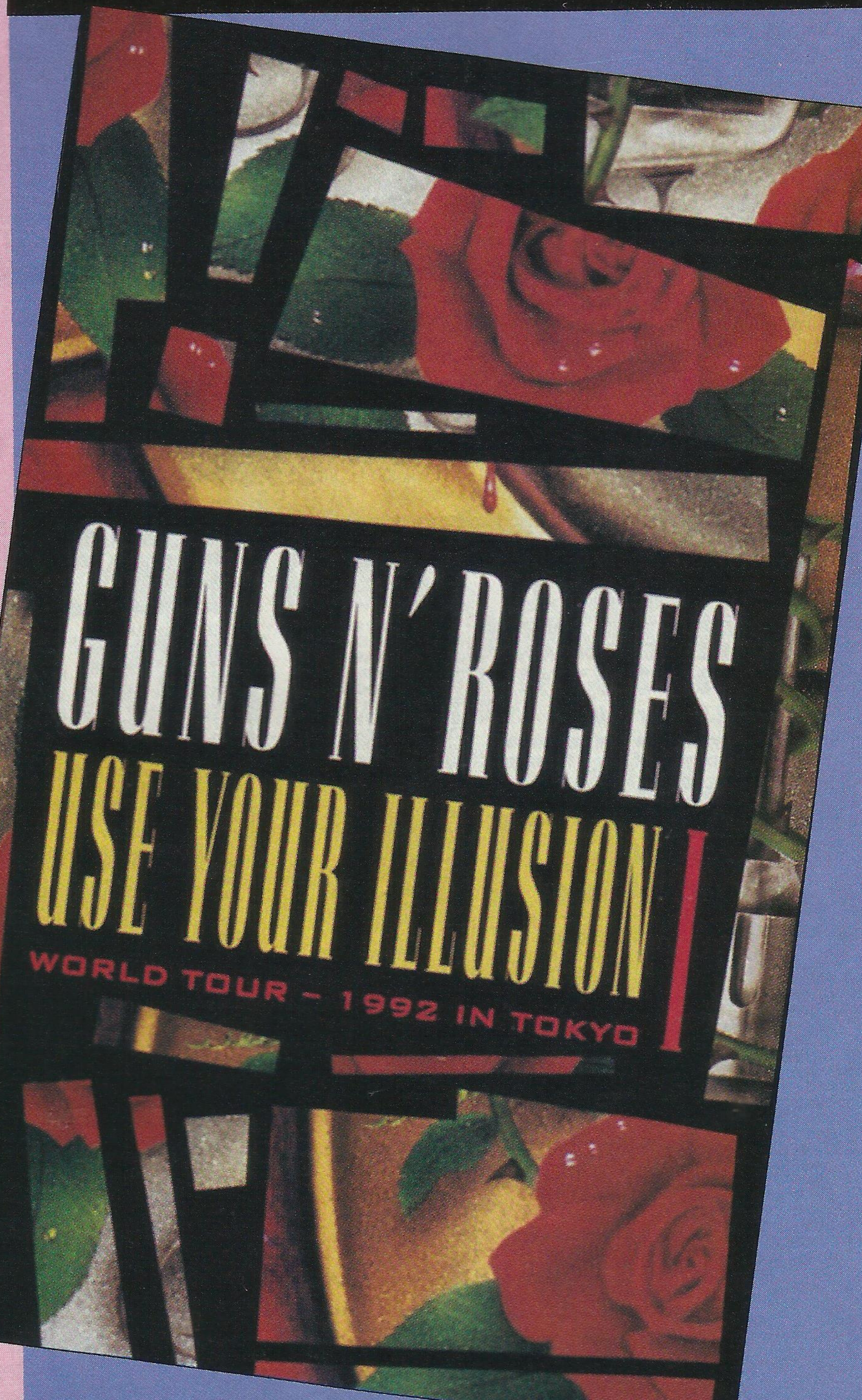
GUNS N' ROSES: ***Use Your Illusion I and II World Tour—1992 in Tokyo***
(Geffen Home Video)

This two-video set is an astounding three, count 'em, *three* hours long, and Guns N' Roses waste no time in getting down to business. It begins with some tour footage so perfunctory and generic—shot of Tokyo Dome, empty; plane lands; roadies work on the stage; Guns get in a limo—one can't help but think there's gotta be some sly humor involved. Then comes a batch of still-spellbinding tunes from *Appetite for Destruction.* "Nightrain" and "Mr. Brownstone" retain the subversive power they had back when Guns played dingy clubs. "Live and Let Die," on the other hand, best exemplifies the band's current, flashy mastery of enormodomes around the globe. A few notes, and a stadium full of Tokyo headbangers goes apoplectic.

The concert footage is broken up occasionally by quick bandmember interviews, which are subtitled in Japanese. Bassist Duff McKagan talks about playing the drums, then demonstrates. The Gunners praise new rhythm guitarist Gilby Clarke's quick learning skills. Slash describes Guns as a "glorified garage band."

Highlights of *Illusion I* include a rollicking version of "Bad Obsession," Duff growling through the old Misfits tune "Attitude," the extended blues jam on "Double Talkin' Jive" and Slash 'n' Gilby's restrained, intricate dual guitarwork on the Rolling Stones' "Wild Horses." Part I ends with a bang: both of Guns' epic ballads, "Patience" and "November Rain."

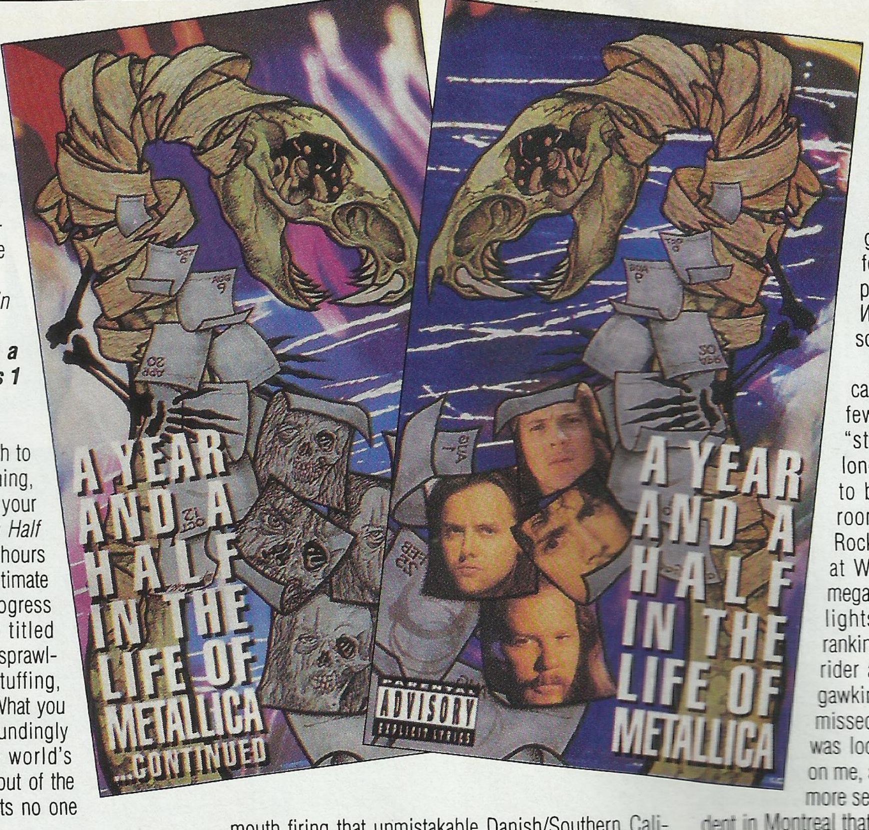
Part II begins with a bit of backstage footage before returning to the main event with an incendiary reading of "You Could Be Mine." The band then rocks through several beloved oldies, including "Rocket Queen," "Move to the City" (with quite a jazzy keyboard turn by Dizzy Reed) and, of course, "Knockin' on Heaven's Door." "It's a beautiful day, the sun's going up, and you've got nothing better to do than...commit hari-kari," Axl quips while introducing the show's encore, "Estranged," and then it's "Paradise City," complete with



the famous white jacket from the original video.

If you weren't one of the first 100 people to subscribe to RIP during our recent special offer, and so didn't get this absolutely essential GN'R package for free, it's down to the corner vid store for you....

—Daina Darzin


A YEAR AND A HALF IN THE LIFE OF METALLICA ...CONTINUED
PARENTAL ADVISORY EXPLICIT LYRICS
A YEAR AND A HALF IN THE LIFE OF METALLICA

METALLICA: *A Year and a Half in the Life of.... Parts 1 & 2*

(Elektra Video)

Fact: Metallica aren't a bunch to skimp, to rush through anything, to give you anything less than your money's worth. *A Year and a Half in the Life of....* is nearly four hours of the band in black. It's the ultimate fan package, charting the progress of that slab of wax simply titled *Metallica* from idea stage to sprawling, multiplatinum, arena-stuffing, riff-spewing monstrousness. What you get is a portrait of four astoundingly regular guys at work—the world's biggest garage band getting out of the garage and taking it to heights no one expected them to.

Cut to fall '90. Metallica are ensconced in L.A.'s One On One Studios with producer Bob Rock, at work on an album more straightforward and to-the-point than any they've made before. We all know what happened, but getting there wasn't easy. There are fights, bicker-fests, and hyperactive drummer Lars Ulrich's constantly "on" mouth firing that unmistakable Danish/Southern California drawl. He's the exact opposite, personality-wise, of perpetually laid-back cool-hand James Hetfield, and watching the two work together shows the extremes and emotions that make Metallica tick.

While *A Year and a Half in the Life of....* never ventures too far into the members' personal lives, what it does give you is Metallica, the band. Director Adam Dubin takes a fly-on-the-wall perspective. One of the more intriguing moments is a visit from James' father, who watches over his son's shoulder as he lays down guitar tracks. Also keep an eye out for RIP's own Lonn Friend, stopping by for his infamous *Metalli-Watch* coverage and to drop off some, uh, reading material.

Part 2 is 140 minutes of Metallica on the road, or, as Lars puts it, a few months in the life of a band "stupid enough to stay out that long." Follow them from backstage to backstage, hotel room to hotel room, from Moscow's Monsters Of Rock to the Freddie Mercury Tribute at Wembley Stadium to the arena mega-haul with Guns N' Roses. Highlights include Hetfield mercilessly ranking on Axl Rose's personal contract rider and Lars being confronted by a gawking female fan who tells him she missed the last few tours because she was locked away. "Ohhh...he could spit on me, and I'd still love it!" she burbles. A more serious note is the pyrotechnic accident in Montreal that nearly brought Metalli-matters to a premature close. Luckily John Marshall was there to pick up guitar chores, as shown in a live version of "Nothing Else Matters."

Add to all this promo vids and candid interviews, and, guaranteed, your head will be ringing by the end. What more could a Metalli-fan want? *—Mike Gitter*

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690	Spinal Tap
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152	Spyro Gyra
647	Steve Miller Band
703	Rod Stewart
708	Sting
122	Stone Temple Pilots
660	Sugarcubes
691	Matthew Sweet
269	James Taylor
638	Tesla
226	Travis Tritt
685	Trixter
217	Tuck & Patti
629	U2
630	Van Halen
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218	Mark Whitfield
274	Edgar Winter
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661	ZZ Top

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620	Pennsylvania
617	New York
614	New England
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618	Ohio
621	North Carolina
605	Florida
601	Alabama/Miss.
624	SC/Georgia
611	Missouri
610	Michigan
625	Wisconsin/Minn.
626	Washington/OR
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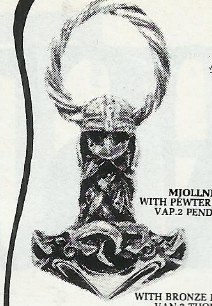
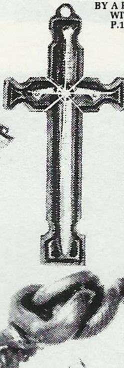

MJOLLNIR
WITH PEWTER FINISH
VAP.2 PENDANT

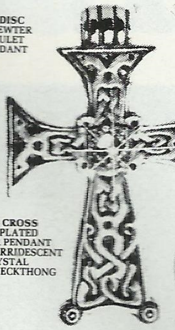
WITH BRONZE FINISH
VAN.2 THONG

EQUALACORN
P.109 PENDANT

METAL HEAD GUITAR
P.104 PENDANT


CENOTAPH
BRONZE CROSS SURMOUNTED
BY A PEWTER SWORD
WITH CRYSTAL
P.115 PENDANT

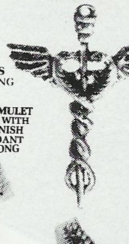
WARRIOR DISC
POLISHED PEWTER
RUNIC AMULET
VAP.11 PENDANT

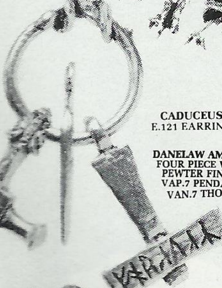

BEDE CROSS
GILT PLATED
PEWTER PENDANT
WITH AN IRRIDESCENT
CRYSTAL
VAN.14 NECKTHONG

PENTAGRAM
P.58 PENDANT

E.58 EARRING

GORGON
WITH BRONZE
PLATED SKULL
P.80b PENDANT

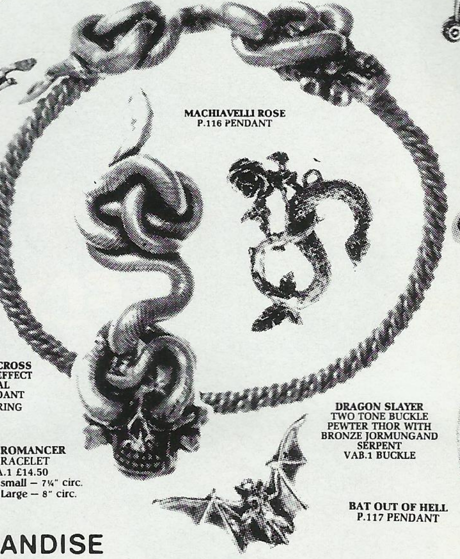

CADUCEUS
E.121 EARRING


DANELAW AMULET
FOUR PIECE WITH
PEWTER FINISH
VAP.7 PENDANT
VAN.7 THONG

VAPNATAK
A PEWTER BLADE
SURMOUNTED BY BRONZE
RUNE SERPENTS WITH A
VITRIOL STONE ENCRUSTED
INTO A GILT HILT
VAN.9 THONG

WITH PEWTER FINISH
AND VITRIOL STONE
VAP.9 PENDANT

REVENGE ON ST. GEORGE
P.86 PENDANT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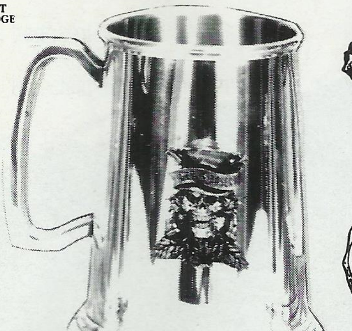

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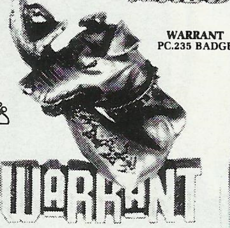

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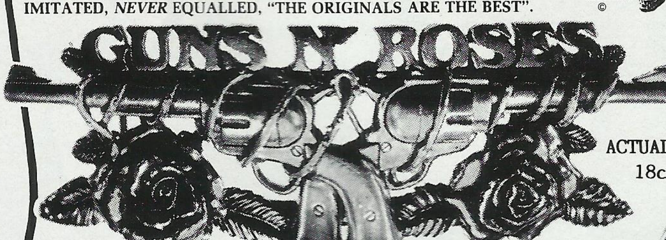

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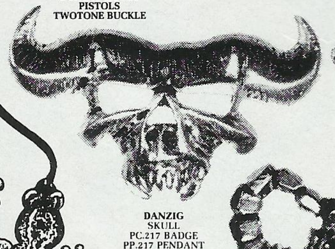
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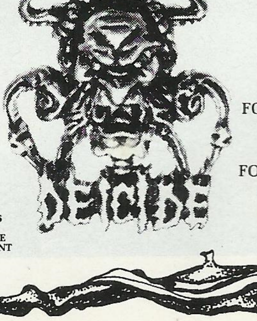
SKULL
PC.217 BADGE
PP.217 PENDANT

TESTAMENT
CHAOS HEX
(TWO TONE)
PC.223 BADGE
PP.223 PENDANT



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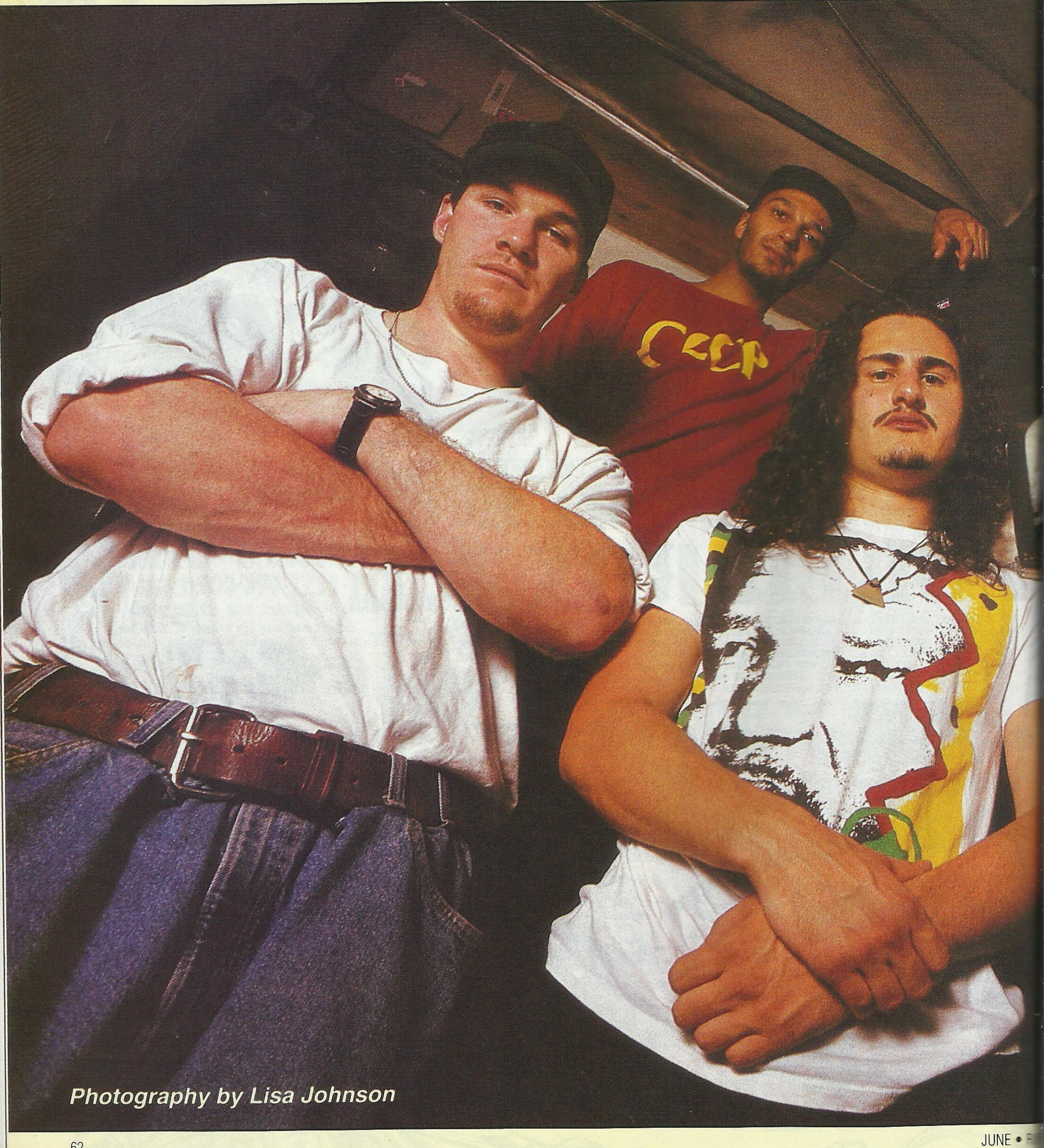
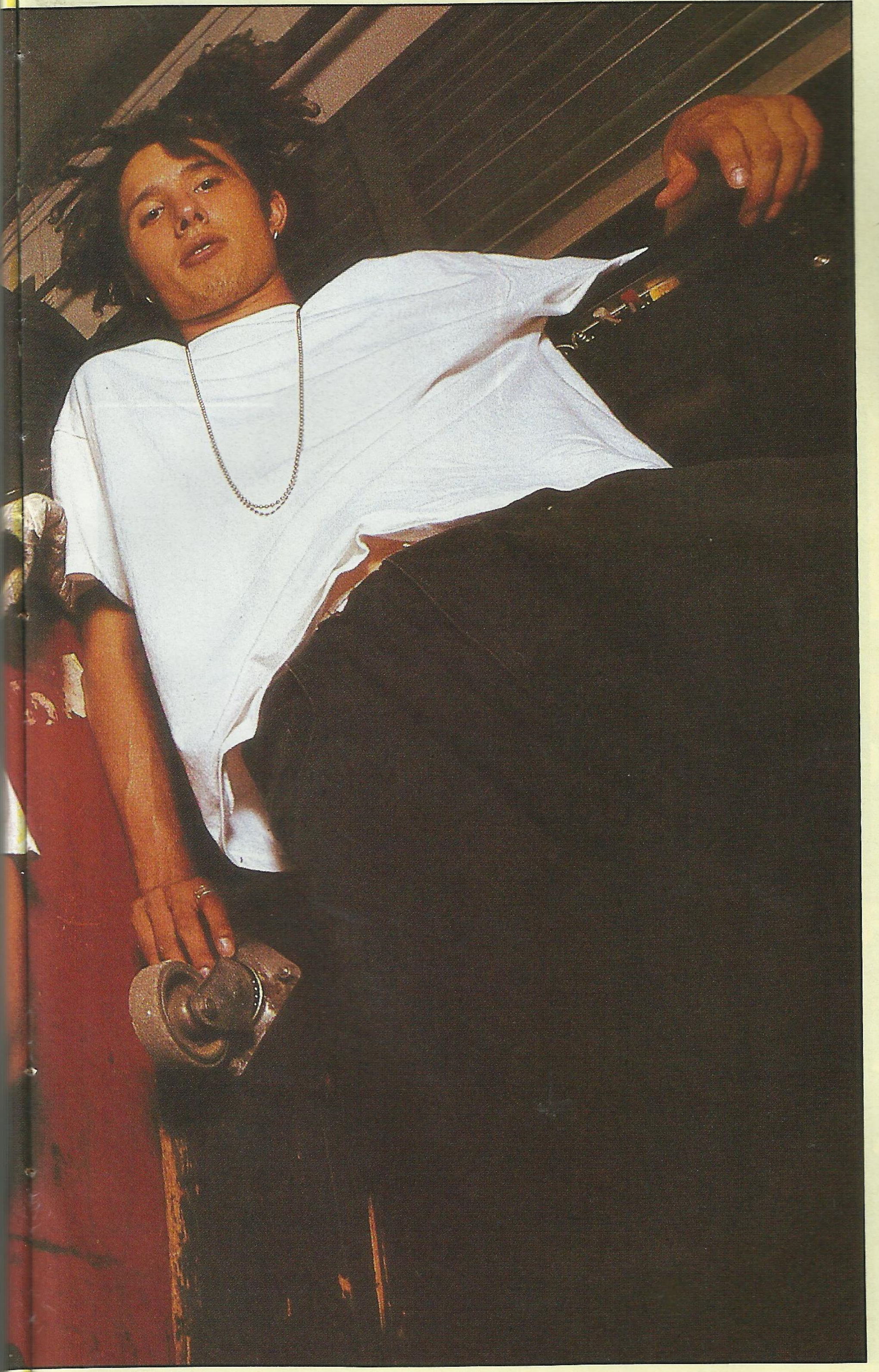


Photography by Lisa Johnson

THE MACHINE

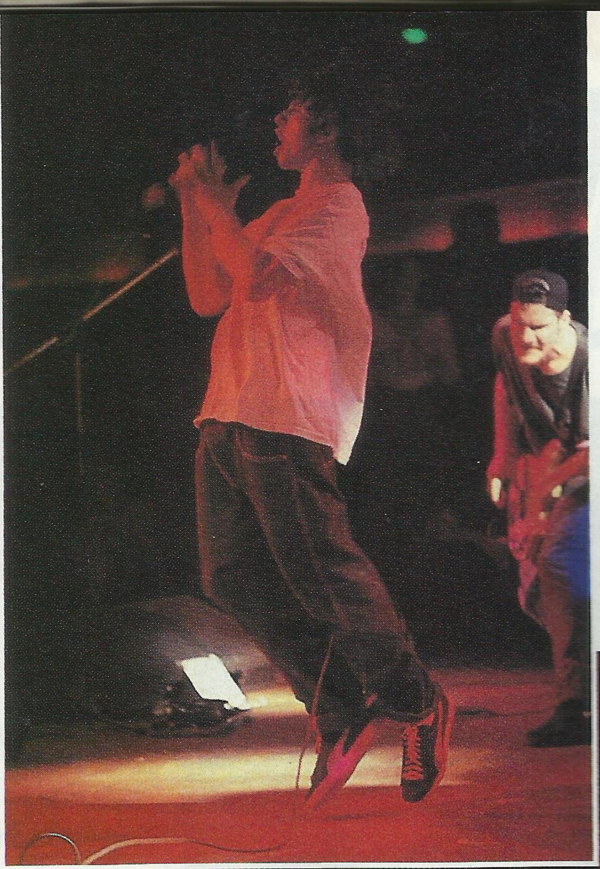


Wind-chilled right down to the marrow, a throng of fans is keeping vigil in front of the Wetlands club in downtown New York. "The show's sold out, for chrissakes," the doorman announces to everyone who approaches the entrance, but no matter, these kids are willing to risk frostbite while waiting for a miracle.

All this for a gig that was hardly advertised and for a band whose self-titled debut, *Rage Against the Machine*, is the sonic equivalent of its cover photo—a Buddhist monk setting himself on fire to protest the Vietnam War—an uncompromisingly furious punk/metal/hip hop amalgam that wears its radical politics as a badge of honor.

It's clear the metal scene has come a long way from the time when industry "experts" thought Queensryche would never make it because they were too serious and smart. It's clear, also, that Rage Against The Machine have taken the game to a whole new level and invented their own set of rules. Most guys in their position would be window-shopping for a Mercedes; Rage frontman Zack de la Rocha got rid of his TV.

By Daina Darzin



"I don't let my life be cluttered with what I see in society—tediousness and irrelevant things," he explains. "I had a TV, and it became a friend of mine. I'd come home and watch it and let it absorb my mind. So now I've been trying to focus in on a simple lifestyle so that I can become more conscious. Once enlightened, I can enlighten others. I can't expose any kind of hypocrisy until I've exposed my own."

The hype-and-schmooze machine kicked in early for Rage Against The Machine—they got their first major-label offer after playing their second show. Zack hates the whole business. "It's difficult for me," he says. "I'm not a very social person, and I'm not into superficial relationships."

"All the hype that comes with being a buzz band is both a blessing and a curse," thinks guitarist Tom Morello. "It lets you dictate your own terms, but it also becomes the story. The first thing people hear is 'hot new band,' not 'band that has something to say.' "

Which is? "We want to tell our audience to think critically," says Zack, "to challenge their own complacency. We're standing in very volatile times. It's '93, but it might as well be '63 with what's happened politically and spiritually to people. The tension is there, yet because of media control we're unable to see it. It takes something like what happened in L.A. [last year's civil unrest] to expose that struggle. Unfortunately we live in a system where, if you become a threat to it, you get murdered. That's what happened to Martin Luther King and Malcolm X and so many other people who used their spirit and their life to fight inequity."

"There's nothing wrong with confrontation," adds Tom. "It's the only thing that gets things changed. People feel they have no power, but you *can* effect real change. In the American Revolution only about a third of the people were in favor of breaking away from the British, and that revolution changed the world!"

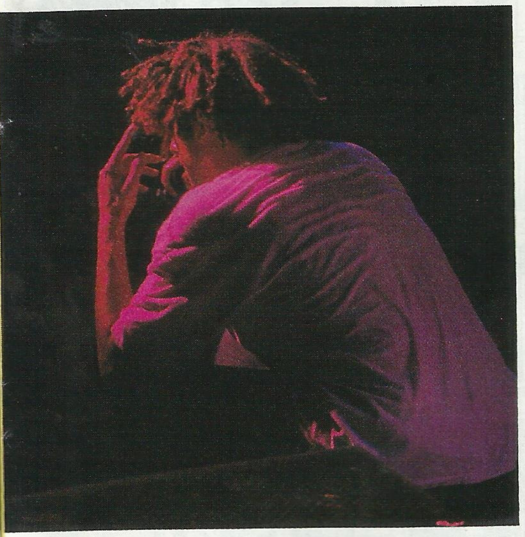
For both de la Rocha and Morello, their political views were a natural outgrowth of admittedly stressful childhoods. Tom's was "terrifying, in certain respects. I integrated Libertyville, Illinois. My mom's white, a high-school teacher, and it was the first community in the area that would let us live there as an interracial family." The upper-middle-class suburb "had houses with the neatest manicured lawns, but some kids were victims of the most horrible parental abuse and neglect. People either come out like numb robots, or they become twisted serial killers, or they go to Harvard and join a rock band!"

Tom, of course, did the latter. He has a degree from the ultra-snotty Ivy League school and considers his time there well-spent. "I learned that the only way to find the truth is to question basic assumptions, especially things you take for granted. It doesn't sound like that novel an idea, but then you start applying it, whether to guitar or society at large. For instance, the concept that America is the land of the free. Well, America *is* the land of the free—to a certain extent. Some people are free to shop for Lamborghinis and Porsches, and some people are free to choose which dumpster they're going to have their meal out of. Ignoring the fact that there's little social or economic justice in this country deprives a significant part of the population of their freedom. That's that speech," he ends with a laugh.

Also from a biracial family, Zack found himself shuffled back and forth between Irvine, California—"the epitome of white suburbia: structured, confined, racist, strange"—and the East L.A. barrio of his Chicano father, where he wasn't accepted by the homeboys because he didn't speak Spanish. His dad is a source of great pride for him. "My father was an artist in a group called Los Four that was very active in the '70s," Zack remembers. "They painted a series of murals for the United Farm Workers and were one of the first Chicano art groups to have a major exhibit at the L.A. County art museum." But in 1982 his father had a nervous breakdown, and their relationship became difficult. Paradoxically, Zack found his focus in his father's cultural roots.

"I'm not fond of any organized religions, but spirituality is a part of us that people normally don't want to express," he explains. "I got back in touch with that because I realized who I was culturally—I'm a Chicano. Getting in touch with that has become an important part of my being."

At about the same time, Zack discovered reggae legend Bob Marley (who accomplished "exactly what I'm trying to get at in my music," he says, "channeling the tensions of his culture through his music in a positive way") and Washington, D.C.-brand punk ("Embrace the gringo aggression!" he laughs). He ended up in the local hardcore band Inside Out.



Tom, in the meantime, was getting firsthand experience with major-label hell as part of the doomed rap/metal outfit Lock Up. "We had a contract to do two albums, but they said, 'We're simply not going to do the second album. What are you going to do? Sue us? You have no money.' We thought, *Great, that's really special.*" Lock Up floundered while going through a succession of drummers. It proved, ultimately, to be the best thing that ever happened to Tom, as one audition yielded Rage Against The Machine drummer Brad Wilk, and another potential drummer introduced Tom to Zack and his longtime cohort, bassist Timmy C. Both parties had about a year's worth of ideas and riff tapes, and Rage Against The Machine came together with the velocity of a firestorm.

They recorded a 12-song cassette on their own and peddled it at their shows. The tape went on to sell an astounding 5,000 copies. In their first year they opened for Body Count, Public Enemy and Pearl Jam. Record companies pursued them right and left. They chose Epic because "they're supportive of our complete artistic freedom," says Tom. "That was of paramount importance to us."

Hardworking guys that they are, Rage set off on a European tour—only to have their promo T-shirts confiscated and burned by the French government. "See, the CIA put together this comic book for kids in Nicaragua, Contra kids," explains Zack [the U.S. supported the rebel Contras against the then-Communist government]. "It showed the kids how to make tripwires and stuff." Rage managed to get a copy of the comic and thought the how-to-make-a-Molotov-cocktail panel would be a groovy T-shirt logo.

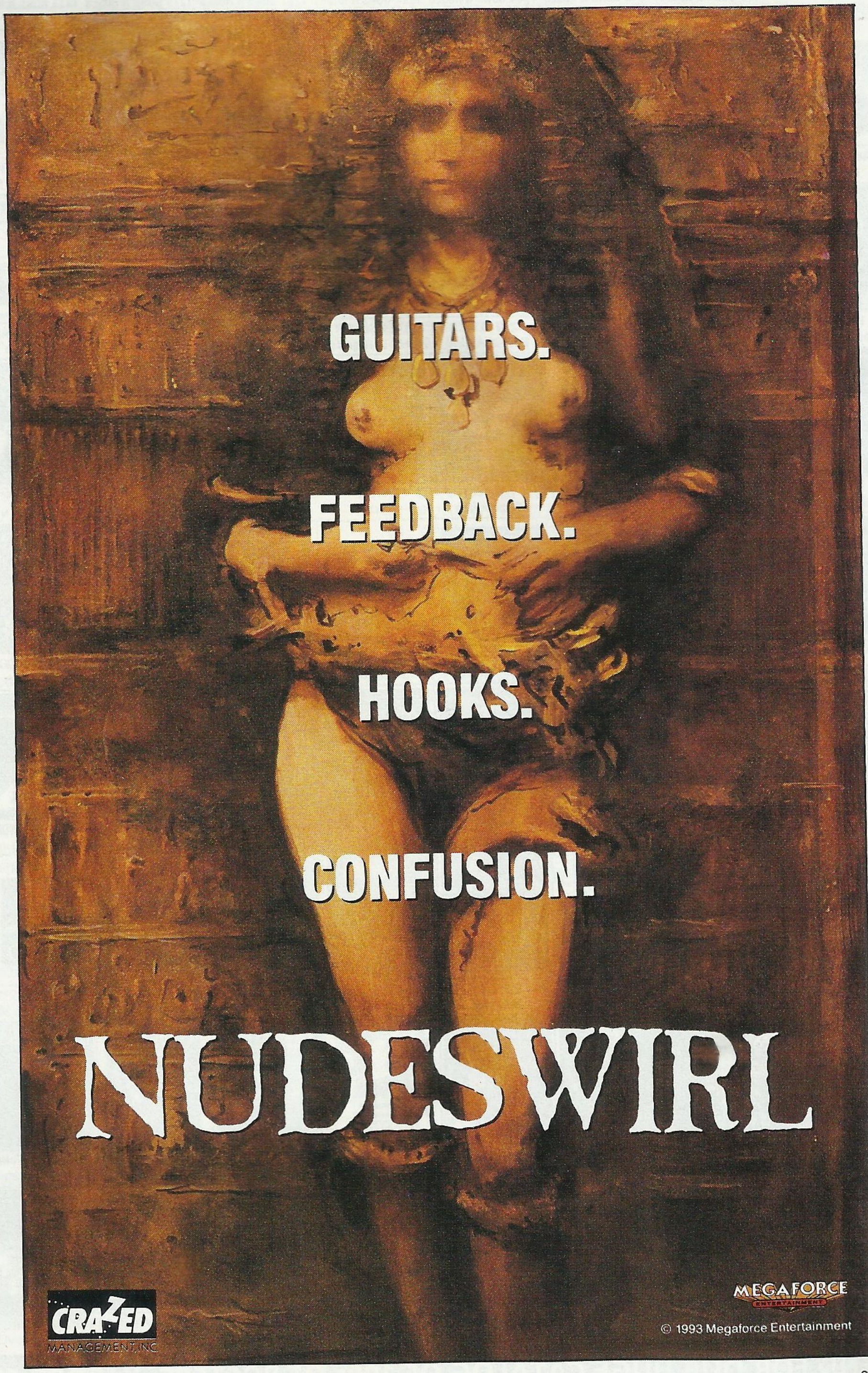
French customs officials thought otherwise. Terrorism is more prevalent in Europe, Tom explains. "In London people take bomb scares for granted, like people in L.A. are chillin' during an earthquake, but I never had anyone try to blow me up before. I'm in the London subway, pulling up to a stop, and this guy's running along with a bullhorn, going, 'Get off the train, get off the train, there's a bomb scare.' We get off as fast as possible, and then on the PA system comes, 'Everyone back on the train.' I'm just waiting for the shrapnel to start falling. My heart's pounding like a rabbit being chased by a fox, and everyone else has gone back to reading their papers."

Tom promises the Molotov T-shirts will "raise their subversive heads on the upcoming House Of Pain/Quicksand tour. Then, next time something like the L.A. rebellion occurs, people will just be able to go to their clothing drawers and—'You don't know how to disable a police car? Well, remember that Rage Against The Machine T-shirt?' "

Do the fans pay attention to their political message? "There's a spectrum," says Tom. "When kids come up to us afterwards, some go, 'Duuude, excellent axework,' and some bring books we might be interested in. Zack got a whole library at the last [L.A. club] Whisky show." Stuff like *Inevitable Revolutions*, "about the U.S. role in impoverishing and aiding in the repression of South America."

"Sometimes people don't go, 'Good point,' " Tom says, "but they get the gist of our message, and that's really enough. Once you rip away the veil of complacency that keeps people from doing anything, it's good."

With that, Rage Against The Machine are off to play what will probably be their last small club gig in New York to a sardine-can crunch of fans that lends new meaning to the term "exceeding legal capacity." Rage are eager to move up to bigger venues, but not for the traditional reasons of career glory and cash. "It's important that we reach people," says Tom with a grin. "There's a lot of smart, angry kids out there with nothing to do." •



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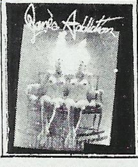
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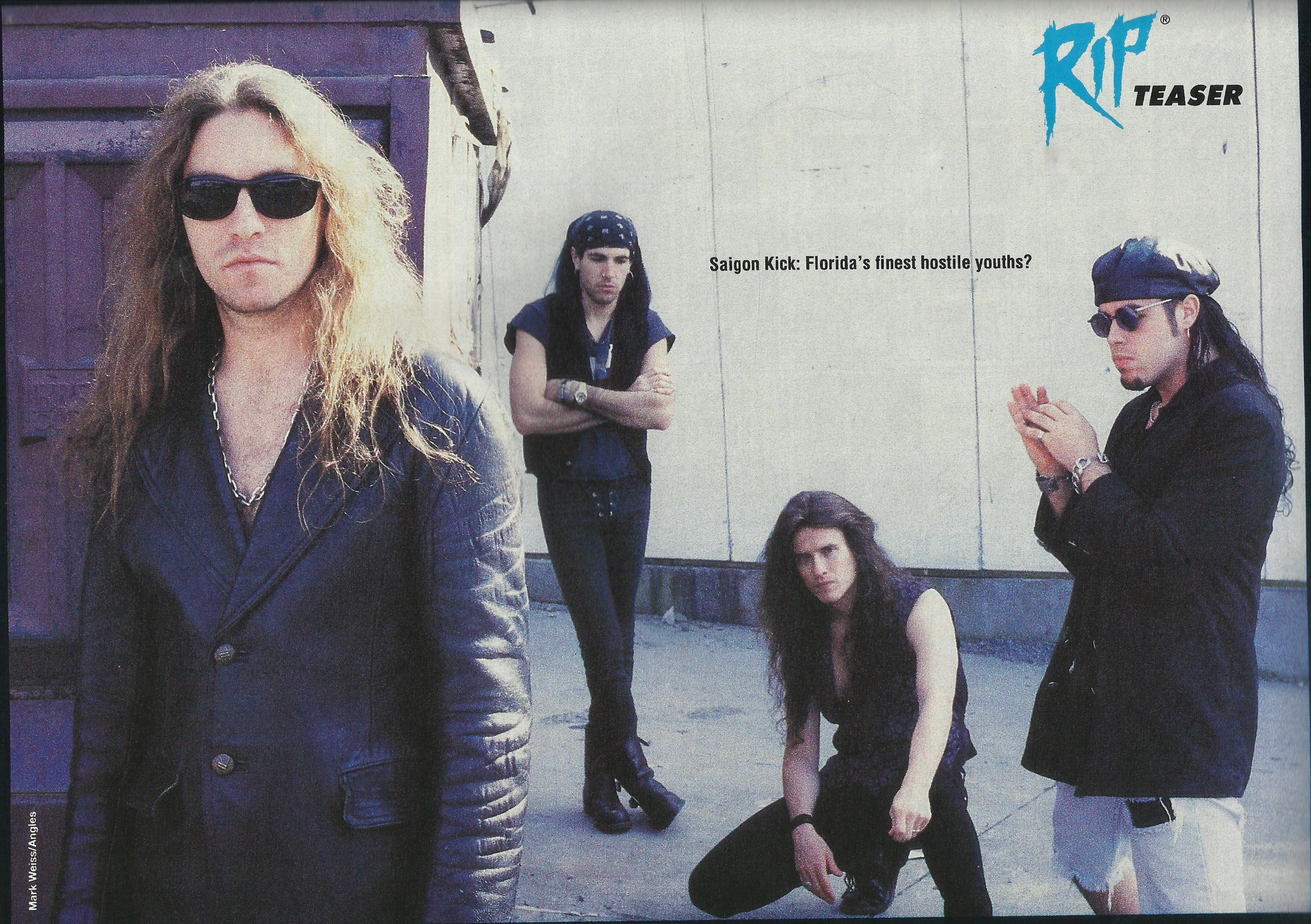
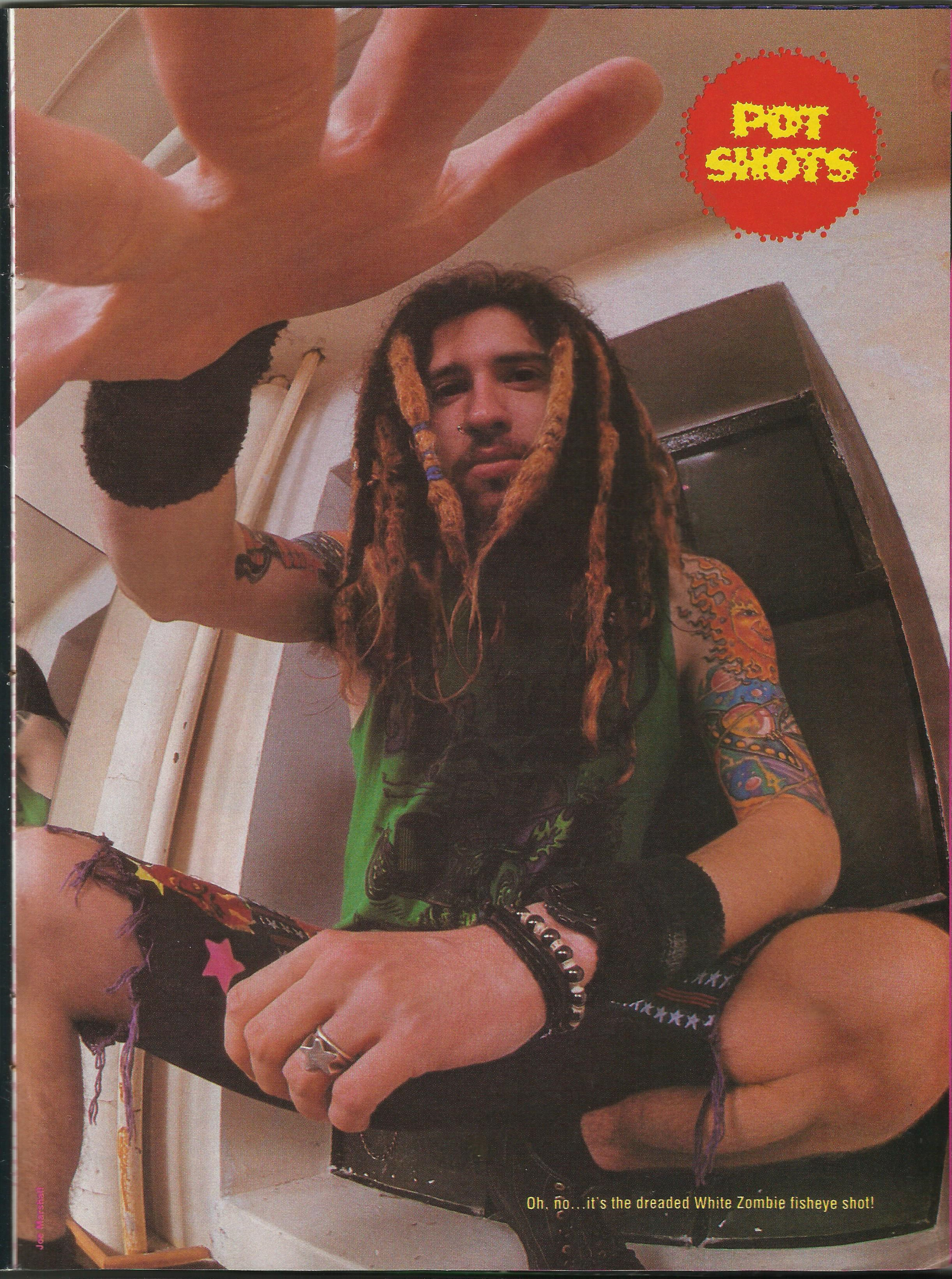


Saigon Kick: Florida's finest hostile youths?

Mark Weiss/Angles

POT SHOTS



Oh, no…it's the dreaded White Zombie fisheye shot!

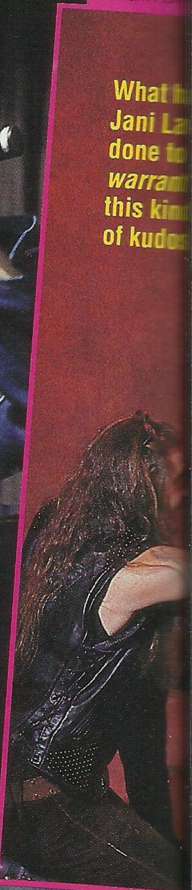
Joe Marshall

Rob Halford and Dave Mustaine: British steel meets American metal.

Gene Kirkland

Corporate threat? Ice-T and Body Count cut the ties that bind with Warner Brothers.

Kevin Estrada



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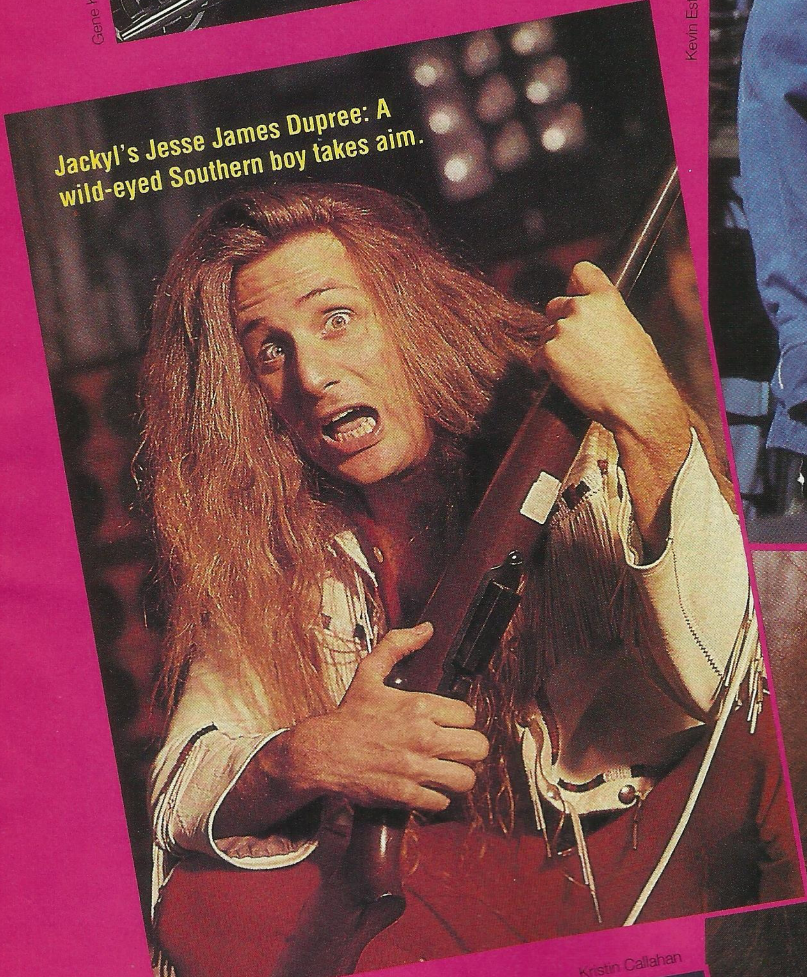
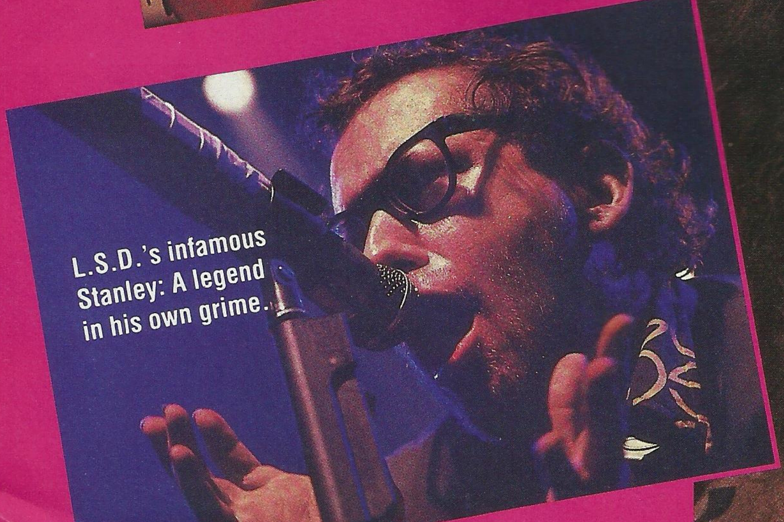
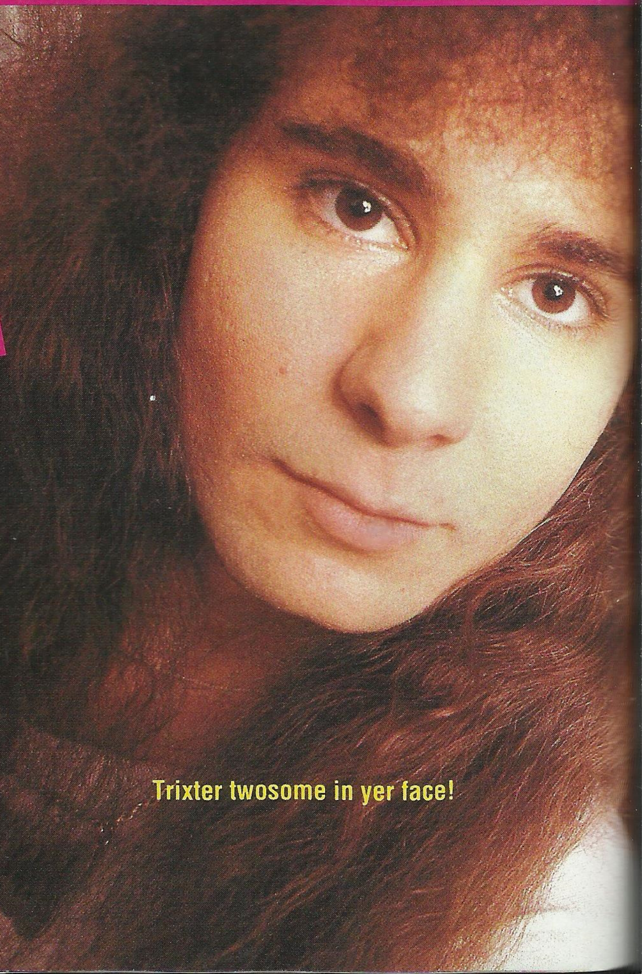


Jackyl's Jesse James Dupree: A wild-eyed Southern boy takes aim.

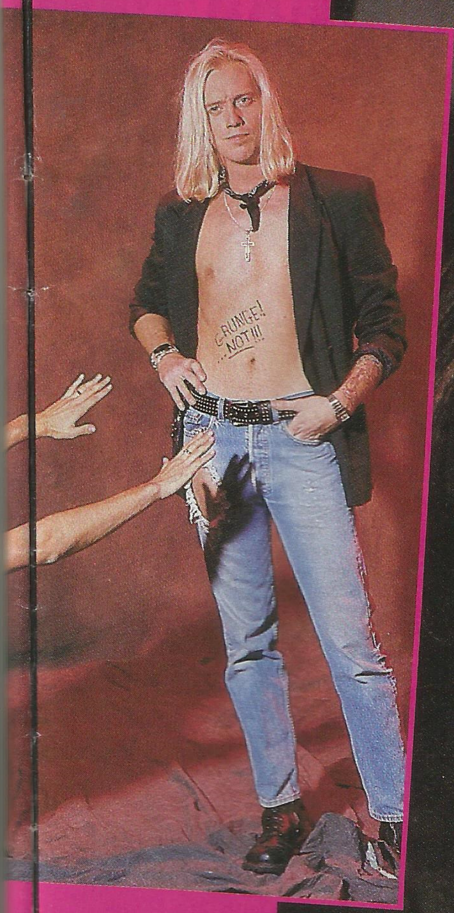
Kristin Callahan



L.S.D.'s infamous Stanley: A legend in his own grime.



Trixter twosome in yer face!



William Hames

What do you think of a man in white leather?
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Jeff Kravitz

Take It From Jackyl's Jesse James Dupree

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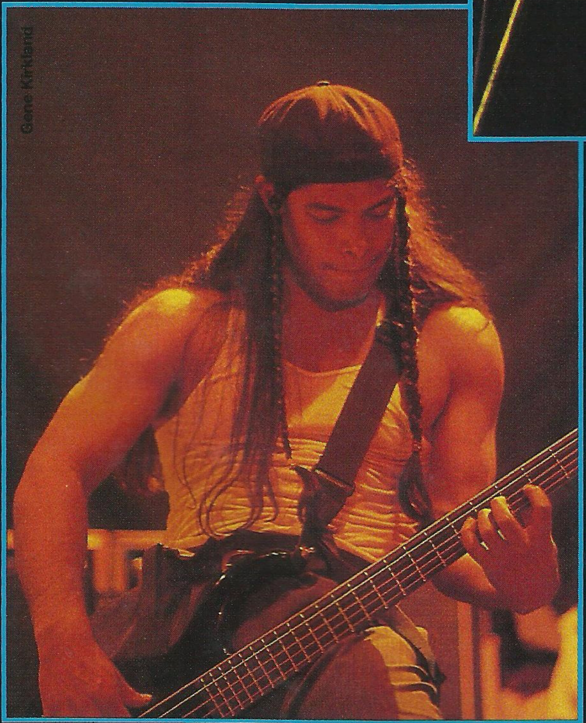
GIG OF THE MONTH

**MEGADETH/INFECTIOUS GROOVES/
STONE TEMPLE PILOTS**
Long Beach Arena
Long Beach, California

One of the more interesting decisions any devoted music fan must make is where to spend New Year's Eve. It was easy to choose to blow out 1992 with Megadeth, Infectious Grooves and Stone Temple Pilots at the Long Beach Arena. Although the venue is 30 miles south of Los Angeles, it's also smack dab in the heart of Southern California's most fertile band-producing area.

The gig could be viewed as a homecoming of sorts, as Megadeth came together not too far from there and had finally achieved arena-headlining status in their own town. This show was more than just a celebration of the holiday for these guys; it was also a victory rally to commemorate their hard-earned success, *Countdown to Extinction* having sold close to two million copies.

Gene Kirkland


Gene Kirkland

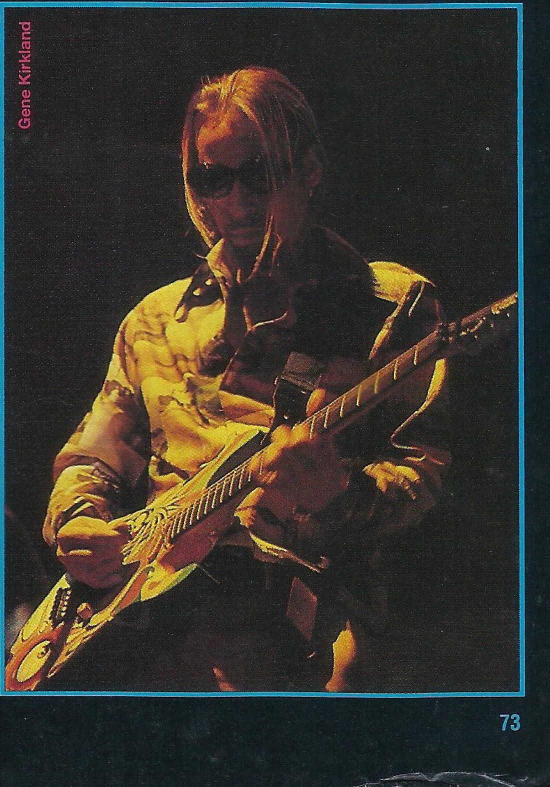
Stone Temple Pilots were the first group to appear onstage, after speaking briefly on the air via KNAC's remote broadcast. This was fitting, because the local radio station had been constantly playing four songs off the band's debut album, *Core*, helping them expand a buzz that dates back to when, going by the name Mighty Joe Young, they were signed out of the local clubs. STP were obviously having fun on the big stage—no time for tedious solos, just a solid vibe and a lot of energy. Vocalist Weiland mocked outdated arena-band rituals by urging the crowd to "hold up your lighters, and we'll play a Bon Jovi song!" No takers, thank you. The audience got the joke, but definitely wanted their entertainment on the heavier side this evening.

Suicidal Tendencies frontman Mike Muir does double duty as the singer for Infectious Grooves. With both bands continuing to grow in popularity, his schedule must be pretty close to insane. Suicidal hasn't been able to play Los Angeles for years because of promoters' fears (unfounded) that the rumored gang element in their rabid audience would be too dangerous. A recent Suicidal show in Irvine disproved that notion, and there has been talk since that Infectious and Suicidal will be touring together. Mike admitted the same thing as he was interviewed shortly before the Grooves' New Year's performance. Hopefully the road trip will include a long overdue L.A. date.

The Grooves, powered by Robert Trujillo's funky, heavy bass lines, jammed through several tunes from their album, including "Therapy," and a new song the band wanted to try out. Watching Muir slide from side to side in the midst of the band, his head down, rapping, singing and chanting in his own inimitable way, I thought to myself, *He looks like a winger on a hockey power play, strong and smooth, racing toward the goal*. I wonder if he dreams of being an L.A. Kings player while performing?

Megadeth took to a stage that featured concealed amps and had the appearance of a jail cell. The most stable and solid lineup in the band's history was all business (as usual), and business was good. Mustaine, Ellefson, Friedman and Menza made mincemeat of such classics as "Skin of My Teeth," "Hangar 18," "In My Darkest Hour" (Mustaine's touching tribute to Cliff Burton), "Hook in Mouth" and "Peace Sells," and the audience went particularly crazy for anything off *Countdown to Extinction*, the tape that was probably jammed into the stereos of every car in the parking lot outside the arena.

In the final moments of 1992 Mustaine posed as a clock at the side of the stage, ticking down the last ten seconds of the old year with the snarl of a heavyweight champion standing over a dusted, worn-out opponent and already anticipating a new challenger. And with what screed did Megadeth choose to initiate 1993? A brutal cover of the Sex Pistols' "Anarchy in the U.K." Times are changing, but heaviness and a crushing attack still seem to work very well for Megadeth. •


Gene Kirkland

by Jon Sutherland

ROCK

Bill Rubenstein

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Capitol Records publicist Byron Hontas cheerfully informed me that Rockhead's debut was on its way to me by special messenger, and inwardly I groaned. I'd never awaited an advance cassette with more foreboding. Sure, Bob Rock was a great producer, and I admired and respected him for that—but to put a band together, play guitar and make a record! It could only be some phony, plastic vanity project. Yech. Scant moments later the dreaded package arrived. I tore open the envelope and threw the cassette on with one hand, using the other to hold my nose.

The first three bars of "Bed of Roses" stopped me in my highly opinionated tracks. This was good-time, early-'70s-style rock 'n' roll—my favorite kind of music. The epic power of "Heartland" continued to suck me in, as did the mania of "Sleepwalk" and country blues of "Angelfire," not to mention the broad, sweeping strains of "Warchild." In between the grooves I sensed a depth and sincerity rarely found in a commercial hard-rock outfit, and in spite of the serious tone of many of the lyrics, the spirited hooks invited me to hum along. *Rockhead* was such a likeable and infectious album that I felt like kicking myself for being such an asshole before I'd listened to it. I didn't find out until later that Bob Rock was in a new-wave outfit, the Payolas, years ago, and was an established musician long before becoming "Bob Rock, producer." Apparently he'd been a bit sidetracked by his day job, but now wanted to take some time to return to his roots.

Not long after *Rockhead* opened my eyes, I found myself on a plane headed north to Vancouver. I was scheduled to spend a whirlwind 19 hours in this pretty Canadian port, meeting with Bob and his bandmates. There was just enough time to check into the hotel and catch my breath before the arrival of singer Steve Jack and drummer Chris Taylor. Bob was still at his studio, finishing the day's work on Motley Crue's new album. The three of us headed down the street to a local sports bar, had some drinks and chatted.

"I'm trying to figure out how Bob had time to put a band together between *Dr. Feelgood* and *Metallica*," I stammered with more than a little awe.

"He works 24 hours a day. He doesn't stop," Chris insisted.

"Does he ever sleep?" I asked.

"No!" Chris spouted earnestly. "He goes home and writes songs after working in the studio. I mean, the guy lives music."

Chris is one to know. He's worked with Bob for the past ten years, both as a drummer and an engineer. In fact he found Rockhead's original singer—the one who didn't work out.

"We were at rehearsal one day," Chris recalled. "We're playing, and Bob says, 'Wait, wait, stop!' We stop, and he goes, 'It's not working.' And we say, 'You mean the chorus?' 'No, not the chorus.' 'What? The whole song?' He says, 'No.' He's looking at the singer, and he says, 'You're not working, dude. You're out of the band!'—in the middle of a song! So the next night I went out to a rock club, and there was Steve Jack. Bob came up with me about a week later."

"Oh, the night I had food poisoning!" Steve laughed. "I was playing in a band called Love Hunter, and I had food poisoning so bad that I blacked out onstage and woke up in the back room. My guitar player wakes me up and goes, 'Hey, man, Bob Rock's here to see you.' I'm like, 'Huh?' "

Once Steve had been enlisted into Rockhead, he got down to work with Bob, Chris and bassist Jamey Kosh. They wrote songs and recorded them in Bob's home studio—a converted barn. "If you listen carefully on our record, you'll hear dogs barking," Chris told me.

"What did you guys do when Bob was in L.A. doing the Metallica project?" I asked.

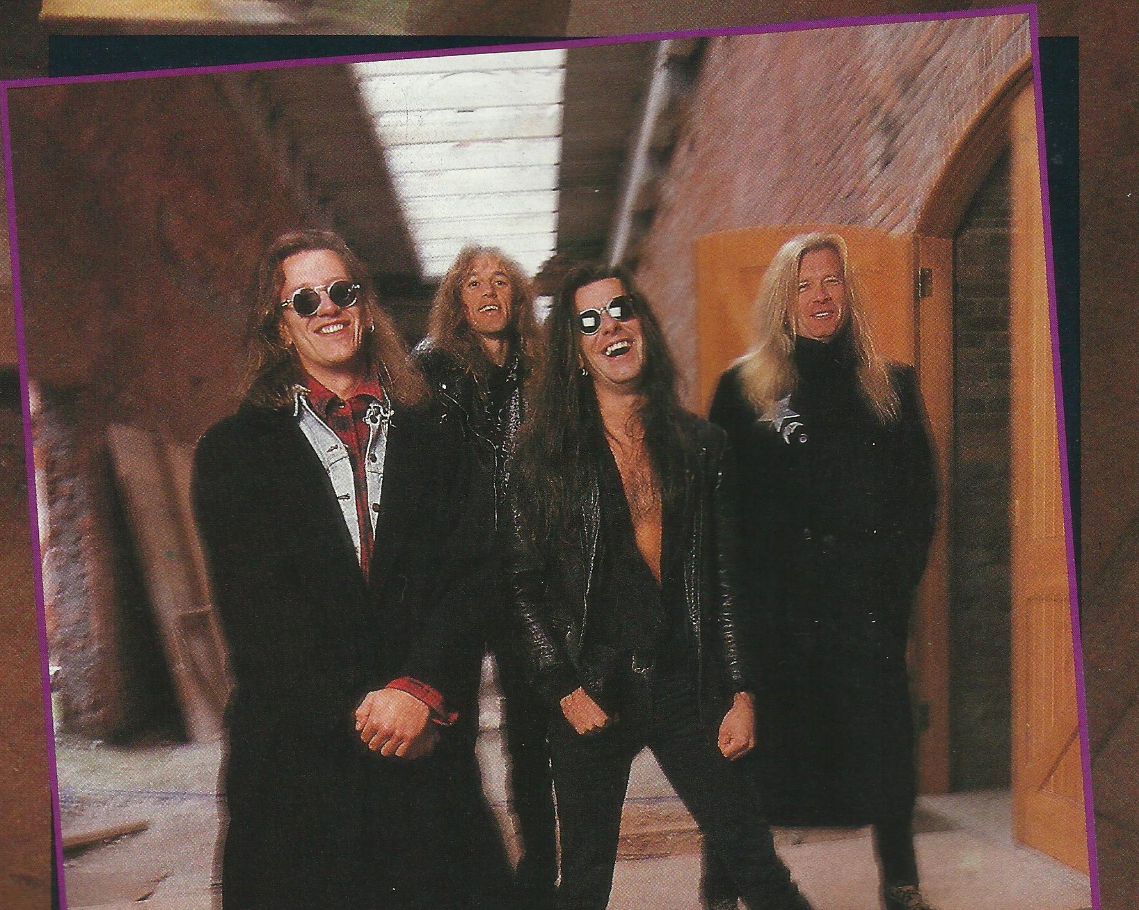
"We went down there too," said Chris. "He used to go to work with Metallica at noon, and we used to get up at 8 a.m. and go to rehearsal at nine."

"Some of the best songs were written over the period of time that Bob was doing *Metallica*," Steve asserted.

"We stayed at the Holloway, 'cause somebody told us that's where Jim Morrison lived," Chris related. "Oh, man, it was weird! You want to talk

See B

HEAD



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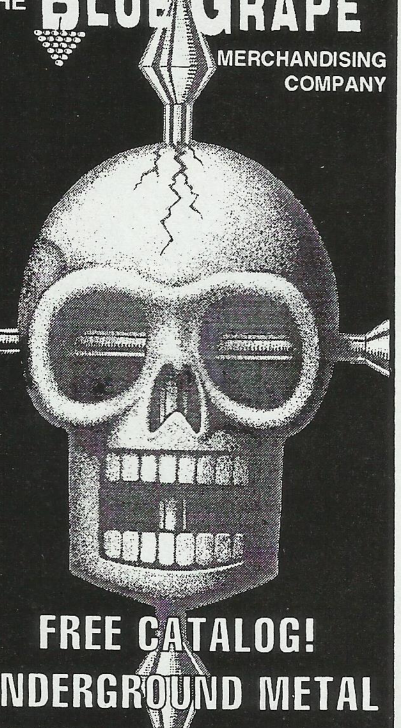

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about strange lives going on! There was this dude who was always in a clown outfit, full makeup. He lived with some little greaseball boy. They slept in the same bed, these two, and they would grill meat all night long on the barbeque outside the door."

"Jamey was in a room next to them," Steve continued. "He said he was sleeping one night, and he opened his eyes and looked out the window, and silhouetted in the window was the clown, just staring at him—that psycho clown."

Then there was the time Bob went to England to work on the London Quireboys record. His band again accompanied him, and they played some of the local pubs.

"There was one gig where we couldn't even plug all the gear in at once because we kept shorting out the circuit for the whole building," Steve recalled.

That's the way it went for the longest time. Rockhead developed in, out and around Bob's various producing gigs. "Bed of Roses" was the first song the band wrote together. "Sleepwalk" and "Heartland" came together during Bob's Metallica excursion.

"'Warchild' was recorded over, like, three years," Steve explained.

"Do you hear Bob in it, ranting in the background?" Chris asked me.

"That's *Bob* ranting?" I blurted. I'd met Bob shortly after I received *Rockhead*, and he was the picture of composure—definitely not the kind of guy given to violent explosions.

"That was way f?!king frightening," Chris emphasized. "He was in the studio by himself one night, with just the engineer. I came in after he'd been doing some stuff, and he says, 'Listen to this, man,' and turns up this channel, this track, of him raging in this huge room, smashing bottles and screaming. I had to leave the room. It upset me really bad. 'Warchild' is a heavy song, and Bob came across with some pent-up anger."

"Warchild" truly is a disturbing song—raw patches of emotion wrapped in a comforting blanket of sound. It gives me goose bumps every time I hear it because it transforms gut-level pain into something healing. I sensed that in the midst of my good time in Vancouver, I was going to be unearthing a few demons.

My pensive mood abated somewhat over dinner. Bob met us at the restaurant, still hyped up from the day's work. There was a large group of us, and we filled the time with chitchat. Bob glanced at me sideways.

"Did you listen to the record?" he asked.

"I wouldn't be here if I hadn't," I insisted. "I'm not that irresponsible."

He sighed. "In interviews, people go, 'Why are you doing this?' They just don't get it, that this is what I want to do, that this is what I *do*."

"Then they must not have listened to the record," I replied, "because the answer is right there."

He looked relieved to hear that.

Later we stopped at Byron Hontas' hotel suite, and Bob elaborated on the confusion that surrounded Rockhead.

"You see, in America people have known me as a producer," he began, "but in Canada the Payolas sold platinum every album, so it's not like I got a deal because I'm a producer. I *had* the deal. I did Kingdom Come, but that's really when this band started. And then I did Blue Murder and the Cult. As I found the band and started writing songs, my production career was going like this"—he swept his hand upward—"but the seeds were already planted, and all along I could never give it up. This is my sanity. I love blues-based, English, '70s hard rock, and that's what we do. I play a Les Paul and a Marshall."

With a wry grin, he continued. "When we played our first dates around Vancouver, we'd come out, get up onstage and bang out our tunes, but people were expecting Chris' drum kit to rise. They were expecting Motley Crue and Metallica and all these bands I've done. It's not that. Regardless of any hype you hear, I'm not buying into that game at all."

We reflected on the *Metallica* days. Bob wanted to know if Chris and Steve had told me they were down in L.A. I said that they had.

"Eight o'clock in the morning," he affirmed. "We did that for three months. Metallica didn't know it. They knew a couple of guys in my band were down there, but they didn't know I was getting up at eight."

"I heard about Jamey's run-in with the clown," I said.

"It was pretty bizarre," Bob nodded. "You see, Jamey and Steve had never been out of Vancouver. Steve's from a place called Gibson's Landing, which is up the coast, a real small town, and Jamey is just a Vancouver punk. They'd never been anywhere. So they came to England, and they came to L.A., and when they landed at the Holloway—they called it the Hellaway—and they saw clowns walking around the parking lot and drug dealers banging on their windows, they were going, 'Wow!' Some of the better songs came out of that."

At this point I plunged right in and said, "I want to know where this part in 'Warchild' came from, where you were screaming."

"So you tweaked to 'Warchild'?" he remarked. "It's real simple. I went through a custody battle to get my kids back from my ex-wife, and I lost. My wife and my kids and myself went through this for five years to get my other kids, and I just realized after all of this that the big losers were the kids. Then I just expanded on that and went, 'Well, the big losers in a lot of society are the kids.' So that's originally what 'Warchild' was about. While this was all going on, one of my best friends from school ended up dying of a heroin overdose—in Vancouver there's a very bad heroin problem. He always got into trouble, but everybody thought he was the greatest kid in the world, and he had a really good heart. But, basically, as long as I knew him, he hated himself and always fought everything. When he died, I was devastated. Me yelling, I guess, was a bit of therapy. I think everybody in the studio was freaked when I did it, but I couldn't play an instrument to do what I had to do. When you ask about 'Warchild,' you open up a can of worms."

We paused for a moment. "Nothing on this record is a shallow, one-note type of song," I asserted. "The issues behind them are complex, and they're approached in a complex way."

"But see, this is the funny thing," Bob told me with a twinkle in his eye, "it's almost like a Bob Rock trick. Right now the reaction in Canada and the States—even at the label—everybody sees it as one-dimensional rock. Not many people have figured out what you've tweaked to. A perfect pop song to me is something that can have the heaviness—Motley Crue, with Nikki Sixx and his attitude—but still be a pop song. The same with *Metallica*; the issues on that album are so heavy, most people don't even get it. And it goes back to, like, 'Honky Tonk Women' and the Stones, some of the things they were talking about. They always disguised it in beautiful music."

Bob was right. Every band I've ever loved, from Cheap Trick to the Dead Kennedys, from Masters Of Reality to Alice In Chains, always seduced me with a lovely melody or catchy hook, but it was the message behind the music that kept me coming back.

A few weeks after my Vancouver excursion I got a package from Capitol in the mail. It was the Rockhead CD, fresh from the factory. I admired the artsy, Southwestern-style motif on the cover before opening up the booklet. To my disappointment there was no lyric sheet. I flipped through the photo montage and thank you's. Finally, near the end, I found the words to one song scrawled over a page. It was "Warchild." I fingered the page thoughtfully. Perhaps this was another "Bob Rock trick." If so, it was a pretty good one. •

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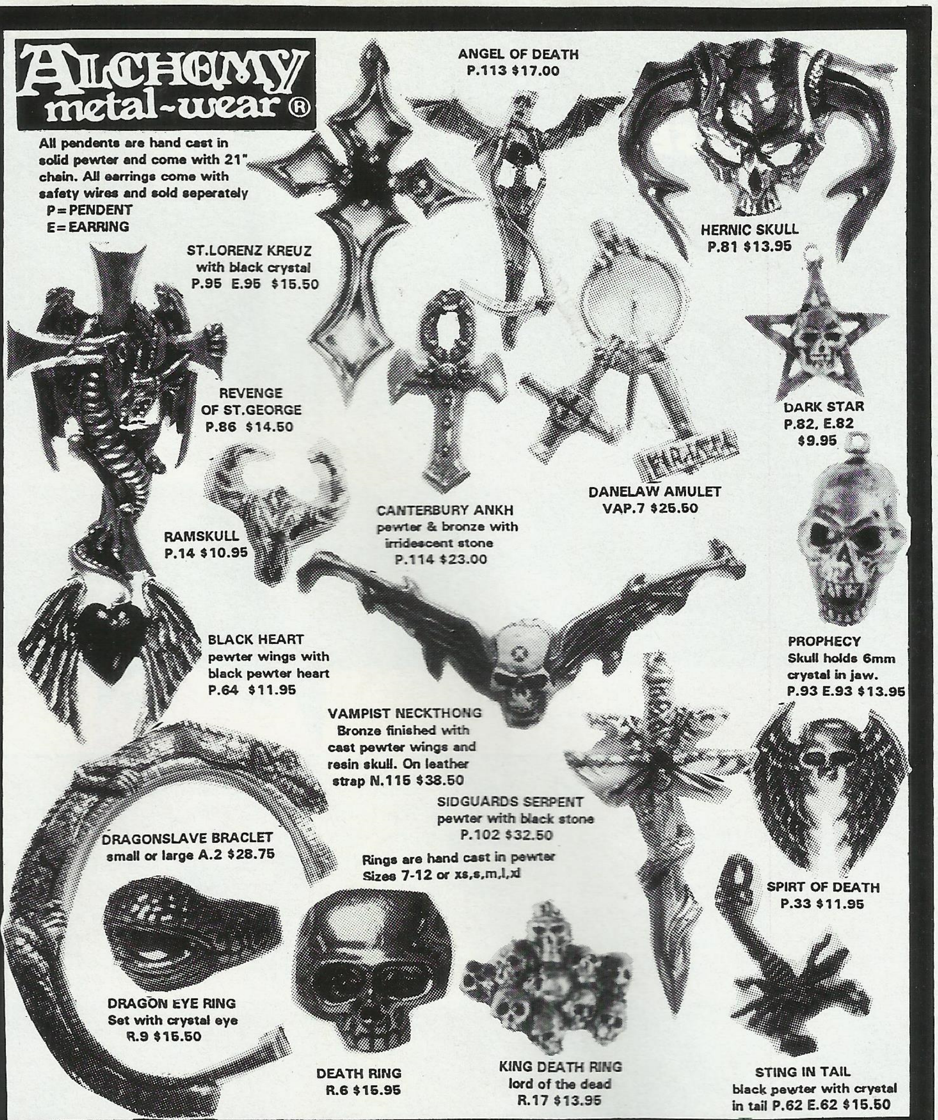

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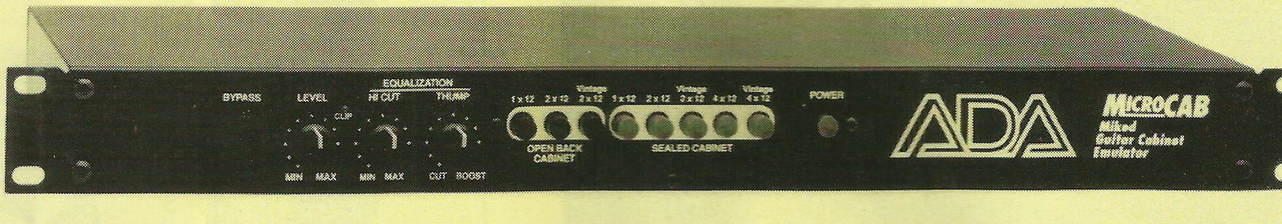
Looking for a new guitar, amp or stereo, but don't want to look all over town? Well, now you can check out the very best in musical equipment right in your own home—here in SOUND REPORT! Send your merchandise, press kits and black-and-white stills to SOUND REPORT, c/o RIP Magazine, 9171 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 300, Beverly Hills, California 90210. Edited by Jeff Moses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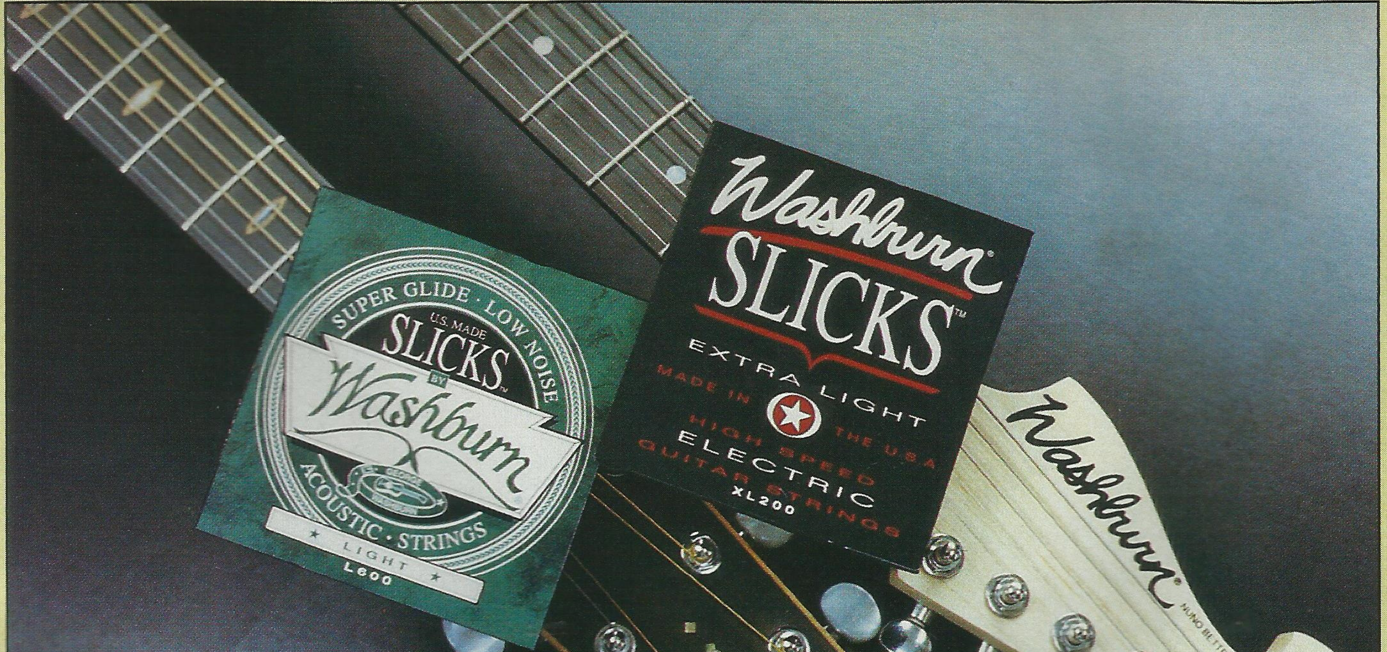
Not only does it record like Moses' rocky tablets, but, with its pass-thru output, you'll find it perfect for live applications as well. Write to ADA at 420 Lesser St., Oakland, CA 94601.

WASHBURN

Slicks Guitar Strings

While your humble *Sound Report* editor has never experienced a problem with sticky guitar strings—choosing to prep for playing by running my left hand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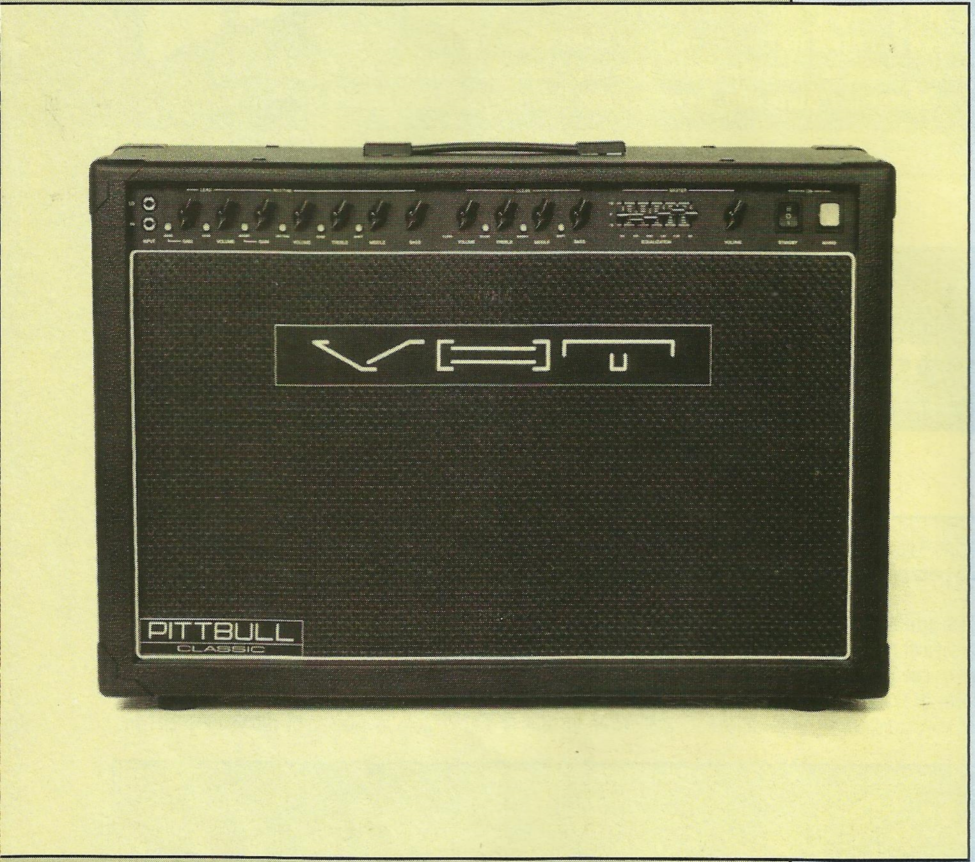
through my greasy 'do or grabbing a handful of tater chips—Washburn has nonetheless introduced Slicks. These strings are burnished—flattened, if you will—so that there is less crown to the outer-string wrap. Sure, it's still round, but smoother, with reduced string talk. Why not check out a set? It's gotta beat digging the cheese out of your frets with your car keys. Scram down to a Washburn dealer, or write 'em at 255 Corporate Woods Parkway, Vernon Hills, IL 60061.



VHT

Pitbull Classic

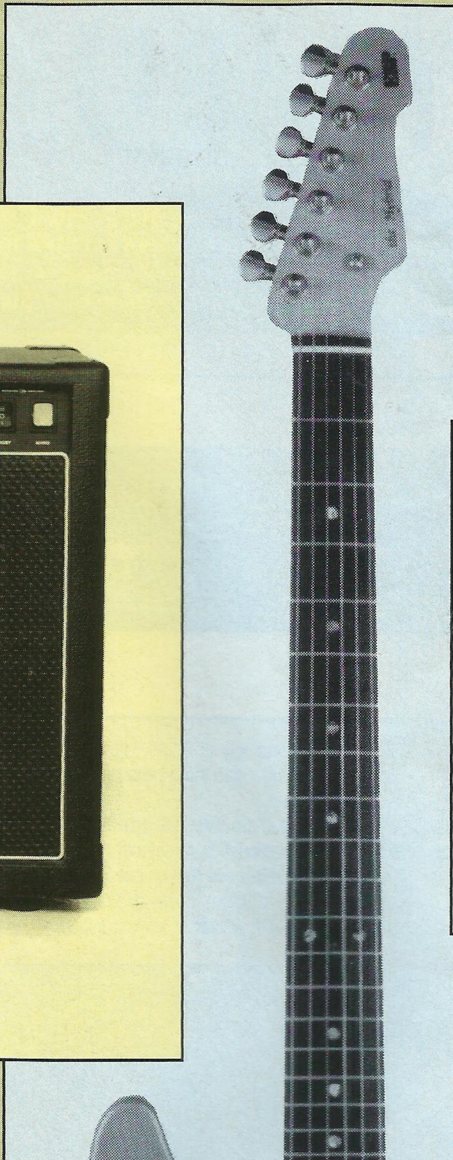
If you're ever going to be trapped by a rock slide in a cave with a guitar, amp and power supply, make sure the amp is the new VHT Pitbull Classic Combo. It may look like a tech-y, two-12" toy, but in reality it's an earthmover.

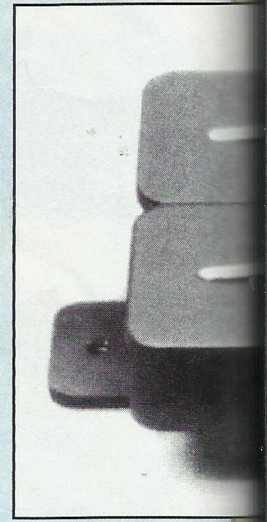
This tri-channel, 100-watt monster kicks harder than Chuck Norris did 20 years ago, but sheer, brute power is but one of many reasons to love the Pitbull. Its clean channel is glassy and stinging with the ability to nasty up a bit; the rhythm channel can rumble, honk, squeal or shriek as desired; and the lead channel out-geeks Ozzy in its ability to bite off heads. On non-reverb models a depth control loosens or tightens the bottom end, ensuring a perfect sonic fit. It'll blast that cave open, but you may not want to leave. For more info on this killer combo, contact VHT Amplification, 1200 Lawrence Dr., Suite 465, Newbury Park, CA 91320.

ESP

The Hybrid Guitar

Sure, you're a basic kinda gal. You dig simple, functional gear. But you can't deny that you have your wild side. To satisfy your disparate desires, check out ESP's crazy new twangulator, the Hybrid.





Yup, it's a little bit country, a little bit rock 'n' roll, but forget the Osmonds. This rig features the best of the godlike Telecaster and an unmistakable dose of the Gibson Les Paul Junior, all with a modern twist. If the Hybrid's Duncan humbucker, double-cutaway alder body, whompin' frets and raging colors don't whip you into a froth, you're outta eggs. Spring for the $895 suggested list price and be happy forever. ESP is located at 170 West 48th St., 3rd Floor, New York, NY 10036.

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Lg. HB

Wipe your boots before you come into this establishment, boy! Heard that one before? Maybe that old hayseed wasn't referring to your Tony Lamas at all, but to the fact that you've been slogging through sonic mud with that crappy-sounding guitar. Take action! Whip out your six-gun, pawn it, and use the loot to invest in a pair of Joe Barden Lg. HB humbucking pickups.

Like Joe's legendary Danny Gatton-model Tele pickups, the Lg. HB features twin-blade design and incredible sensitivity, tone and output. You've never heard low end so clean and clear. Plus, the Lg. HB's integrity allows it to be used for any type of music. As Mr. Barden says: Distortion is for amps, not pickups. Sound too good to be true? Yup, they sure do. To find out how to get set up, write to Joe Barden Pickups, P.O. Box 1254, Vienna, VA 22183.

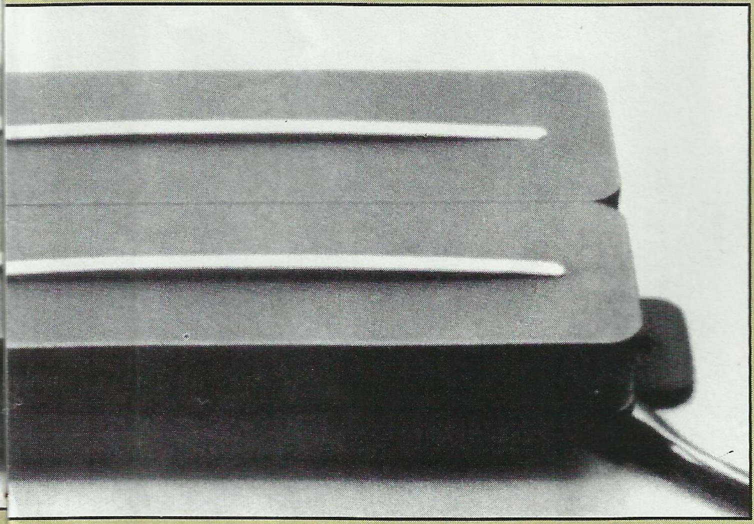
HIPSHOT

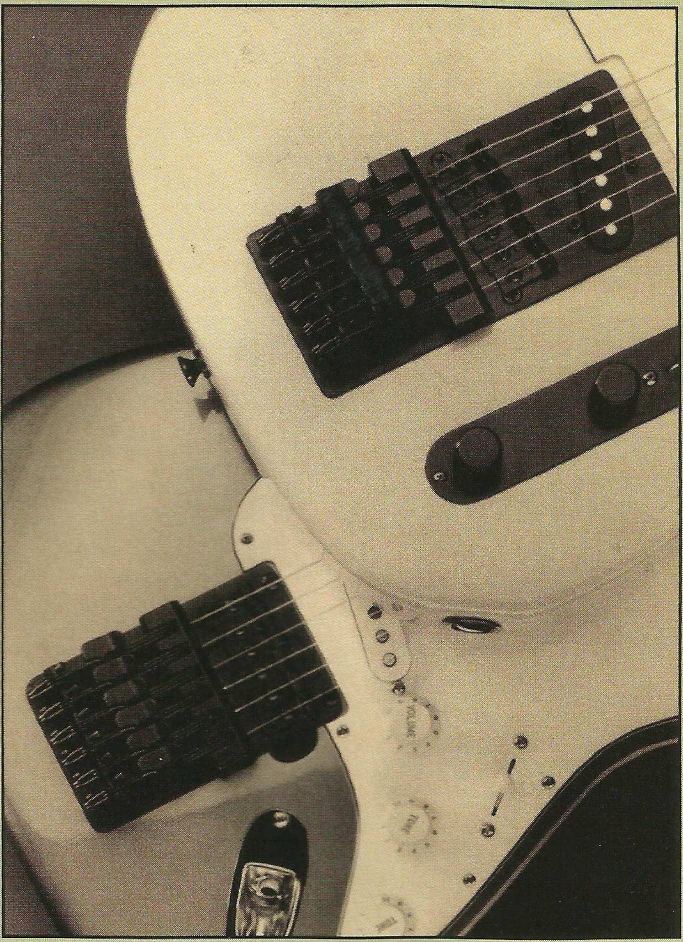
Trilogy Multiple Tuning Bridge

Alternate tunings have been used for ages as a tool to open the door to fresh ideas. How fresh could you get with 729 tuning possibilities on one guitar? Buy a Trilogy Multiple Tuning bridge by Hipshot and find out.

Each string has its own lever that controls three preset tunings. It's beyond crazy. Play in standard tuning, flick to an open G for the bridge, then stun onlookers by wonking some bizarre semitone noise—go friggin' nuts! There are three models available. One fits a three-hole Tele, another a four-hole Tele, and the third bolts to Strat-styled guitars.

The Trilogy requires no routing, drilling or screwing around, plus it's a zillion times cheaper than 729 guitars all tuned differently. Get one by contacting Hipshot at 7726 Burnet Ave., Van Nuys, CA 91405.





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Another S

Extre

All Nuno wanted to do was get back on the bus.

Feeling drained after the two-hour show he and his fellow Extreme-ists (bassist Pat Badger, singer Gary Cherone and drummer Paul Geary) had just performed, the guitarist had a plan: *I'll go straight to the tour bus and sleep right through the all-night drive to the next town. Yeah. That's what I'm gonna do.*

Or so he thought.

As the band made their way to the club's side door, someone mentioned that there were "a few" fans waiting outside. *That's okay,* thought Nuno. *We'll take care of everyone quickly and courteously, and then it's on to the bus where my pillow awaits. Besides, how many people could there possibly be? It's freezing out there. Who would wait around in this cold weather?*

Stepping into the night, Nuno was stopped dead in his tracks by the sight of a few *hundred* Extreme fans—make that a few hundred *restless* Extreme fans—blocking his path to the bus.

And they wanted his autograph.

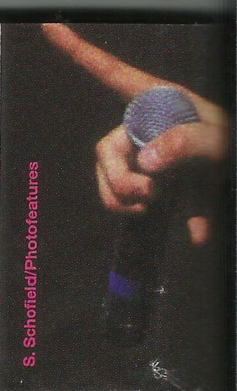
They wanted his picture.

They wanted to have his children.

And it was cold outside. Very cold.

At this point most bands would've fought their way through the crowd, ignoring their shouted requests. But Extreme's not most bands, and so, once again, Nuno's pillow was going to have to wait. As the crowd swarmed in and surrounded the tired musicians, handing over CDs, posters and various body parts for their signatures, a young girl approached Nuno. She asked for a picture and a kiss, but Nuno had to turn her down.

"I told her, 'Look, all I can do is sign this autograph, 'cause it's getting really late, and we've gotta go,' " he recalls. "Well, all of a sudden, the girl's mother, who had been waiting with her daughter,



S. Schofield/Photofeatures

Eddie Malluk

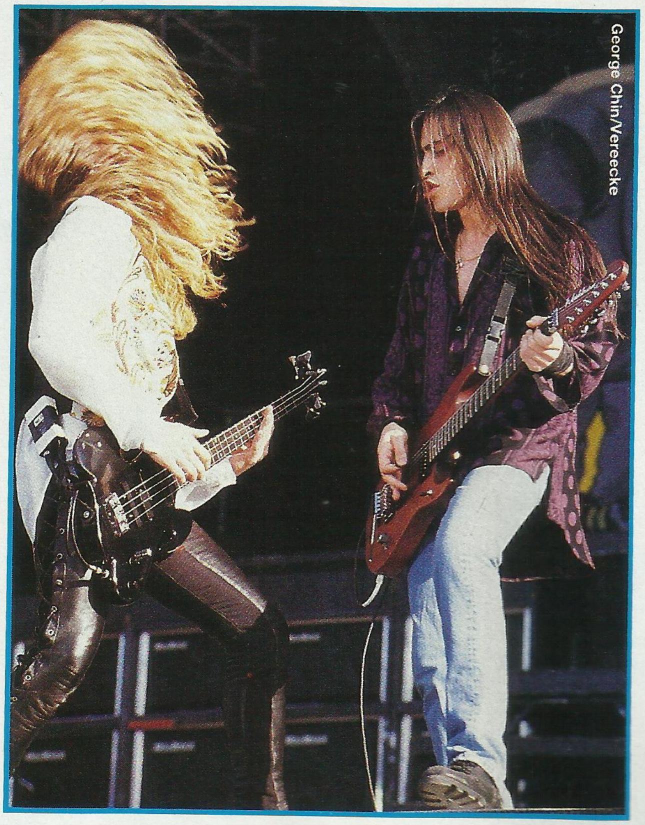
tory
me

by Michael Moses

started screaming, 'Do you realize how long my daughter has been waiting outside for you in this freezing cold weather?' Then she yelled at her daughter, 'C'mon, let's go!' They got back in their car and were getting ready to drive off. I walked over and proceeded to have a ten-minute conversation with the girl's mother, trying to explain to her what it's like to come out of a show and try to please all the fans at once. It's an almost impossible thing to do, because everyone's tugging at you, everyone wants you to notice them, everyone wants you to look them in the face and say hello. We come into these towns once a year, and all these people want to talk to us and want us to listen to what they have to say, and it's not easy—especially right after a gig." He laughs. "I think she felt really bad after I explained all that to her. The truth of the matter is that we never pass the fans by—especially when it's freezing outside."

Bettencourt sounds tired.

As if it wasn't grueling enough just to put on an exhausting two-hour show every evening then drive all night to the next town (and listen to screaming mothers in the process), Extreme have also been doing interviews with press and radio people prior to their performances, and in-store promotions on their days off. The ironic thing about it is, they probably wouldn't have to work so hard this time around if their last album, *Pornograffitti*, hadn't been such a smash hit. Although the band would probably never admit it, the success of their 3.5-million-selling breakthrough immediately put pressure on Extreme to top that figure with their new album, *III Sides to Every Story*.


George Chin/Vereecke

Bettencourt downplays the added labor of working a new album while on the road, saying, "You get used to it all. Over time you learn to accept it as a part of life. We're always on the go, and we really never have time to think about it."

Read that to mean: "We don't get a moment to breathe."

"Moments like that don't happen very often," he concedes. "But when they do, they come in little spurts. Sometimes you get a few minutes on the bus, or maybe ten minutes in the dressing room; but you have to accept this way of life, 'cause it's something you chose to do."

Even if it means missing the Super Bowl?

It just so happened that the big game landed on one of the band's days off. Pat Badger and the tour manager flew down, saw the Cowboys crush the Bills, watched Michael Jackson lip-synch at halftime, and then, after the game, rushed back to the airport to catch the red-eye to Baltimore, where the band's next show was.

Nuno wanted to go too.

"Yeah," he sighs, "but they [the record company] sent me to Cincinnati to do a radio interview."

Oh, the glamorous life of a working musician.

And then, of course, there are the shows themselves. Each is split into two Extremely contrasting parts, the first consisting of their upbeat, Van Halen-esque numbers ("A pretty straightforward rock concert," says Bettencourt), and the second focusing on the more "progressive" material from *III Sides*' "third" side. By bringing out a four-man horn section for the latter half, Extreme is able to get something of an arena feel in a theater setting.

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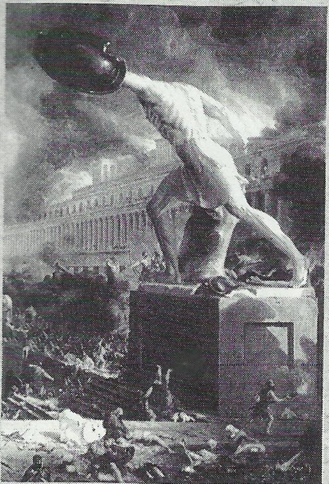

"It's that second half," says Bettencourt, "that the band really gets into, because the added attraction of The Heavy Metal Horns gives the fans something else to listen to and look at. Plus, it's really cool to do something that's a departure from the same old shit every night."

Despite good ticket sales so far (every two or three shows have been sellouts), Bettencourt says that the standard by which to judge the entire tour and the events surrounding it is "the curtain."

"We have this curtain that we drop at the start of every show," he explains. "It drops right as we kick off the first song, 'Warheads.' Well, we've had a few shows where the curtain just refused to come down. We've had some nights where we had to have our crew guys climb up and rip it down—total Spinal Tap. The other night we had a couple of the guys from Judas Priest come down to check us out, and I think Jason Bonham was there, and it happened again. It's really the most embarrassing thing that can happen—so much so that our whole show has now become a celebration of the curtain coming down. If the curtain comes down, we get so psyched that we put on a great show. But if it doesn't, well...." He laughs.

I guess those are the nights when all he wants to do is get back on the bus.

One could speculate forever as to why the initial sales of *III Sides* are sluggish. Some say it's because there's not another "More Than Words" on the album. Some say it's because of the record's ambitious "third side," an adventurous slice of vinyl, featuring a 70-piece orchestra, that ultimately combines three songs into a 20-minute conceptual saga based around a search for God.

The whole thing is a catch-22 for the band. If they'd come out with an album's worth of "More Than Words"-type songs, critics would've accused them of having no integrity and of trying to milk a formula. They then would've been written off. Yet because they did something different and a little off the beaten path, those same critics accuse them of trying to be something they're not, and, again, they're written off.

A real no-win situation.

"With a hit-single-oriented country like this one, you find yourself getting judged as to what type of band you are from just one song," says Bettencourt. "Because of that, this band is going to have a lot of problems, all the time. When you decide to do something different and write every mood you feel and put that on a record, you better be prepared to have people point the finger at you. I've read reviews where people say they don't like the record, and I don't mind. But when someone starts telling you how you should produce your record or that you should get a new band, that's ridiculous. Things like that have nothing to do with our music. That's just someone who's pissed off at us for who knows what reason. Maybe it's a personal thing, I don't know."

What Bettencourt is referring to is a review that ran in the November issue of *Musician* magazine. The writer said something to the effect that Extreme should get a producer, and that Nuno should ditch his Extreme bandmates and find himself a more talented bunch of guys to play with.

"It's really nice that we've been together seven years, and here she is saying that 'Nuno should get other musicians and a real producer,' " Nuno snorts. "That kind of stuff can be damaging, y'know? That chick's just pissed off at someone."

I tell him that *Musician* printed two pro-Extreme letters in reply to the review a couple of issues later.

"That's cool. I didn't know that," he sighs.

I think he's much more relieved than he lets on.

Who knows, maybe those letters were written by two fans the band didn't pass over one cold night on the way to the bus. •

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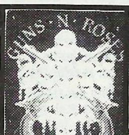
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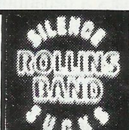
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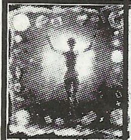
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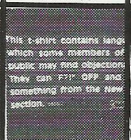
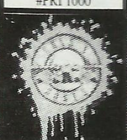

GNR - Warning
#GR 3026

Black Death - Vodka
#BL 3002

Black Death - Slash
#BL 3001

KISS - 4 Faces
#KIS 5205


GNR - Bloody Logo
#GR 3021

Ozzy - with Dove
#OSB B505

KISS - Group
#KIS 6105

Pantera - Group
#PAN 1005

Pearl Jam - Choices
#T 1346 ($15.99)

Nirvana - Ha
#NIB

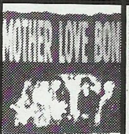
Queen - Faces
#QEN 0300

GNR - Coma
#GR 3032

Soundgarden - Group
#SG 3005

Danzig - Gods Kill
#DAB 115

Cannibal Corpse -
Eaten Back #CBL 2


Mother Love Bone
#ML 3002

Nine Inch Nails - Sin
#NIN B

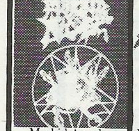
Helmet - Logo
#T 1341 ($15.99)

Pearl Jam - Caricature
#T 1179 ($15.99)

Citizen Dick - Group
#T 1522 ($15.99)

Pearl Jam-Don't Give
Up #T 1340 ($15.99)

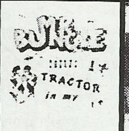
Soundgarden
#SG 30

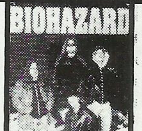

Morbid Angel -
Pentagram #MAB 103

Metallica - Landmine
#MT 3022 $16.50

Ozzy - On Toilet
#OSBB 200

Slayer - Cross '91
#SL 3008


Mr. Bungle - Tractor
#MBW 100


Biohazard - Urban
#BIO 0105

Madonna - Swimsuit
#MDN 7500

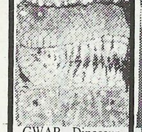
Faith No More -
Soldiers #FN 3010

Lollapalooza Tour
#LPW 106

Megadeth -
Countdown #MD3021

Deicide - Legion
#DCD 102

Megadeth -
#MD 30


GWAR - Dinosaur
#GWA 0705

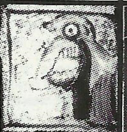
KISS - Unholy/Logo
#KIS 6205

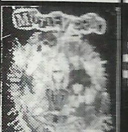
Iron Maiden - Fear
7of the Dark #1452

Warrant - Poster
#WA 3012

Sonic Youth - Sci Fi
#SY 3001

GNR - Barbed Wire
#GR 3018


Exodus - Habit
#EX3015

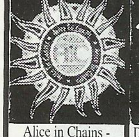

Motley Crue - Group
#MY 3017

Flotsam & Jetsam
#T 1672 ($15.99)

Screaming Trees -
Oblivion #SCR 0205

Danzig - Skull
#DAB 101

KISS - De
#KIS 5

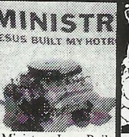

Alice in Chains -
Logo #T 1525

Danzig - Goat's Head
#DAB 109

Ned's Atomic Dustbin
#T 1674 ($15.99)

Green Jello
#T 1698 ($15.99)

Ugly Kid Joe
#14712 (Back of Shirt)


Ministry - Jesus Built
#MI 3006

Ugly Kid Joe
#14722 (Back of Shirt)

Mariah Carey
#CAY 0105

Extreme - Every Story
#EXT 2605

Alice in Chains -
Angry #T1812 ($15.99)

Helmet - Rabbit Ears
#T 1380 ($15.99)

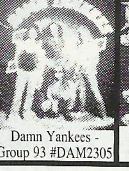
Alice C
#AL 30

GNR - 4 Aces
#GR 3019

EMF - New CD
#T 1797 ($15.99)

Pigface - Fook U
#T 1799 ($15.99)

Sepultura - 3rd World
Posse #SEP 104

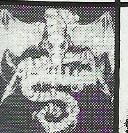

Damn Yankees -
Group 93 #DAM2305

Megadeth - Vic on
Shield #MD 3015

Rock to Vote -
Censorship #HDW 100

They Might Be Giants-
#T 1934 ($15.99)

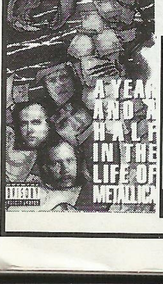
Megadeth - Vic Goes
to Hell #MD 3016


Metallica - Gargoyle
#MT 3029 ($16.50)

AC/DC-Angus Guitar
#ACW 100

House o
#150

MOTHER LOVE BONE



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PT9		Slayer
PT11	SH11	Poison
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C215	Pearl Jam
DZH7	Danzig
FIH	Firehouse
C94	Black Crowes
CBLH	Cannibal Corpse
NPMH	Napalm Death
SEPH	Sepultura
DTHH	Death
OBTH	Obituary
DCDH	Deicide
CASH	Carcass
NINH	9" Nails
PRH	Primus
SOH	Soundgarden
H37	Mr. Big
H48	Rollins
H27	Naughty
C71	Danger
C140	NWA
GRH005	GNR - Round
GRH006	GNR - Dual
GRH007	GNR - Pistol
MTH020	Metallica
MDH020	Megadeth
MYH009	Motley Crue
SLH001	Slayer
CPC301	R.C.H. Peppers
DLC301	Def Leppard
NIC301	Nirvana
QUC301	Queensrych
44510	Maiden - Dar
45250	House of Pai
ACH10	Alice in Chain
PNH12	Pantera
MIH14	Ministry
H23	Danzig - Sku
H29	Red Hot (Bl
H31	Nirvana - Smil
41400	Bon Jovi - D
45020	Ugly Kid Joe
45260	Cypress Hill
C175	Alice in Chain
BB1526	Pearl Jam - (All Wool -

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Helmet - Drop Blood #T 1347

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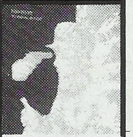

Ministry - Burning #MI 3002

GNR - Caricature #GR 3036

Warrant - Censor This #WA 3009

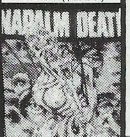
Tesla - Group #TSB 101

Black Crowes #T 1498 ($15.99)

Metallica - Sand Man #MT 3030

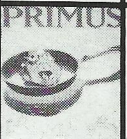
Blind Mellon - Face #BN 3001

L7 - Duotone Logo L7B 103

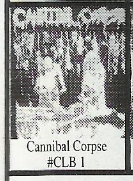

Napalm Death #NPM 5

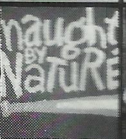
Ned's Atomic Dustbin #T 1130 ($15.99)

Pantera - Vulgar #PAN 0905

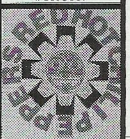

Primus - Frizzle Fry #PRI 0700

GNR - Broken Heart #GR 3017


Cannibal Corpse #CLB 1


Naughty by Nature #NAU 0105

GNR - Chick on Gun #GR 3035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DAB-103 CROSS
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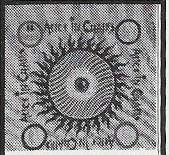
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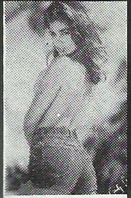
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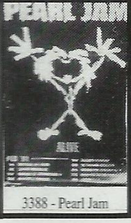
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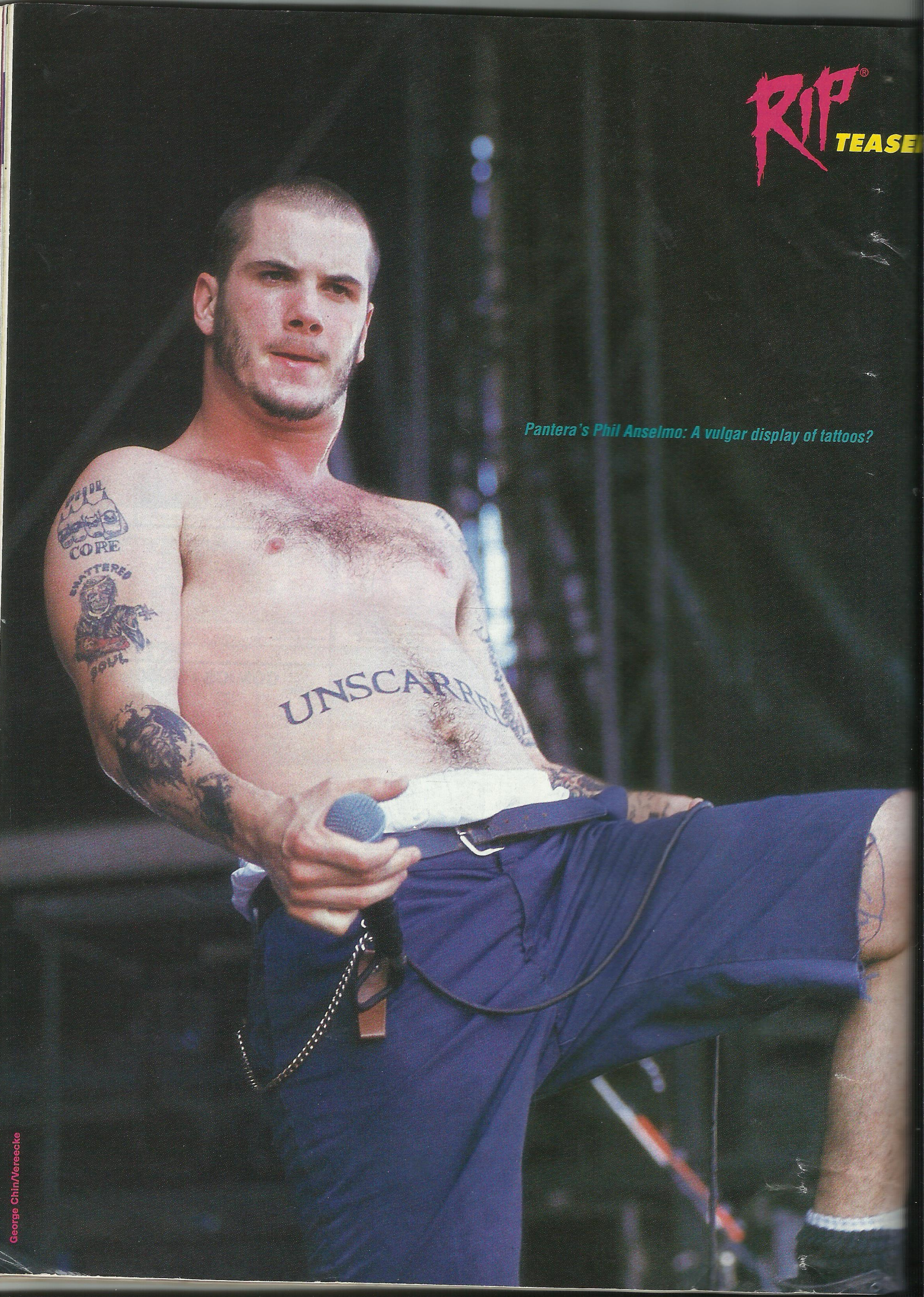
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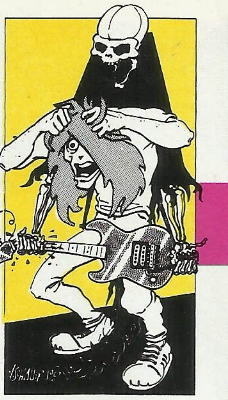
Pantera's Phil Anselmo: A vulgar display of tattoos?

George Chin/Vereecke



IDOL Chatter

Tired of listening to what some stuffy old critic has to say about your favorite performers? Well, let the stars speak for themselves! Every month here in **Idol Chatter** *read what hot musicians have to say about various topics of the day, including who they are, what they play and whatever else comes to mind.* **Edited by Kristina Estlund and Lonn Friend**

Nonstop touring tied in with manic releases has made Manowar so big in Europe, they could easily have a board game based on them—we're talking legions of extremely rabid fans. Their 1982 debut release, Battle Hymns, *broke them overseas, but lack of American interest led them to another label in '83, which they dramatically signed on with in blood before recording* Into Glory Ride. *In 1984 they made two fierce albums,* Hail to England *and* Sign of the Hammer, *supporting them with two and a half years of touring to build on their mega Euro status. Their 1987 induction into* The Guinness Book of Records *as the world's loudest band came during their Spectacle of Might tour. They then switched record companies once again and put out the LPs that garnered them a following in the U.S.—*Fighting the World, *1988's* Kings of Metal *(what they are hailed as by their fans) and, most recently,* The Triumph of Steel. *At present Manowar are once again label-less but unconcerned, as their European shows draw 20,000 or so devotees each night. After a decade of music and madness, Manowar bassist and founder Joey DeMaio tells RIP how he has survived the rock 'n' roll roller coaster so many others get lost on.*

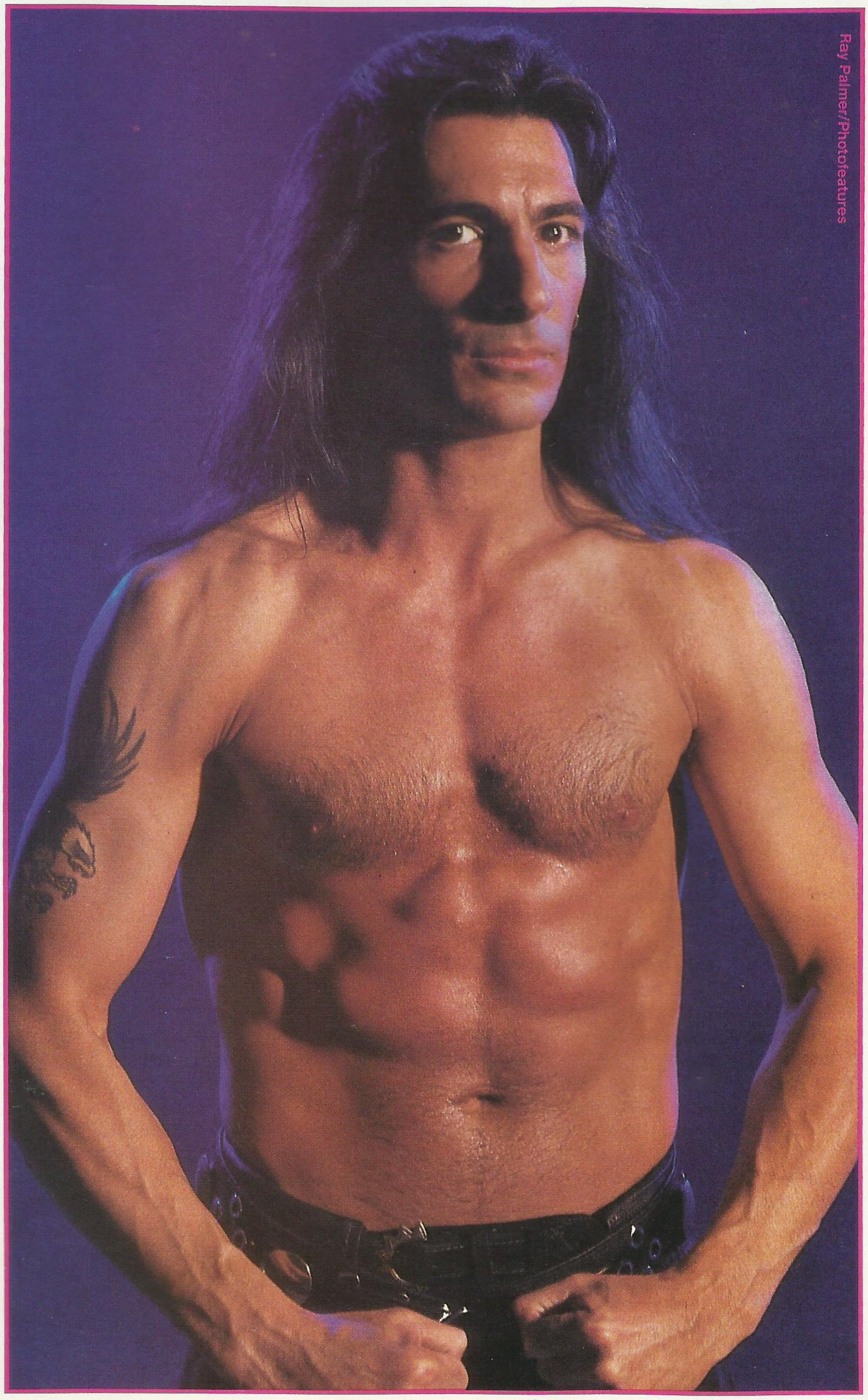
The Majesty of Manowar

by Joey DeMaio

Manowar was conceived in 1980. The goal was to pound our way to the top by showing people we had something called "superior firepower." At the end of the day that has to win out. Put a good guitar player on the stage and a bad guitar player on the stage—the difference has got to sell itself to the listener. That was really the idea: to get out there, assemble a band that would make great records, play great live shows, be consistent and have it together in every respect, so that we'd be putting on a full, high-fidelity concert and letting everybody see the difference between what we were doing and what those bozos were doing. We always had that in mind, because we respected bands—like Led Zeppelin and AC/DC—that had been together, stayed together and really created their own following. The other way to go is, you try and hop on somebody else's bandwagon by being Metallica Part II or Motley Crue Part II or whoever. That's never been our intention. Our intention was always to be unique and to play our own style of music and cultivate our own following.

We always thought we'd do fine starting from Europe, because that's where all the great classic bands have started. That's where they broke first. For instance, the Scorpions' first market was not Germany, even though they're German. The first market they really blew the lid off was Japan. Metallica, who are a contemporary classic band of sorts, broke Europe first, Germany, and then later broke America. Same with Deep Purple, Led Zeppelin—all the way to the Beatles. There's an understanding of heavy metal in Europe in the truest, deepest sense; so we always planned to take Europe first, because that's where the real heartland of heavy metal has always been.

In Europe there's a real understanding of heavy metal along the lines of AC/DC and Zeppelin—bands that, I



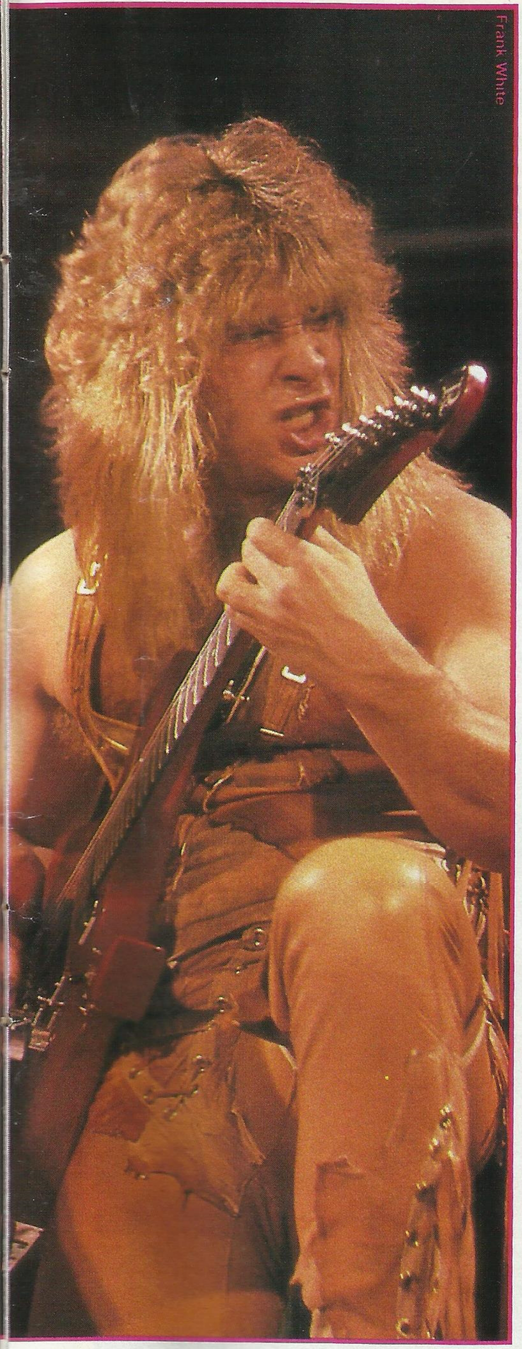
Ray Palmer/Photofeatures

think, we fall in with stylistically, having the same sort of bigger-than-life following they had. A lot of groups have great fans and great followings, but their followings don't border on religious fanaticism or have a real deep insight into the groups because the groups aren't making the kind of music that creates that kind of following. It's not epic stuff. It doesn't create an epic feeling in the listener. It just creates a "Yeah, man, I went and rocked" feeling. Well, this isn't an "I went and rocked" feeling. This is "If you didn't strap your nuts to your leg, they'd f?!kin' get blown off." That's the type of thing we do onstage. We don't get out there and just f?!kin' play. Like the song says: "Other bands play. Manowar kill." It's more than just going to see a band play. You go there with a feeling, and you certainly come away with a feeling. We're used to that type of reaction because that's the type of reaction we seek to extract from the audience. If we don't get that type of reaction, then we can't really put out that kind of energy. It's an extreme.

It's hard to avoid the trends of American music, but we've been victorious after ten years. We were the first ones to stand against glam bands ten years ago. Seattle didn't do it till this year. The Seattle thing finally made all that go out of favor, but we were the first people to point out that glam is shit and that those guys can't play. They're poseurs, and they're covering up a lack of talent with pyro, hairspray and ridiculous clothing—anything to take the focus off the fact that they have no talent. Everybody's to blame: the jerks who play it, the jerks who sell it, the people who promote it. They're writing moronic music because that's all they're capable of writing. I mean, you wouldn't think those people would write a symphony in their spare time, would you? They're doing what they're capable of doing, and that's why now what they're capable of doing is looking around for what the next trend is, so they can try and jump on it. Whenever one achieves success, whether you're fortunate enough to *achieve* it or clever enough to *contrive* it, as soon as you try to repeat it—if that is your goal—you ultimately fail. It's a beautiful thing, because these are people who are preaching art, talent and something unique, but it's really crap. It's good to see bad things fail—just as it's good to see great things succeed.

I don't say we write songs as great as Robert Plant wrote. What I'm saying is, we hold these people in high esteem and these are the people we respect—not the crap you're hearing today, the talentless, mindless gibberish out there. I don't flatter myself by saying we're doing as great as Led Zeppelin or that we're better than Led Zeppelin. What I'm saying is, those are the people we aspire to be, the people who have created something. I mean, there's more Led Zeppelin being played on the radio now, ten years after they broke up, than there is music by most popular bands of today.

The problem is, everybody manufactures this crap, and so people think you can go to Gazzarri's [a now-defunct club in Los Angeles] and get signed. Go to the Strip, get signed. "Uh, well, who's hot?" "Well, Guns N' Roses." "Let's dress like them." Every band that was signed after Guns, not one of them had a gold record. That's my point: This recycled crap thing doesn't work. You're seeing it with the Seattle thing. Now they're starting to



Frank White

recycle that shit. God, give me a break! At some point in the game you've got people who are successful because they're innovators. Look at Guns N' Roses. Say what you will about them, but Guns N' Roses came out of the scene. They were completely opposite from stuff like Cinderella. When Guns N' Roses came on the scene, it was at a time when Bon Jovi had his hair ten feet tall and Cinderella had their hair twenty feet tall, and these f?!king guys came on looking the way they look. It was refreshing. Really.

We have never changed. We started out to be the heaviest heavy-metal band, and the most diverse. If you listen to the music, it's not all loud. There's a lot of soft moments, a lot of orchestral moments. There's light/dark shade. There's also a little bit of humor. We have to have a good time onstage, or there's no sense being there. The audience has to enjoy it as well. It's a little bit of this, a little bit of that, but at the end of the day it's metal that kicks your f?!king ass, period. If you don't get your ass kicked by a metal concert, what the f?!k did you pay money for? You got f?!ked. •

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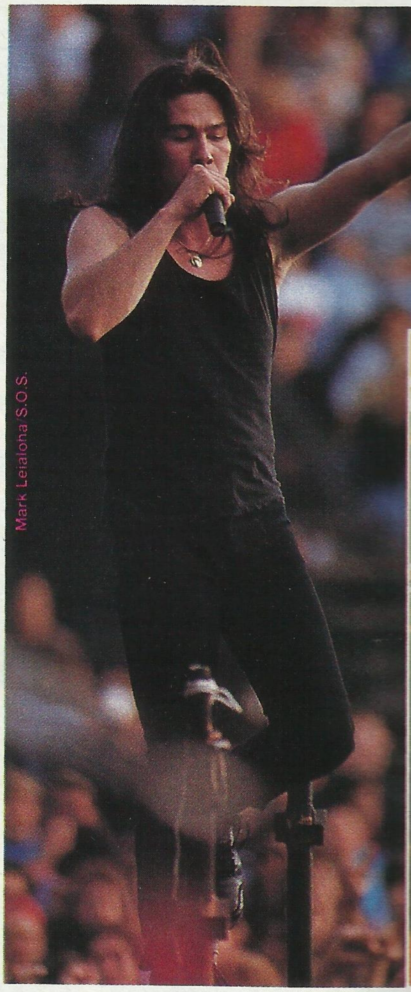
SLAUGHTER

(continued from page 41)

While recognizing that the felon "is a murderer. He was convicted, and he admitted to the murder," Mark's view is also that "he's another person. What guided him to do what he did, I don't know. That's his life. I can't control, influence or judge that. But I have to wish everybody the positive. I try not to send out anything negative, because it does me no good. It doesn't do *anybody* any good. I try to send out only good thoughts, because thoughts are things. If you think positive and work toward your goals, you can have what you want."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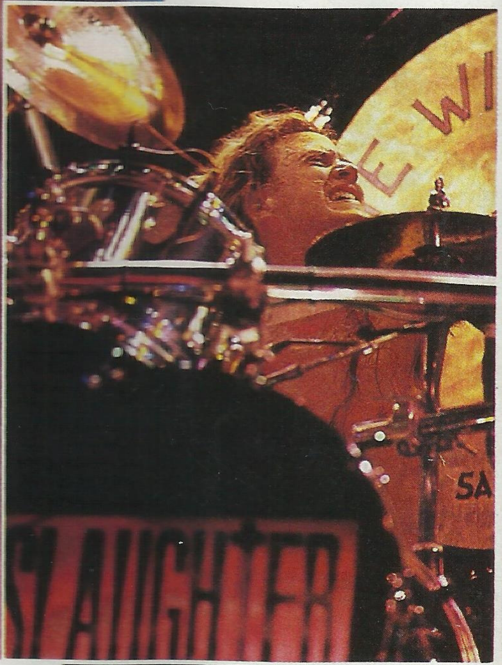

Rick Gould/ICP

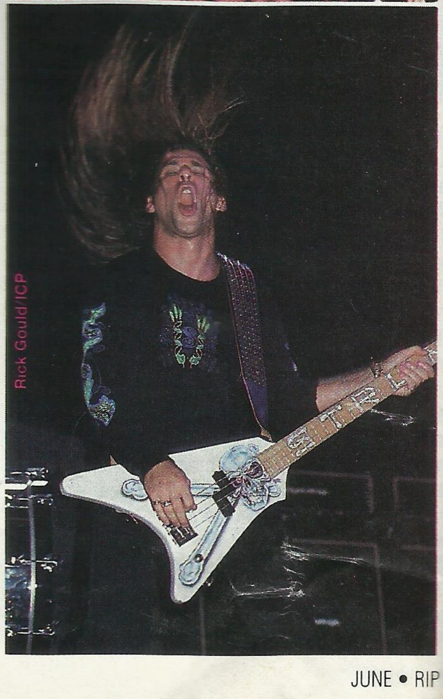
True enough. Mark's faith and commitment are what keep him going as a creative artist. Creativity itself is regarded by Mark, as it is by many, to be evidence of man's higher nature. "I'm not in control," he states. "When I'm painting with a brush, it's only my hand that holds the brush. Creativity comes from love, from feelings, from the spiritual side of things. It's obviously God. Each artist has his easel and his paints. Whatever picture he paints for himself, he is trying to go beyond that to touch other people, to change their lives and become a part of their lives."

Mark is reminded of the time a tearful fan came up to him backstage at a concert to say, "I just want to tell you that you really helped me through a tough time when my father died. Without 'Fly to the Angels,' I don't know if I could have made it through."

"That is the real reward for what I do," Mark relates, "the reward of helping somebody, touching somebody in a positive way."

To this day Mark Slaughter has strong feelings about the Texas murders. He sees his band's relationship to the tragedy in a basically constructive light, feeling that they had a part in contributing some peace of mind to those involved. "I feel very sorry for the families," he says. "I feel sorry for the man who committed the murders. Everybody suffers. How can you ever replace a life? You can't. His saying he committed the murders won't bring the people back. I'm sure there's still anger in the families. All I can say is, we wrote a song, and it became part of someone's life.

"I feel twisted—two people died—but at the same time I feel good that our song made a difference." •


Rick Gould/ICP

COVERDALE/PAGE

(continued from page 50)

One can't help but speculate, of course, on who's gonna play drums on the tour. While Denny Carmassi did an awesome job on the record, he may not be available to hit the road. Which brings us to the son of Bonzo, Jason Bonham. Currently looking for a new vocalist for *his* band, Bonham, young Jason has been on the minds of both Page and Coverdale.

Neal Preston

"We were thinking, when we started recording, that we would use a cross section of people for the LP," Coverdale recalls. "I fully anticipated, when we moved the project to London, that Jason would be coming by and saying, 'Can I try this?' That didn't happen. When Jason was 17, he jammed with Whitesnake on a song called 'Ready an' Willing.' If you close your eyes, you'd think it was his father playing."

"John had Jason playing drums to the jukebox when he was four years old," Page says. "He was doing this James Brown stuff when he was really young. I mean, your jaw dropped. Jason's got the same attack as his father. He taught him well."

Both Jimmy and David have a paternal feeling for Jason, and this factor may dismiss him as a candidate for the touring band. But I wouldn't be surprised to see the heir to the Bonham throne behind the kit at some Coverdale/Page show somewhere—and that, my friends, will be an eve to tell *your* children about.

Many critics dismissed Whitesnake as a Zeppelin clone band and David Coverdale as Robert Plant's crooning shadow. These naysayers should go back and listen to Deep Purple's *Burn* and *Stormbringer* (1974) and discover how long ago this talented vocalist started developing his lung power. Also, Whitesnake sold more than 15 million records worldwide—testimony to the band's substantial fan base. As for Jimmy Page, well, as Robert Plant once said, "Really, Led Zeppelin *was* Jimmy. I was a great foil." Whether Jimmy has found a new foil or simply a singer and co-songwriter who can share his musical vision for the '90s, only time will tell. When contemplating the Coverdale/Page project, be aware of a couple of things: First, all questions as to the viability of this partnership will disappear the first time you hear the record; and second, Jimmy Page wanted a Led Zeppelin reunion, but Robert Plant didn't. Instead of slinking off into the shadows, though, Page went out and found someone else to rock with. It's that simple. Now, let the forests echo with laughter....

Footnote

I'd like to thank the following people for making this happen: Brian Goode, Howard Kaufman, Bryn Bridenthal and, most of all, my soul brother, John Kalodner, the seer and believer. •

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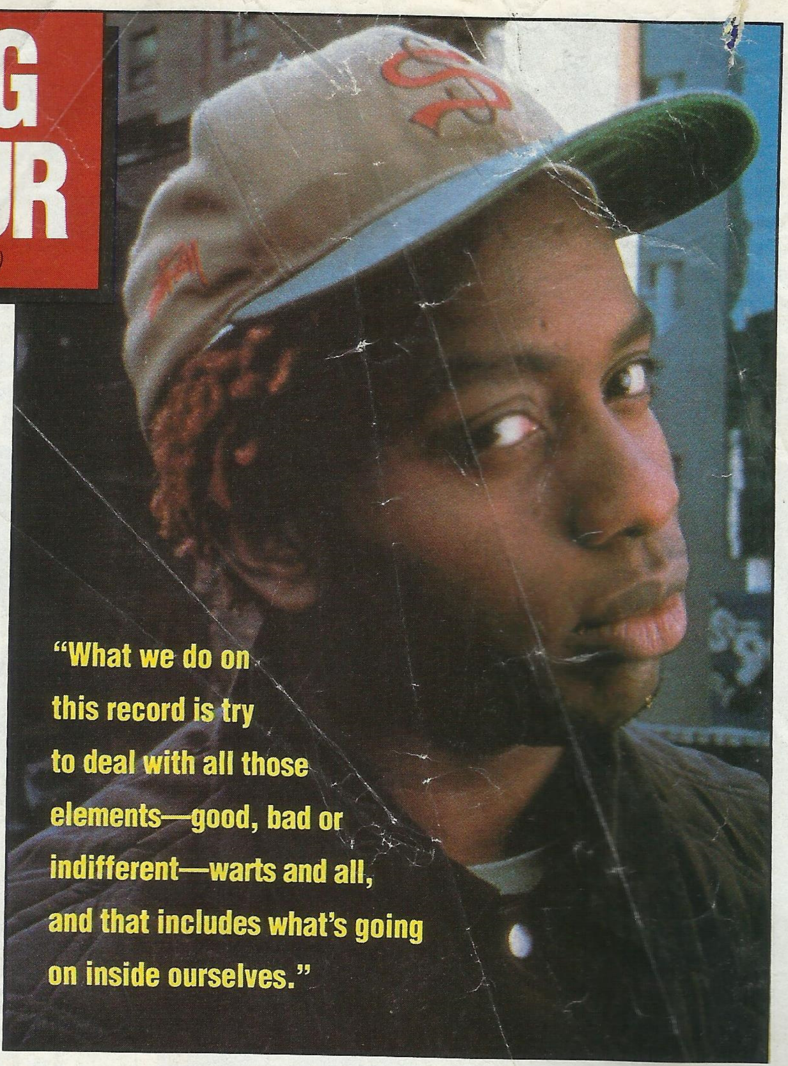
NEW ARTIST
'THE PASSING
STRANGE'
PRODUCED BY
TOM COPPOLA
*"Romantic & Searing
Rock & Roll"*
LOVE BREAKDOWN
E.A.R./ER202

LIVING COLOUR

(continued from page 10)



"What we do on this record is try to deal with all those elements—good, bad or indifferent—warts and all, and that includes what's going on inside ourselves."

us out," Vernon explains. "He's been a friend for a long time. We've worked with different members of Tackhead on different things, so we've all been kind of relating to one another as friends. Tackhead broke up at roughly the same time as we were going through what we were going through, and Doug was the first person that came to mind. We auditioned some people, but our collective first idea was him."

Doug's excellent playing and constant inventiveness fit smoothly into the group as they began working on *Stain*. "To my ears," Vernon says, "the new album doesn't sound like a 'put together' band. It sounds like a *band*, a band that's been making records. Part of that is because Doug was involved in the writing process. They're group-written songs on which he did one-fourth of the writing. The way we all interacted was really natural.

"I think each record has its own kind of feel to it," Vernon continues when asked to compare *Stain* to previous efforts. "The first record sounds like a band that's played a lot in clubs, and the second one sounds like a band that's going for different things and trying to play different kinds of things *and* play together while doing it. The third one, even though the diversity is still there, is a lot more focused in a way. The songs are shorter, and everything that's there is there for a reason. There's no excess on this one."

There's no excess in the album's title, either. It begs for interpretation. "I think *Stain* is just a real strong title," says Vernon. "There are different ways of thinking about it. On one level it means that nobody's perfect and nothing is perfect. We're all stained by whatever experiences we've had. It's definitely not a virginal title."

Vernon chuckles and breaks out into a full-fledged grin as Corey Glover enters the room. "You can jump right in on this question!" Vernon exclaims, Corey dropping into a seat next to him. "We're talkin' about what *Stain* means."

"The way I saw it was like an indelible mark on one's person or something," Corey begins, "whether that be ugly or beautiful. Lots of things are stained. Your clothes are stained, even in the patterns that are on them. My idea was just to say that there was something you couldn't get out of you because it's an intrinsic part of you, just as much as your hair or your eyes or your skin or the way you think."

This feeling also comes across in the lyrics. While previous Living Colour songs have looked outward, commenting on the environment, issues and society, *Stain* goes in a different direction. Some of the songs, like "Go Away" and "Ignorance Is Bliss," introduce characters who don't want to know what's happening in the world around them. "Isolation is definitely a part of it," says Vernon. "A lot of it is looking inward and dealing with different internal conflicts, like, 'I know I should wanna really be involved with changing the world, but right now I just wanna sleep with a particular girl.' It's those kinds of conflicts and having to really take a hard look at yourself and maybe not liking everything that you see."

"On the other records we sort of said, 'That's bad, this is bad, that's bad, and you gotta change it!' " Corey chimes in, pointing around the room at imaginary problems. "On this one we said, 'Okay, these things are bad, so how does it affect you?' A lot of these characters are based on those little parts of your mind that you don't even want to deal with, those things that you don't even wanna say out loud. How many times have you seen a homeless person on the street, and instead of giving them a quarter, you thought, 'Get a job'? How many times have you had those slightly negative thoughts that sort of creep into your mind when you're up at three in the morning, watching Sally Struthers talk on TV about those homeless Third World children—you know, when you think to yourself, 'F?!k them'?"

"We're just looking at those ambivalent feelings," says Vernon. "On one level 'Go Away' is so...the *character* is so ultra-ultra-negative, but the only way to look at those kind of attitudes is to say that, instead of saying, 'This person is bad.' What is in the mind of someone who goes somewhere and just shoots up the place, for instance? A lot of it deals with outsiders and misfits, people who don't really fit in or whose thoughts don't really fit in."

Could these outsiders Vernon speaks of possibly be the bandmembers themselves? After all, Living Colour have stood apart from the pack since their recording career began. First, the rock industry and audience didn't know how to handle four black men playing hard-rock music after years of stereotyping that had resulted in white=rock/black=R&B thinking. And even after the rock audience got over those preconceptions, the diversity inherent in the group's music left media types scrambling for a new pigeonhole to shove the band into. Corey feels they succeeded somewhat in doing so, and now Living Colour is determined to escape it.

"A lot of times we got labeled 'good guys,' " Corey explains. "We were just really politically motivated, and we stood up on our soapbox and talked about the world, and that was what our gig was. We said there was light at the end of the tunnel. Well, sometimes there ain't. We are rounded individuals, we're human beings. Sometimes we're up, and sometimes we're down. Sometimes there's good, sometimes there's bad. That's what I think is reflected on this record. We're not Boy Scouts, we're people, and as soon as people realize that we're just people and get off the whole thing that we're always politically motivated, the sooner they'll get closer to the music.

"Our music comes from our experience," Corey continues. "Our experience happens to be politically motivated and ethnically motivated, but so is everybody else's. Any music that's coming out now is politically motivated in one way or another. What we do on this record is try to deal with all those elements—good, bad or indifferent—warts and all, and that includes what's going on inside ourselves."

Just when many bands are waking up and looking outward, Living Colour is breaking new ground by turning their questions inward. With *Stain*, Vernon, Corey, William and Doug defy the rules once again. •

ROCK VAULT ANSWERS

1. Alice Cooper.
2. *Desperate Teenage Lovedolls*, *Lovedolls Superstar*. BONUS: The Lovedolls.
3. *The Spirit of 76*.
4. Jimmy Cliff.
5. *Singles*. BONUS: Citizen Dick.
6. Tom Waits. BONUS: *Night on Earth*.
7. A) Dave Clark Five; B) Rolling Stones; C) Herman's Hermits.
8. Lizzy Borden.
9. *Reform School Girls*.
10. The producer of this blatantly antiestablishment music was Mike Curb, who became lieutenant governor of California under Jerry Brown. HC BONUS: Richard Pryor.
11. Frank Zappa.
12. 1-G; 2-I; 3-J; 4-E; 5-A; 6-L; 7-M; 8-B; 9-N; 10-F; 11-C; 12-H; 13-D; 14-K.